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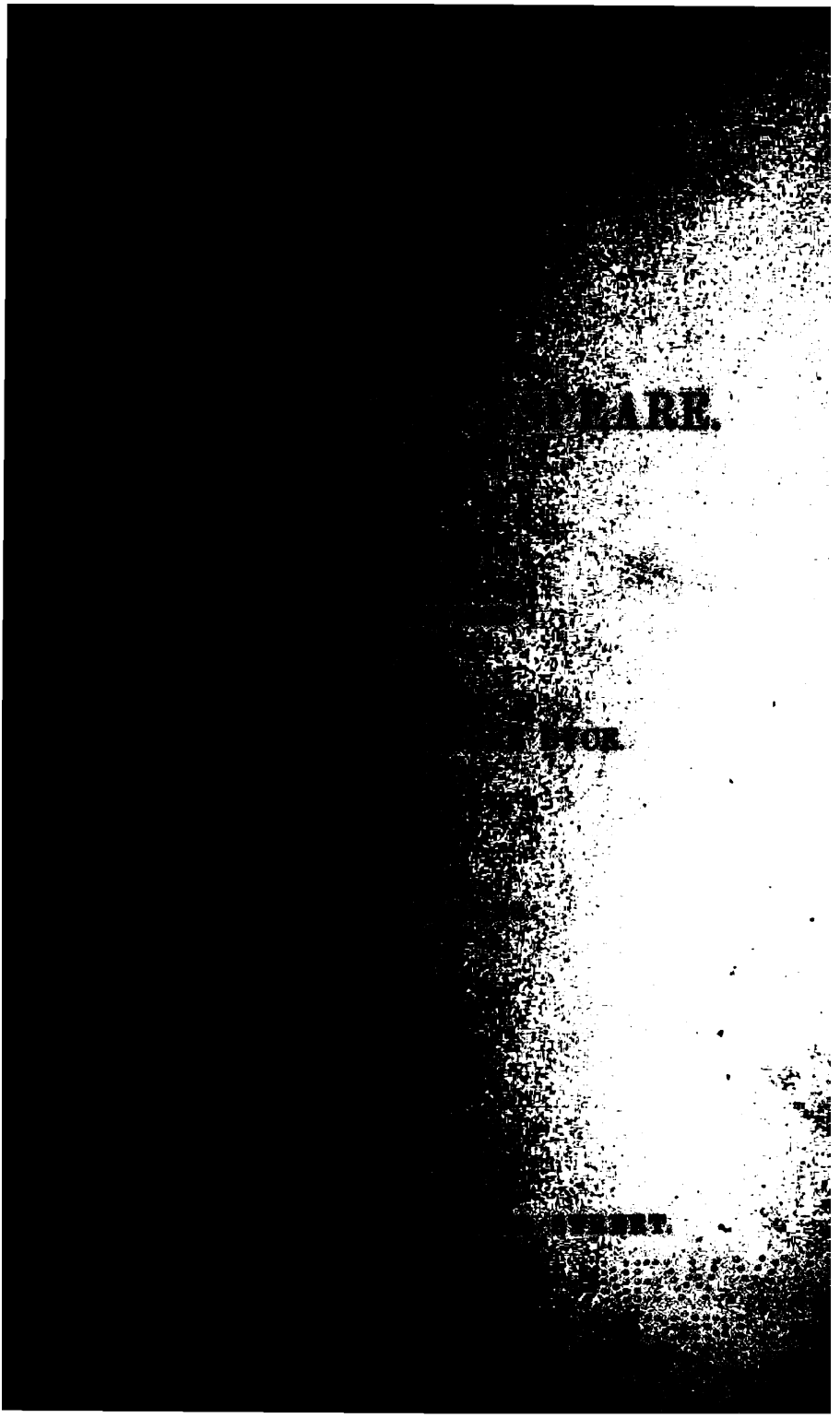

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THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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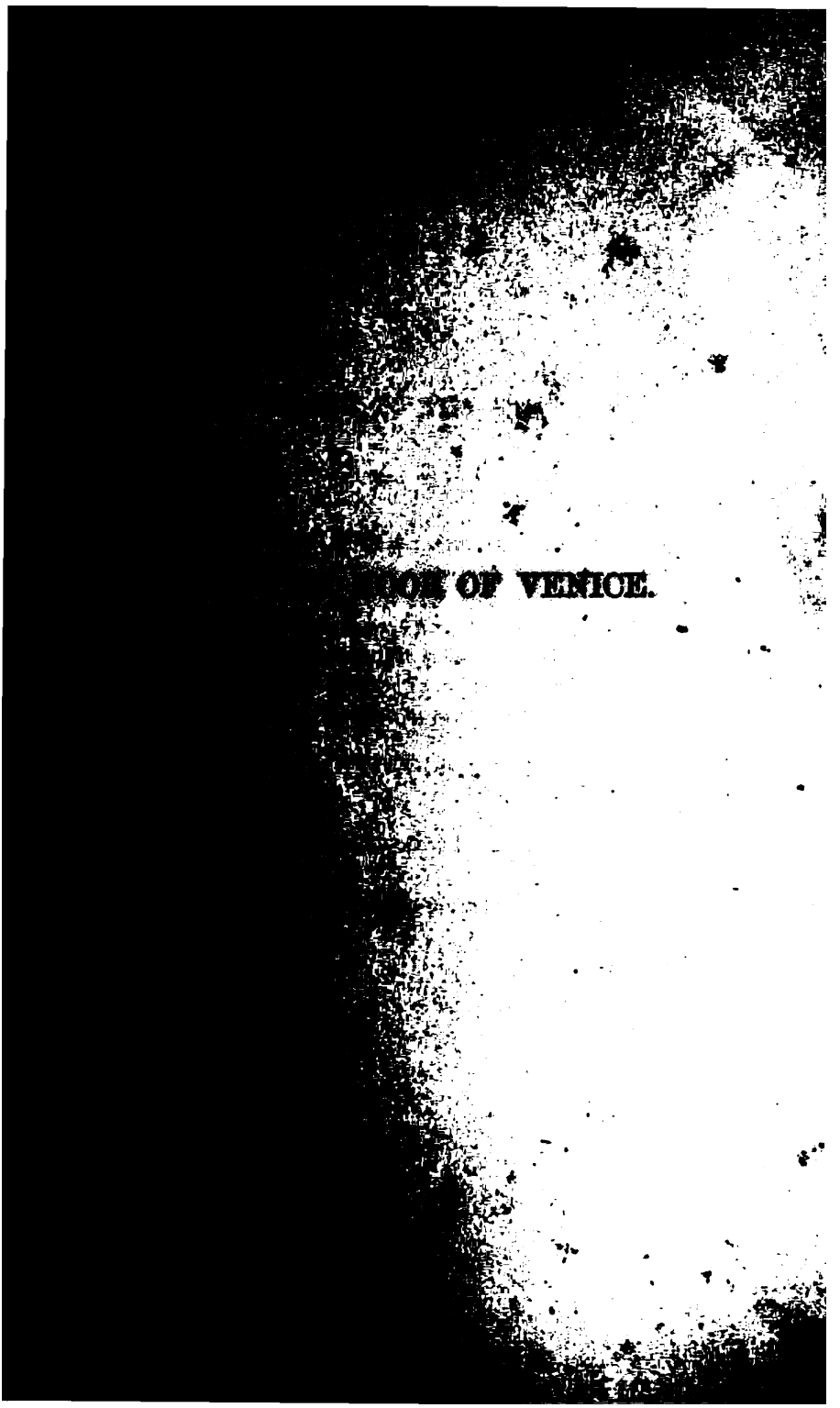

OF VENICE.

TO THE READER.*

like to the old English
; and the author being dead,
of work upon me. To commend
I hope every man will com-
the holder because the author's
leaving every one to the
to print this play, and leave it

Yours,

THOMAS WALKLEY.

1622.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF VENICE.
BRABANTIO, a senator.
Other Senators.
GRATIANO, brother to Brabantio.
LODOVICO, kinsman to Brabantio.
OTHELLO, a noble Moor in the service of the Venetian state.
CASSIO, his lieutenant.
IAGO, his ancient.
RODERIGO, a Venetian gentleman.
MONTANO, Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus.
Clown, servant to Othello.

DESDEMONA, daughter to Brabantio and wife to Othello.
EMILIA, wife to Iago.
BIANCA, mistress to Cassio.

Sailor, Messenger, Herald, Officers, Gentlemen, Musicians, and Attendants.

SCENE—*The first act in Venice; during the rest of the play, at a seaport in Cyprus.*

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Venice. A street.*

Enter RODERIGO *and* IAGO.

Rod. Never tell me; I take it much unkindly
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this,—
Iago. 'Sblood,(1) but you will not hear me:—
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.
Rod. Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate.
Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp'd to him:—and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:—
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion,
Nonsuits my mediators; for, "Certes,"(2) says he,
"I have already chose my officer."
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,

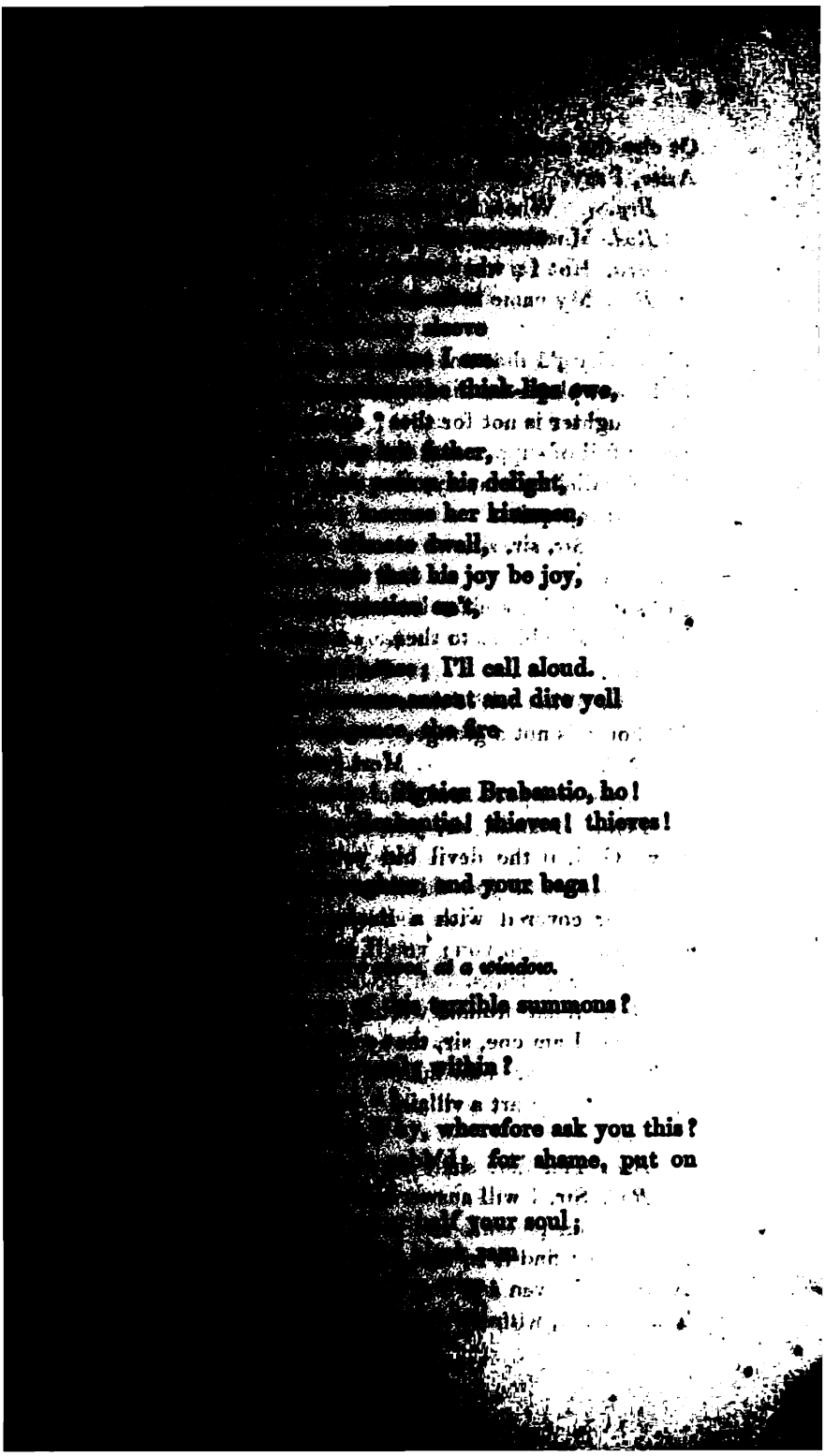
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoric,
Wherein the togèd (3) consuls can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election:
And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds
Christian and heathen,—must be be-lee'd and calm'd
By debitor and creditor, this counter-caster;
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I (God bless the mark!) his Moorship's ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. Why, there's no remedy; 'tis the curse of service,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I in any just term am affin'd
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him, then.

Iago. O, sir, content you;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For naught but provender; and, when he's old, cashier'd:
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd their coats,
Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul;
And such a one do I profess myself.
For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:



Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:
Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I: what are you?

Rod. My name is Roderigo.

Bra. The worser welcome:
I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir,—

Bra. But thou must needs be sure
My spirit and my place have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;
My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. Zounds, sir, you are one of those that will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service, and you think we are ruffians, you'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse; you'll have your nephews neigh to you; you'll have coursers for cousins, and gennets for germans.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

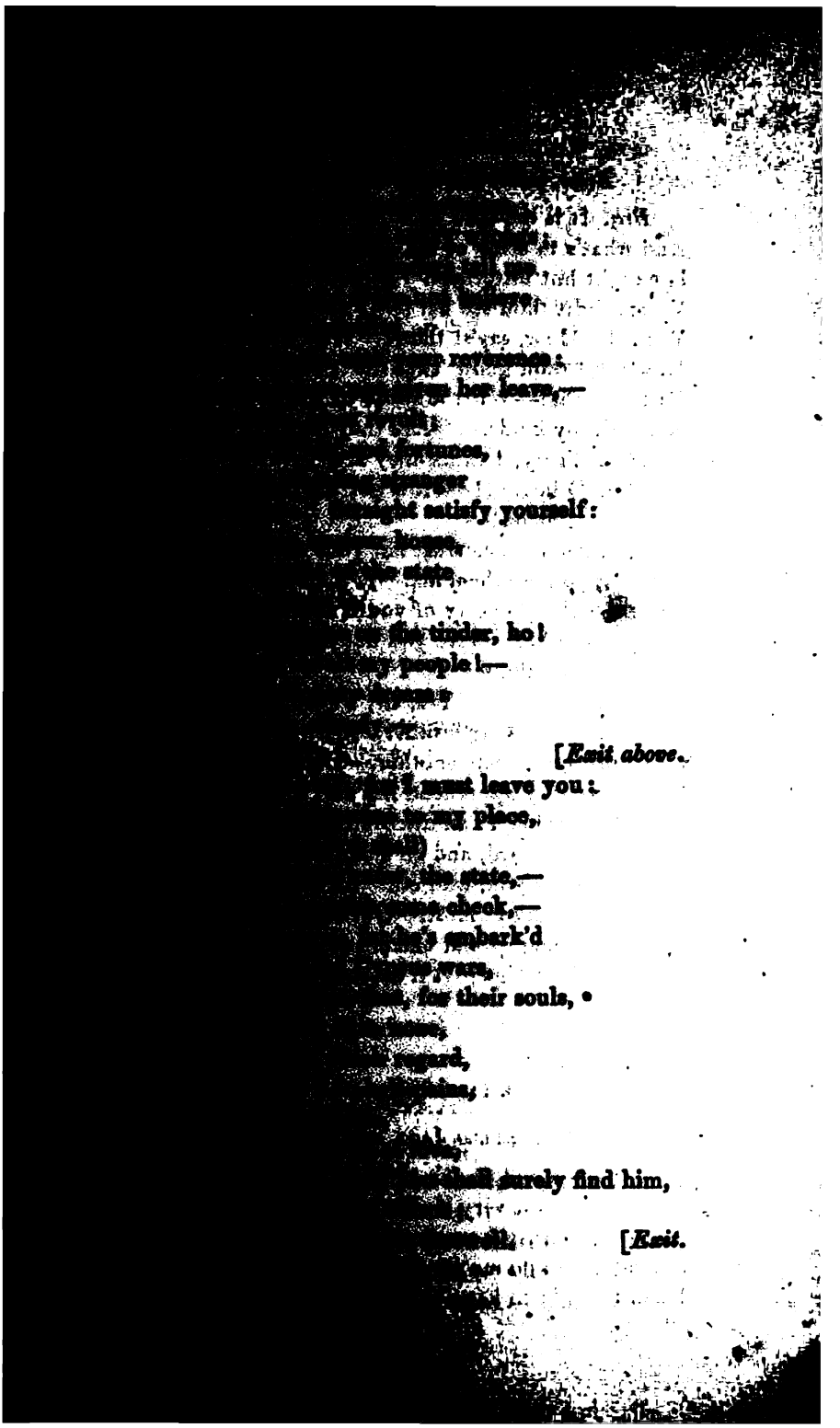
Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But, I beseech you,
If 't be your pleasure and most wise consent,
As partly I find it is, that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported, with no worse nor better guard



Enter, below, BRABANTIO, *and* Servants *with torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is;
And what's to come of my despisèd time
Is naught but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her?—O unhappy girl!—
With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a father!—
How didst thou know 'twas she?—O, she deceives me
Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more tapers;
Raise all my kindred.—Are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly, I think they are.

Bra. O heaven!—How got she out!—O treason of the blood!—
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act.—Is there not charms
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir, I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother.—O, would you had had her!—
Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

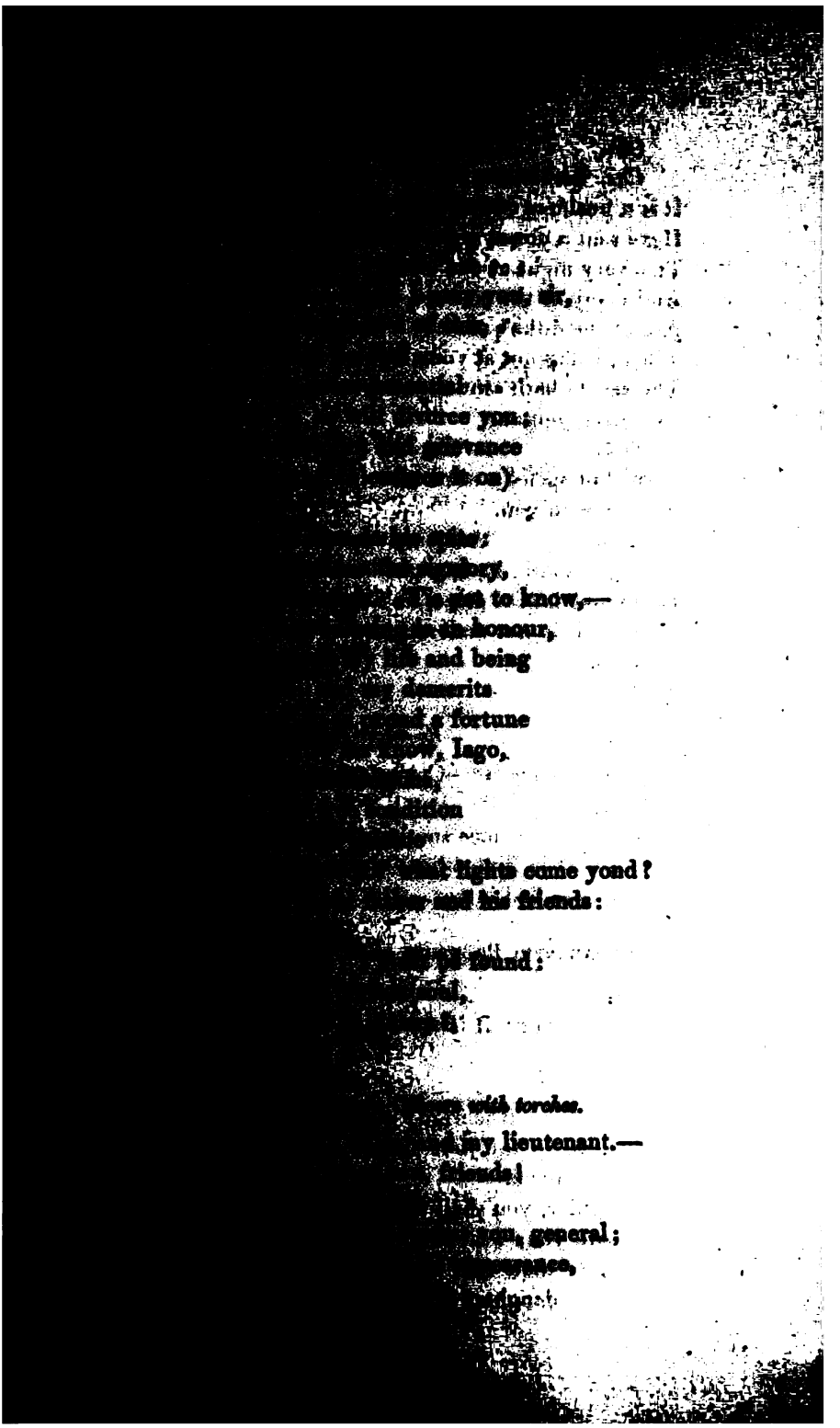
Rod. I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;
I may command at most.—Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night.—
On, good Roderigo;—I'll deserve your pains. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Another street.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, *and* Attendants *with torches.*

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
To do no cóntriv'd murder: I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service: nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.



Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:
It is a business of some heat: the galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels;
And many of the consuls, rais'd and met,
Are at the duke's already: you have been hotly call'd for;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [*Exit.*

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack:
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To who?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Iago. It is Brabantio:—general, be advis'd;
He comes to bad intent.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, *and* Officers *with torches and weapons.*

Oth. Holla! stand there!

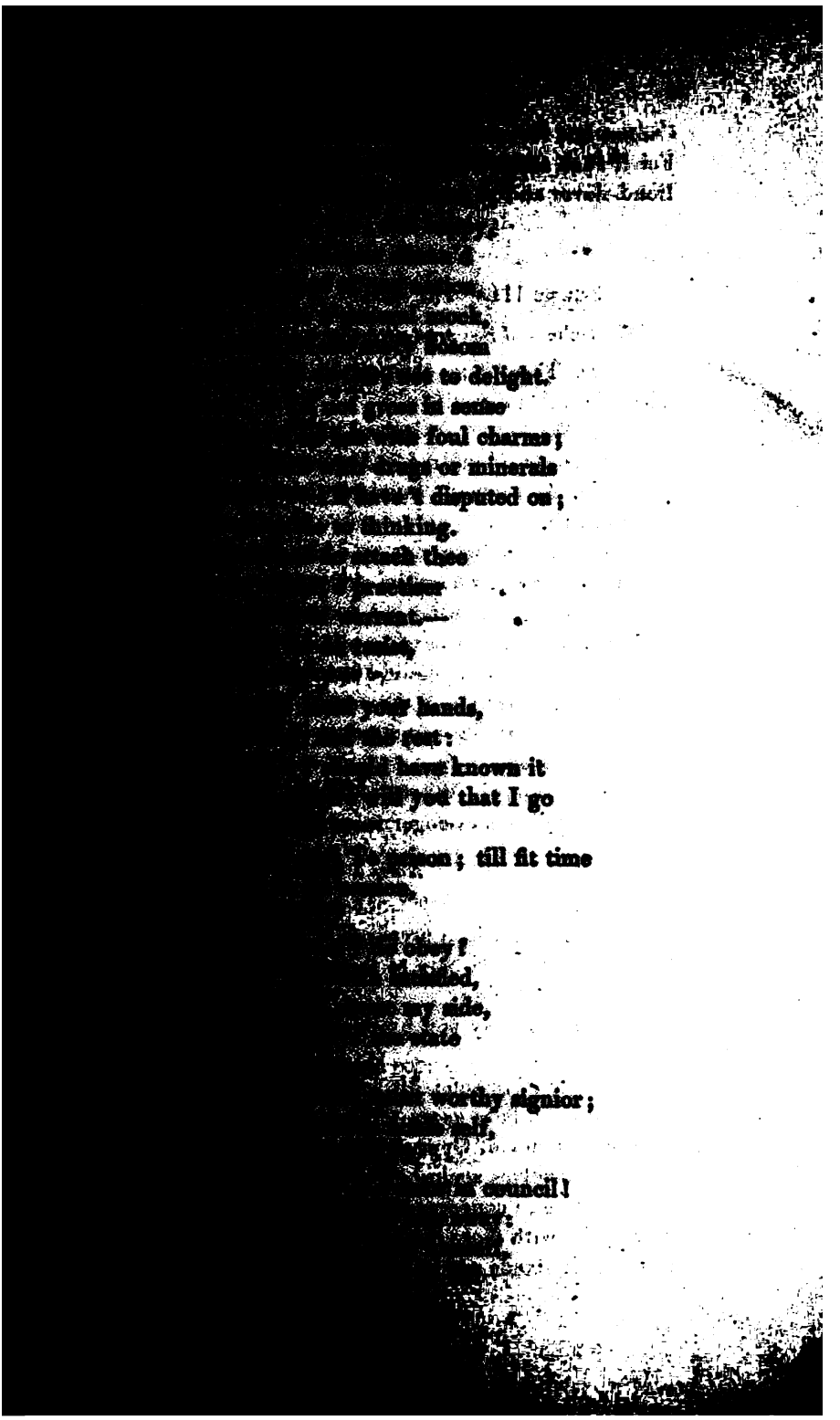
Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!
[*They draw on both sides.*

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.—
Good signior, you shall more command with years
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?



Cannot but feel this wrong as 'twere their own;
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be. [*Exeunt.*

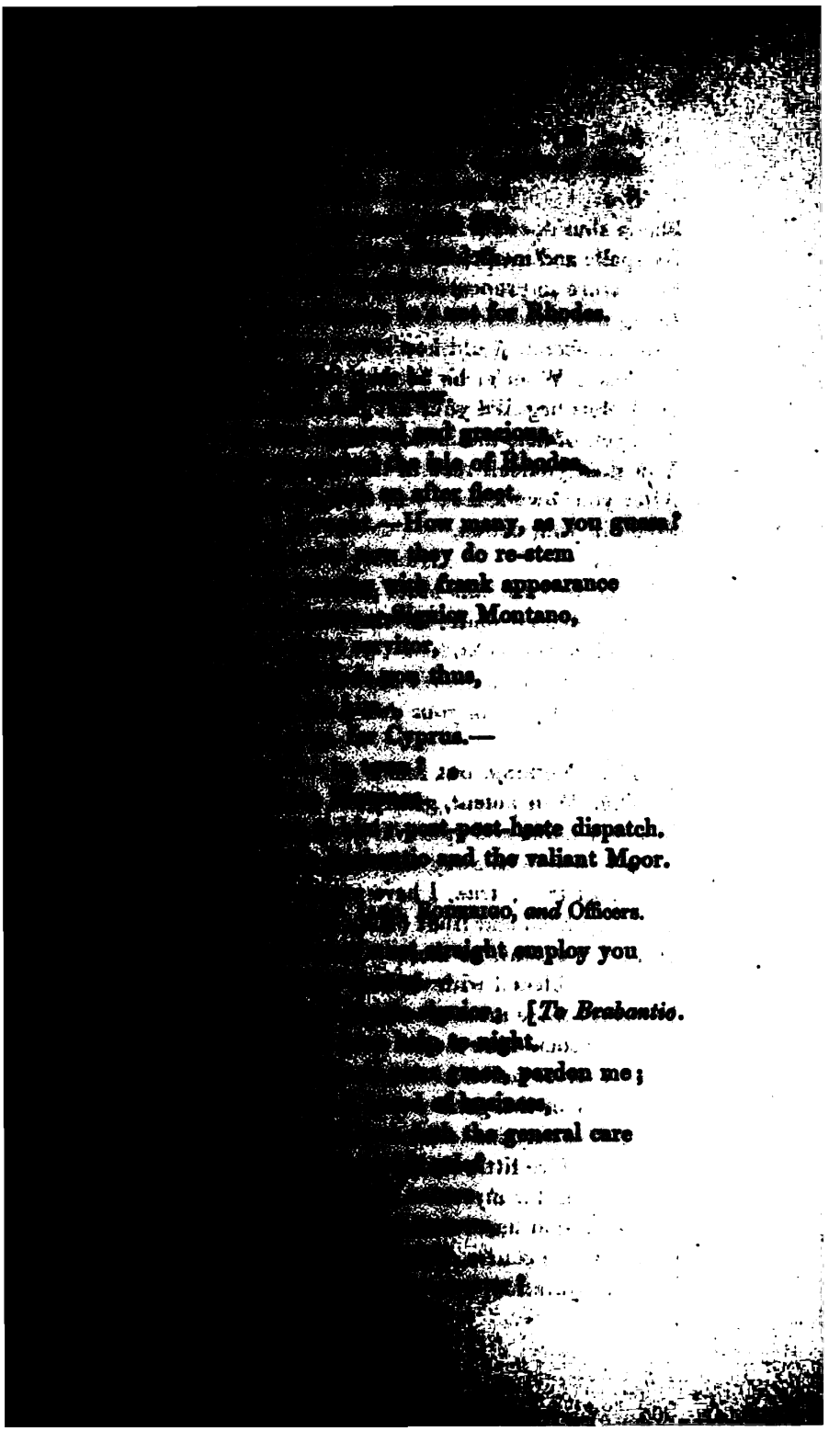
SCENE III. *The same. A council-chamber.*

The Duke *and* Senators *sitting at a table;* Officers *attending.*

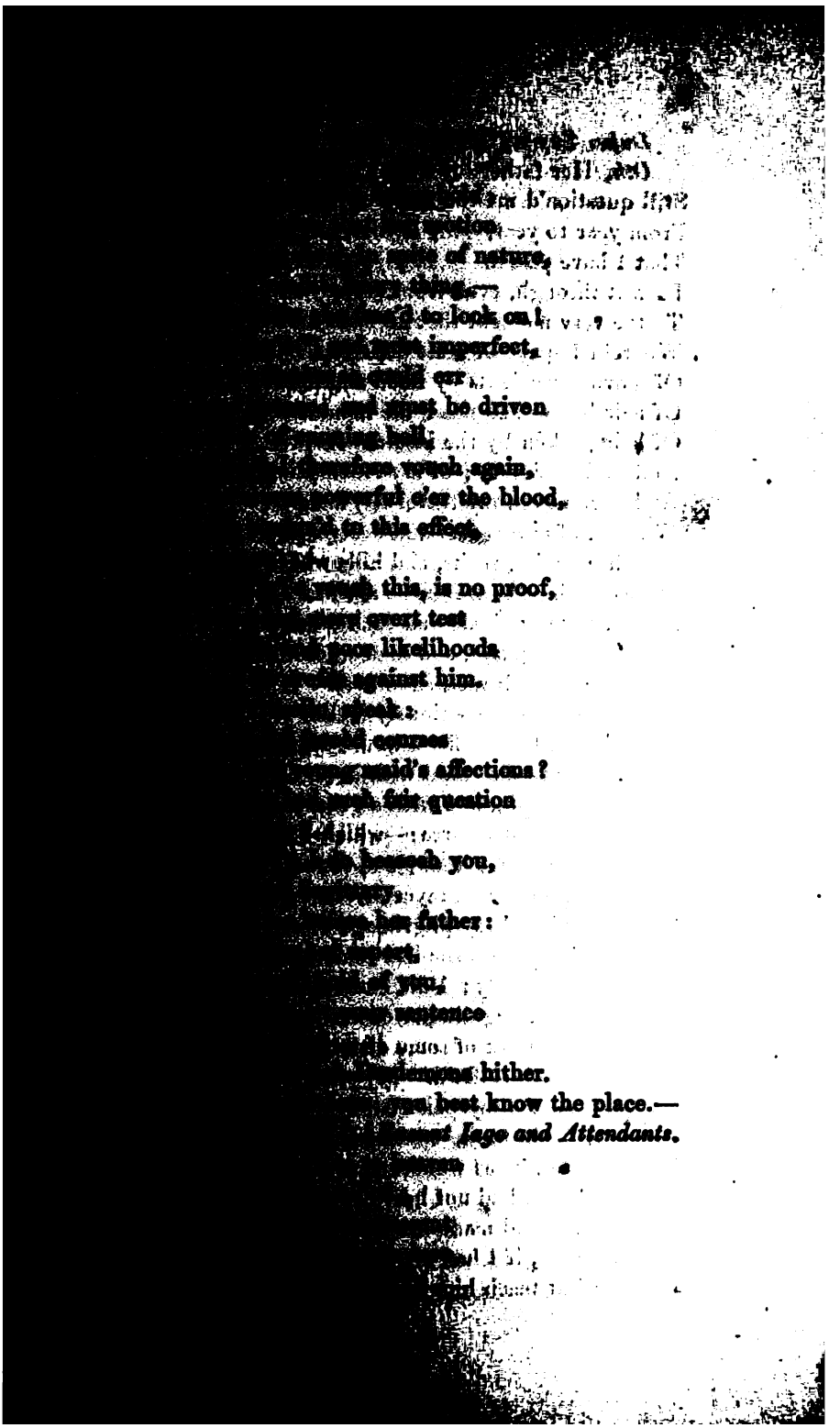
Duke. There is no composition in these news
That gives them credit.
First Sen. Indeed, they are disproportion'd;
My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.
Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.
Sec. Sen. And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,—
As in these cases, where the aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference,—yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.
Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment:
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.
Sailor [*within*]. What, ho! what, ho! what, ho!
First Off. A messenger from the galleys.

Enter a Sailor.

Duke. Now,—what's the business?
Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the state
By Signior Angelo.
Duke. How say you by this change?
First Sen. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason: 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand,
That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,

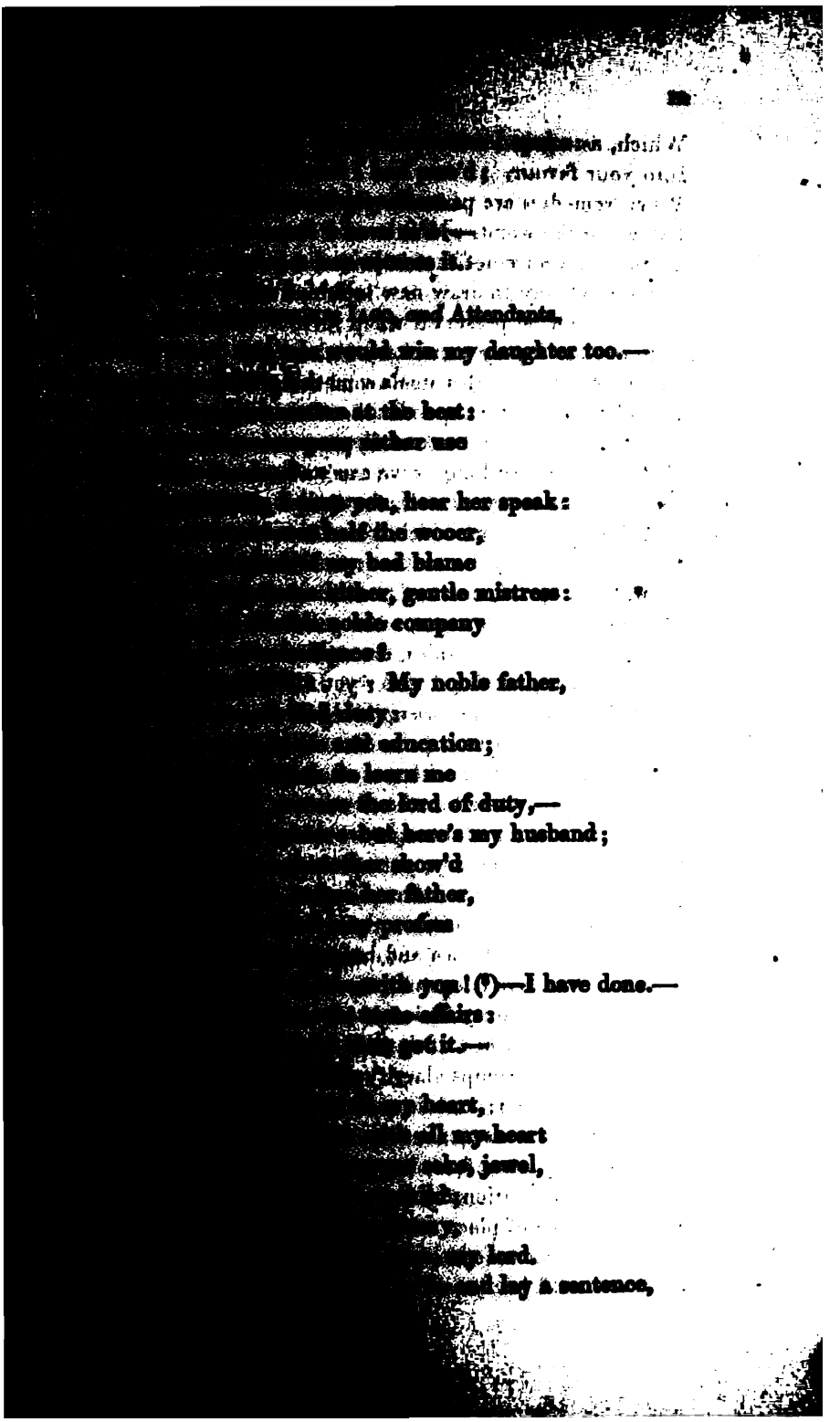


Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!
Duke and Sen. Dead?
Bra. Ay, to me;
She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not.
Duke. Whoe'er he be that, in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.
Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state-affairs,
Hath hither brought.
Duke and Sen. We are very sorry for 't.
Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to this?
[*To Othello.*
Bra. Nothing, but this is so.
Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,—



Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year,—the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's(7) history:
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak,—such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse:—which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively: I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore,—in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,

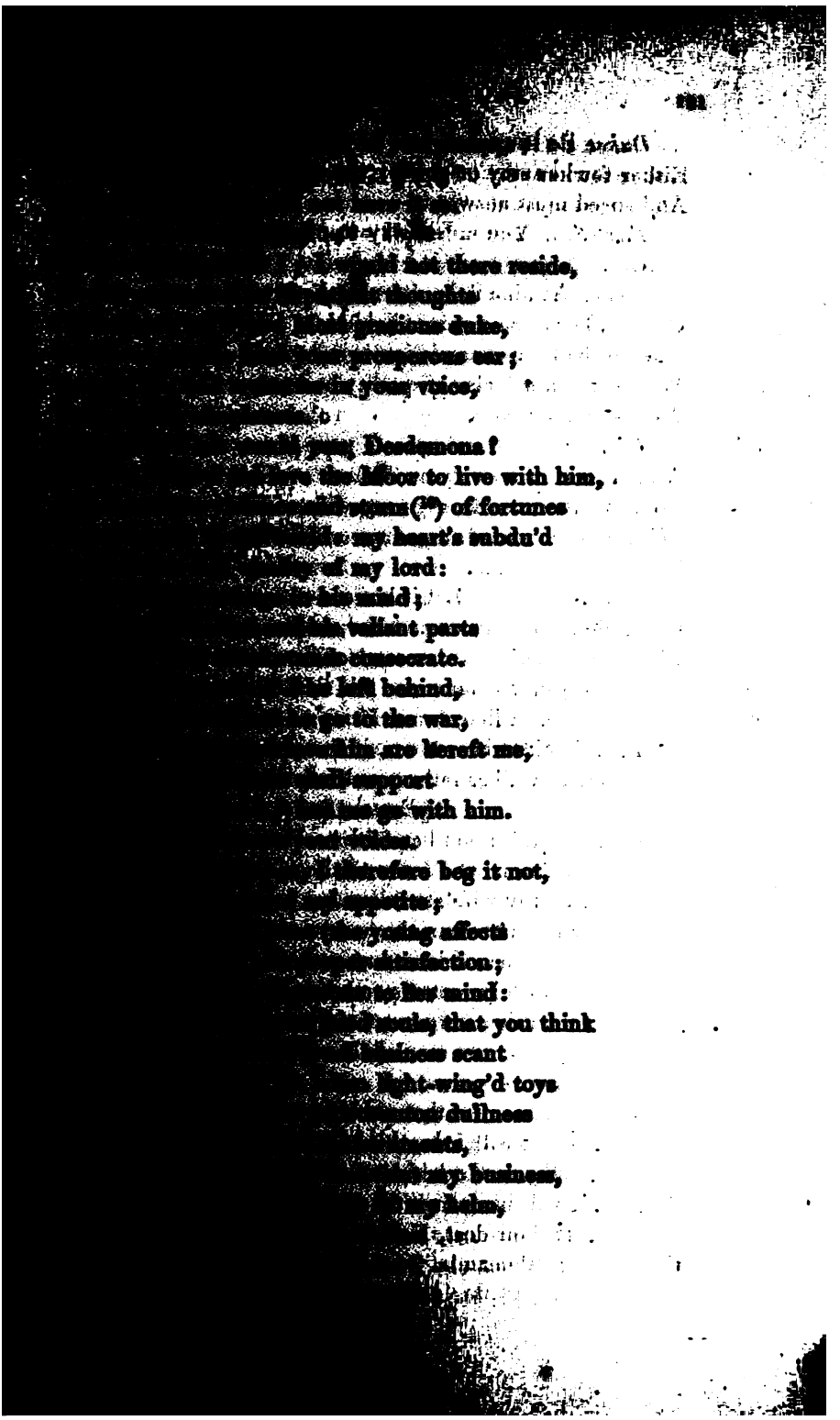


Which, as a grise or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour.
When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief;
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear
That the bruis'd heart was piercèd (9) through the ear.—
I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus:—Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you; and though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you: you must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly, therefore, bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife;
Due reference of place and exhibition;
With such accommodation and besort
As levels with her breeding.



Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay or going: the affair cries haste,
And speed must answer it.

First Sen. You must away to-night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet again.—
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
With such things else of quality and respect
As doth import you.

Oth. So please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.—
Good night to every one.—And, noble signior, [*To Brab.*
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

First Sen. Adieu, brave Moor; use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see:
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.*

Oth. My life upon her faith!—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
I prithee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after in the best advantage.—
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*

Rod. Iago,—

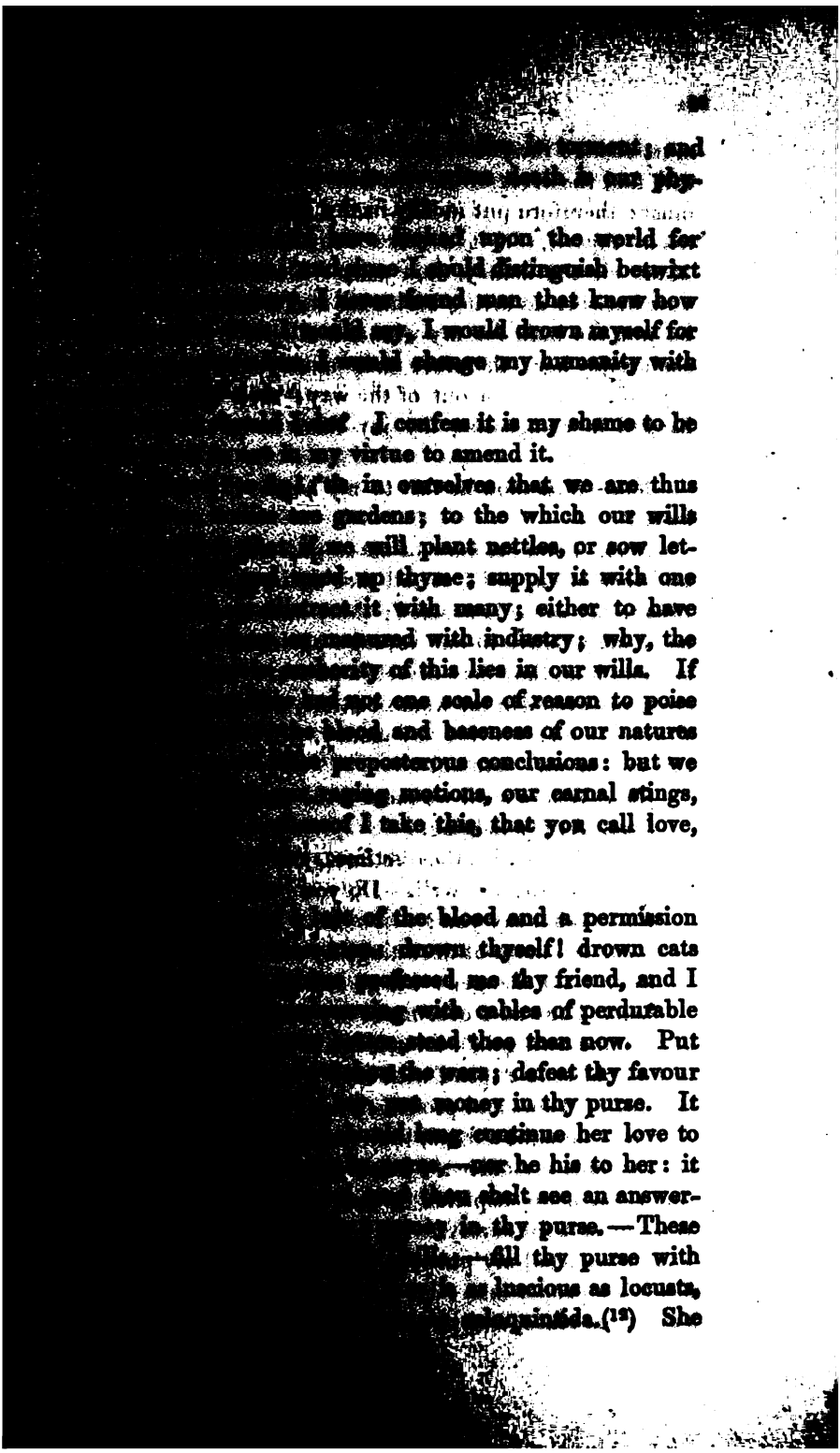
Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why, thou silly gentleman!



[illegible] and
[illegible] death in our phy-
[illegible]
[illegible] upon the world for
[illegible] I could distinguish betwixt
[illegible] found man that knew how
[illegible] I would drown myself for
[illegible] change my humanity with
[illegible] I confess it is my shame to be
[illegible] my virtue to amend it.
[illegible] in ourselves that we are thus
[illegible] gardens; to the which our wills
[illegible] will plant nettles, or sow let-
[illegible] up thyme; supply it with one
[illegible] it with many; either to have
[illegible] with industry; why, the
[illegible] of this lies in our wills. If
[illegible] one scale of reason to poise
[illegible] and baseness of our natures
[illegible] preposterous conclusions: but we
[illegible] motions, our carnal stings,
[illegible] I take this, that you call love,
[illegible]
[illegible] of the blood and a permission
[illegible] drown thyself! drown cats
[illegible] me thy friend, and I
[illegible] with cables of perdurable
[illegible] thee than now. Put
[illegible] the wars; defeat thy favour
[illegible] money in thy purse. It
[illegible] long continue her love to
[illegible] he his to her: it
[illegible] shalt see an answer-
[illegible] in thy purse.—These
[illegible] fill thy purse with
[illegible] as luscious as locusts,
[illegible] coloquintida.(12) She

must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice: she must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: if sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me:—go, make money:—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?(13)

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear?

Rod. I am changed: I'll go sell all my land. [*Exit.*

Iago. Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office: I know not if't be true;
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man: let me see now;
To get his place, and to plume up my will

false.
to be so;
hell and night
with to the world's light. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

... in Cyprus. A platform.

... and two Gentlemen.

... can you discern at sea?
... it is a high-wrought flood;
... the main,
... spoke aloud at land;
... ments:
... melt on them,
... we hear of this?
... Turkish fleet:
... shore,
... clouds;
... monstrous mane,
... pole:
... fleet

Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Third Gent. News, lads! our wars are done.
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts: a noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?

Third Gent. The ship is here put in,
A Veronessa; Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

Third Gent. But this same Cassio,—though he speak of comfort
Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. Pray heavens he be;
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the seaside, ho!
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main and the aerial blue
An indistinct regard.

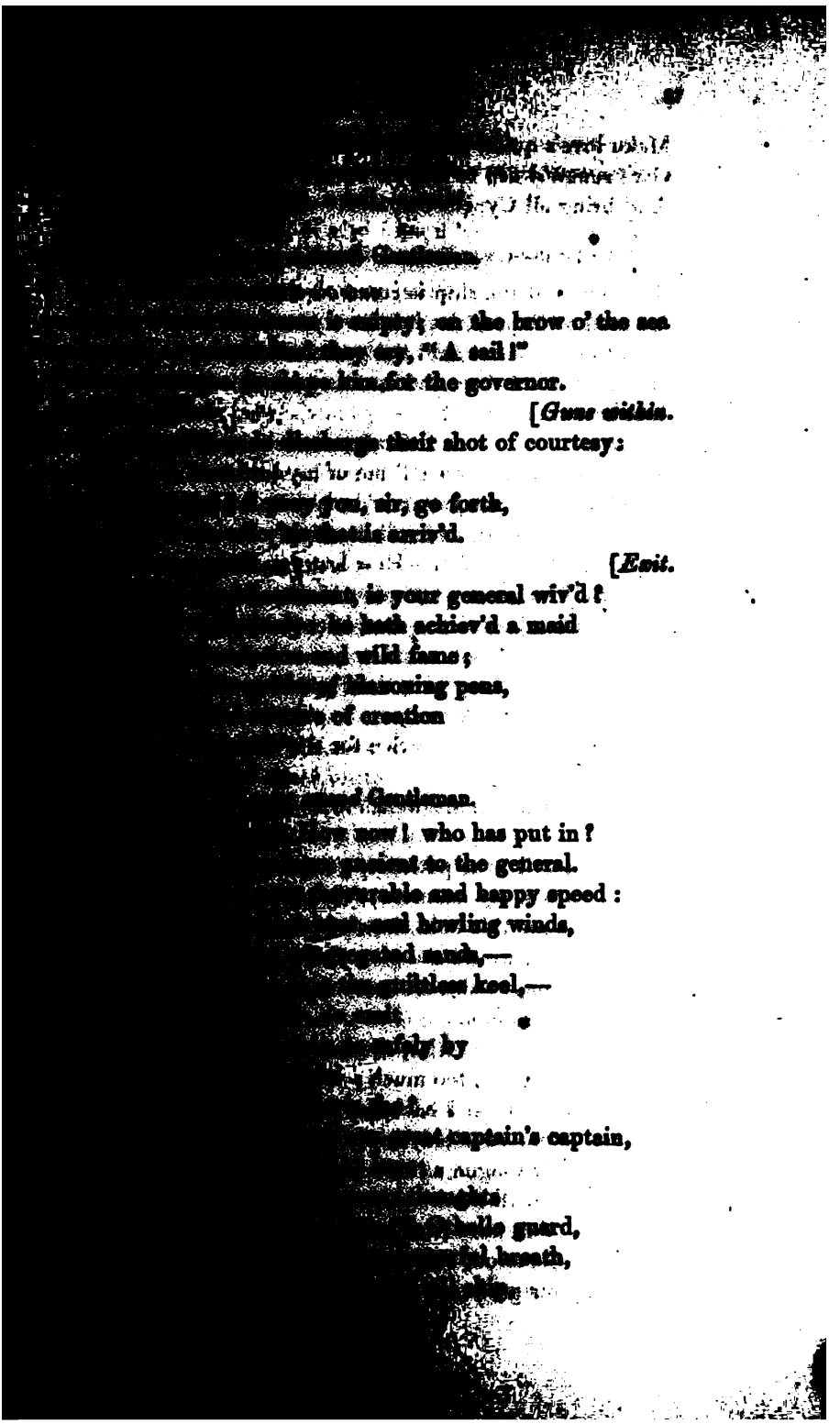
Third Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.(14)

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks you, the valiant of this warlike isle,(15)
That so approve the Moor! O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

Mon. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;



Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort!—O, behold,

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and* Attendants.

The riches of the ship is come on shore!
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.—
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd: nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear—How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship:—but, hark! a sail.

[*Within.*] A sail, a sail! [*Guns within.*

Sec. Gent. They give their greeting to the citadel:
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news.—
[*Exit Gentleman.*
Good ancient, you are welcome:—welcome, mistress:—
[*To Emilia.*
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy. [*Kissing her.*

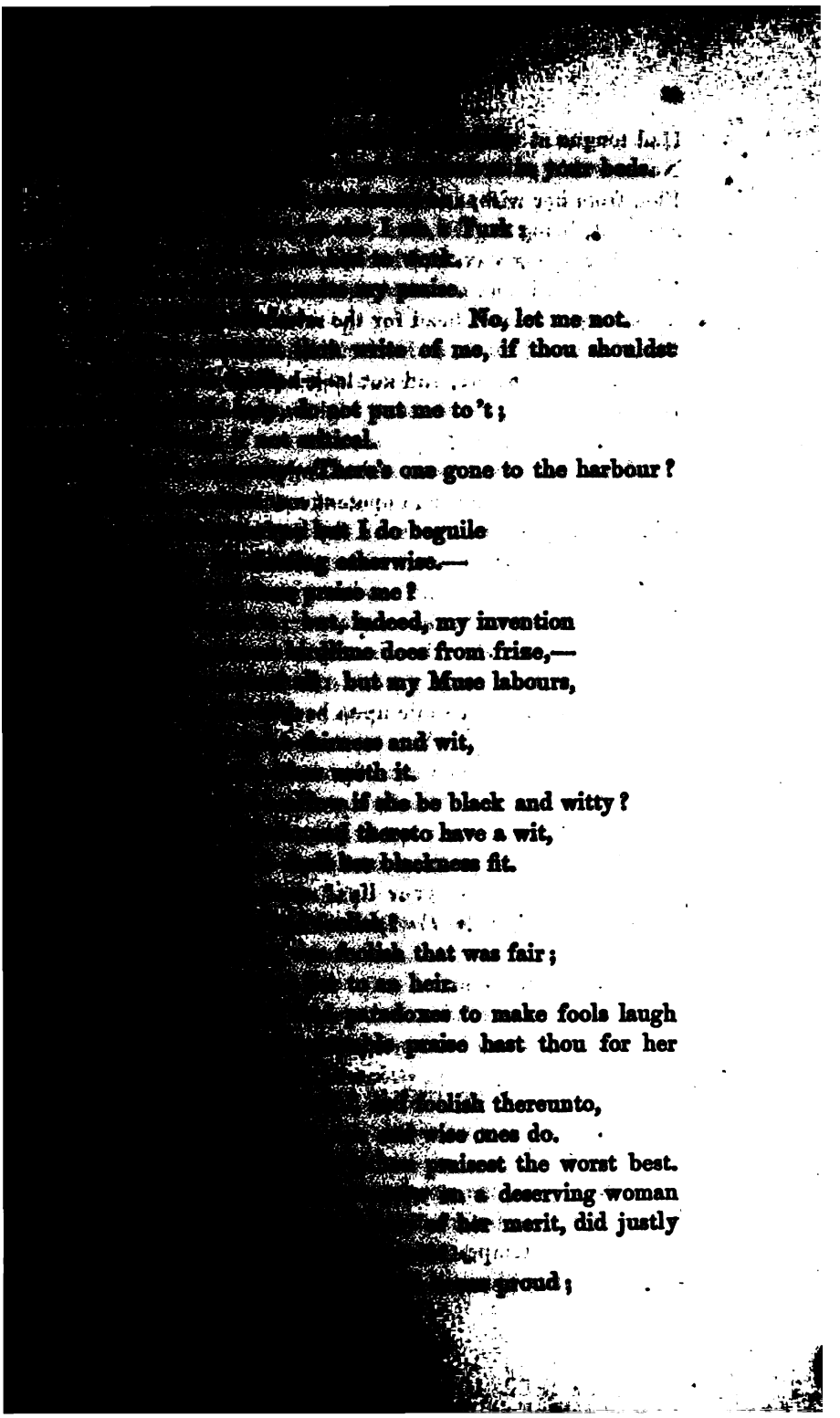
Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchens,



Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said, "Now I may;"
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind;
See suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight, if ever such wight were,—

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?(20)

Cas. He speaks home, madam: you may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.

Iago [*aside*]. He takes her by the palm: ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would they were clyster-pipes for your sake! [*Trumpet within.*]—The Moor! I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

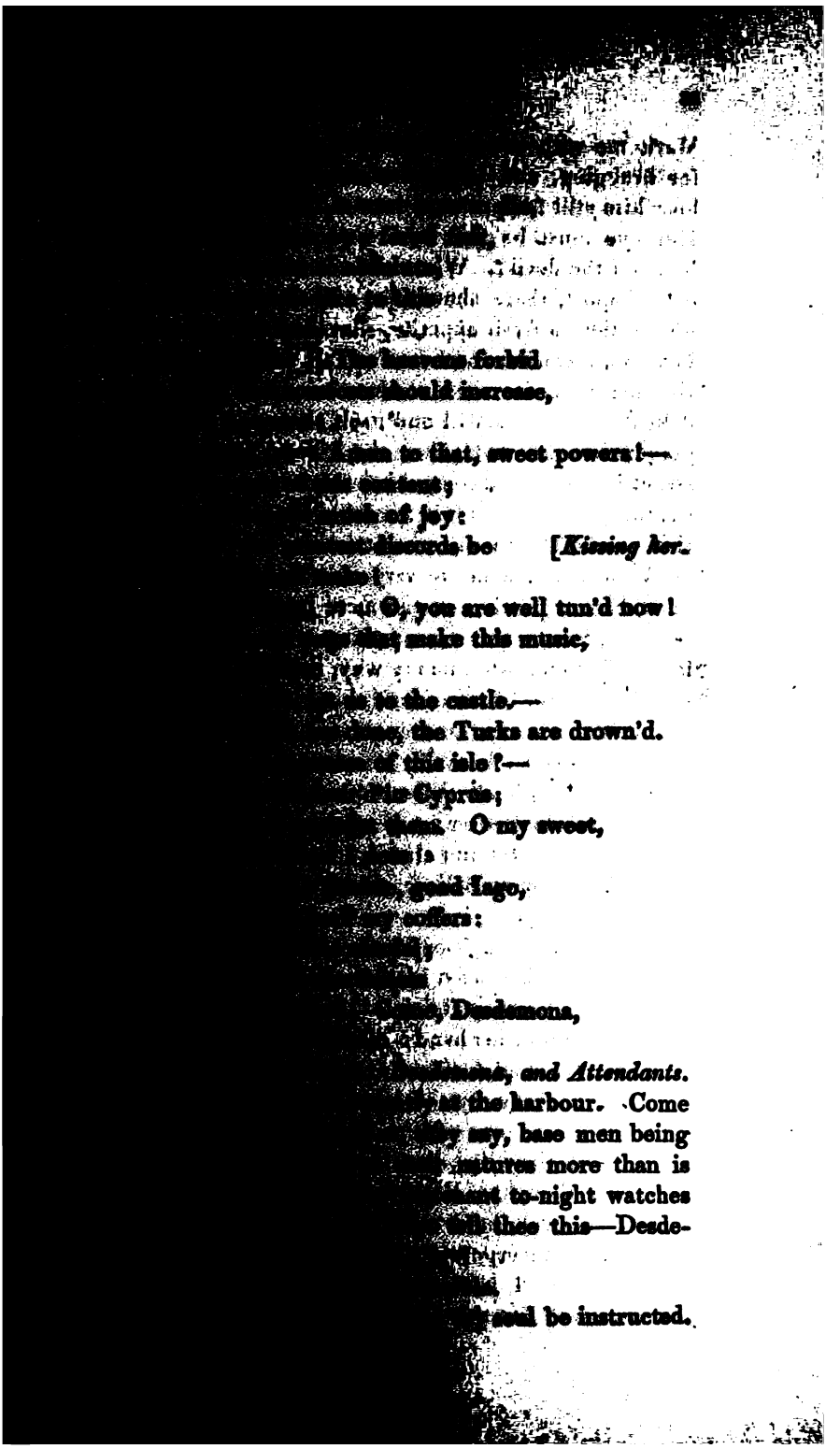
Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO *and* Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!



Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies: and will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be,—again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite,—loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted,—as it is a most pregnant and unforced position,—who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: a slipper and subtle knave; a finder of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: a devilish knave! Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after: a pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she 's full of most blessed condition.

Iago. Blessed fig's-end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor: blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: pish!—But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio

knows you not:—I'll not be far from you: do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other course(23) you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler, and haply may strike at you: provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I(24) can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit:
The Moor,—howbeit that I endure him not,—
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;
And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too;
Not out of absolute lust,—though peradventure
I stand accountant for as great a sin,—
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can or shall content my soul
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife;
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—
If this poor trash(25) of Venice, whom I trash
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,—

For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass,
And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd:
Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A street.*

Enter a Herald *with a proclamation;* People *following.*

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction(26) leads him: for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial:—so much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open; and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus and our noble general Othello! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A hall in the castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and* Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to outsport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night: to-morrow with your earliest
Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love,—
[*To Desdemona.*
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;

That profit 's yet to come 'tween me and you.—
Good night. [*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.*

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o' the clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona; who let us not therefore blame: he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She 's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she 's a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley to provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago: I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels: the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do 't; but it dislikes me. [*Exit.*

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool Roderigo,

Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle-deep; and he's to watch:
Three else[27] of Cyprus,—noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,—
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle:—but here they come:
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter CASSIO, *followed by* MONTANO, Gentlemen, *and* Servant *with wine.*

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

And let me the canakin clink, clink; [*Sings.*
And let me the canakin clink:
A soldier's a man;
O, man's life's but a span;
Why, then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general!

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England!

King Stephen was and[28] a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;

He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown.

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down;
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear 't again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things.—Well,—heaven 's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left:—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well, then; you must not think, then, that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Mon. To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before;—
He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction: and do but see his vice;
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him.
I fear the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:

He'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.
Mon. It were well
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. How now, Roderigo! [*Aside to him.*
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [*Exit Roderigo.*
Mon. And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honest action to say
So to the Moor.
Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil—But, hark! what noise?
[*Cry within,*—"Help! help!"(29)

Re-enter CASSIO, *driving in* RODERIGO.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!
Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?
Cas. A knave teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.
Rod. Beat me!
Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?
[*Striking Roderigo.*
Mon. Nay, good lieutenant;
[*Staying him.*
I pray you, sir, hold your hand.
Cas. Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazard.
Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.
Cas. Drunk! [*They fight.*
Iago. Away, I say; go out, and cry a mutiny!
[*Aside to Roderigo, who goes out.*
Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen;—

Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—(30)
Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch indeed! [*Bell rings.*
Who's that which rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!
The town will rise: God's will, lieutenant, hold;
You will be sham'd for ever.(31)

Re-enter OTHELLO *and* Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?
Mon. Zounds, I bleed still; I am hurt to the death.(32)
Oth. Hold, for your lives!
Iago. Hold, ho! Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—gentlemen,—
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?(33)
Hold!(34) the general speaks to you; hold, for shame!
Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?
Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—
Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the isle
From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters?—
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.
Iago. I do not know:—friends all but now, even now,
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Devesting them for bed; and then, but now
(As if some planet had unwitted men),
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds;
And would in action glorious I had lost
Those legs that brought me to a part of it!
Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?
Cas. I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.
Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great

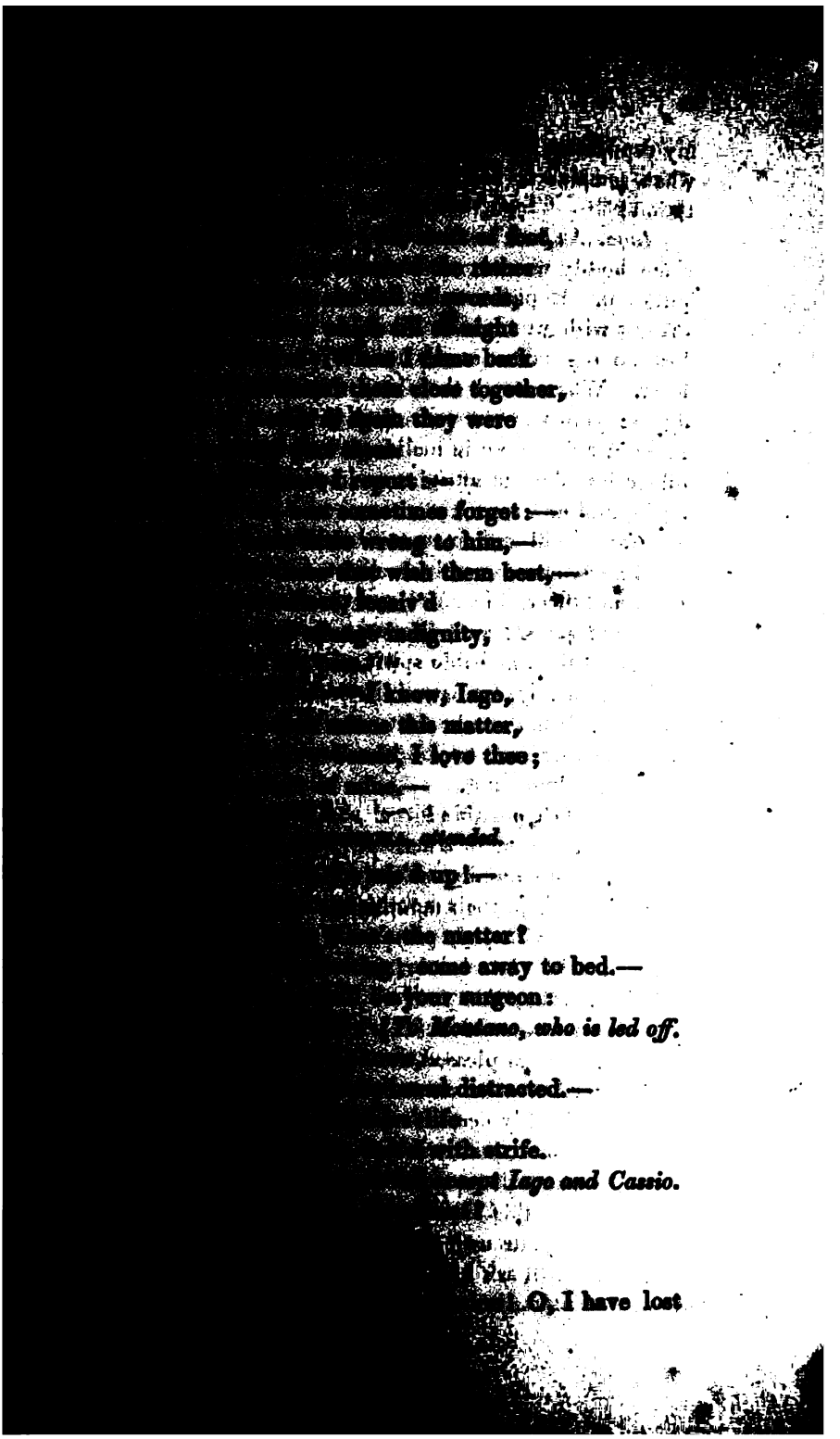
In mouths of wisest censure: what's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger:
Your officer, Iago, can inform you,—
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,—
Of all that I do know: nor know I aught
By me that's said or done amiss this night;
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgment collied,
Assays to lead the way:—if I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety! (35)
'Tis monstrous.—Iago, who began 't?

Mon. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd (36) in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help;
And Cassio following him with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman



my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: you have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: you are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion: sue to him again, and he 's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is 't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler: as the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again,—he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such

an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used: exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You or any man living may be drunk at a time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general;—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement(37) of her parts and graces:—confess yourself freely to her; importune her help to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested: this broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit.*

Iago. And what's he, then, that says I play the villain?
When this advice is free I give and honest,
Probal to thinking, and, indeed, the course
To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy
The inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit: she 's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemèd sin,
His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,

Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I, then, a villain
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now: for whiles this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—
That she repeals him for her body's lust;
And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all.

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo!

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and I think the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains; and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio:
Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe:
Content thyself awhile.—By the mass, 'tis morning;
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.—
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit Rod.*] Two things are to be done,—
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;

I'll set her on;
Myself the (38) while to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife:—ay, that's the way;
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. Before the castle.*

Enter CASSIO *and some* Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here,—I will content your pains,—
Something that's brief; and bid good morrow, general.
[*Music.*

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?

First Mus. How, sir, how!

Clo. Are these, I pray you, wind-instruments?

First Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail.

First Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you: and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, for love's sake, to make no more noise with it.

First Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any music that may not be heard, to 't again: but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care.

First Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away: go; vanish into air; away! [*Exeunt Musicians.*

Cas. Dost thou hear, mine honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Prithee, keep up thy quillets. There's a poor piece

of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir: if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her.

Cas. Do, good my friend. [*Exit Clown.*

Enter IAGO.

In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed, then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife: my suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free.

Cas. I humbly thank you for 't. [*Exit Iago.*] I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will sure be well.
The general and his wife are talking of it;
And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moor replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus
And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisdom
He might not but refuse you; but he protests he loves you,
And needs no other suitor but his likings
To take the saf'st occasion by the front
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemon alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in:
I will bestow you where you shall have time

[illegible] [*Exeunt.*

[illegible] *castle.*

[illegible] Gentlemen.

[illegible] the pilot;

[illegible] the senate:

[illegible] the works;

[illegible] good lord, I'll do't.

[illegible] gentlemen,—shall we see't?

[illegible] lordship. [*Exeunt.*

[illegible] *of the castle.*

[illegible] Cassio, *and* Emilia.

[illegible] Cassio, I will do

[illegible] it grieves my husband,

[illegible] Do not doubt, Cassio,

[illegible] again

[illegible] madam,

[illegible] Cassio,

[illegible] servant.

[illegible] do love my lord:

[illegible] well assur'd

[illegible] off

Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit: therefore be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.

Emil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretion. [*Exit Cassio.*

Enter OTHELLO *and* IAGO.

Iago. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio, my lord! No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe 'twas he.

Des. How now, my lord!
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face:
I prithee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,

That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.
Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemon; some other time.
Des. But shall 't be shortly?
Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.
Des. Shall 't be to-night at supper?
Oth. No, not to-night.
Des. To-morrow dinner, then?
Oth. I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.
Des. Why, then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;
On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn:—
I prithee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,—
Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of her(39) best,—is not almost a fault
To incur a private check. When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello: I wonder in my soul,
What you would ask me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering on. What! Michael Cassio,
That came a-wooing with you; and so many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—
Oth. Prithee, no more: let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.
Des. Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,
Or sue to you to do a(40) peculiar profit
To your own person: nay, when I have a suit
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,
And fearful to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.
Des. Shall I deny you? no: farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona:(41) I'll come to thee straight.

Des. Emilia, come.—Be as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exit, with Emilia.*

Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed!

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed:—discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord!

Oth. Honest! ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord!

Oth. Think, my lord!
By heaven,(42) he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say even now,—thou lik'dst not that,
When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like?
And when I told thee he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst, "Indeed!"
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost;

And, for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things in a false disloyal knave
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just
They're close delations, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem;
Or those that be not, would they might seem none!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this:
I prithee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me:
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and false,—
As where's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in session[43] sit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,—
Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and of[44] my jealousy
Shape faults that are not,—that your wisdom yet,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance:—
It were not for your quiet nor your good,

Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.
Oth. What dost thou mean?
Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.
Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.
Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.
Oth. Ha!
Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock[45]
The meat it feeds on: that cuckold lives in bliss
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damnèd minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet soundly[46] loves!
Oth. O misery!
Iago. Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;
But riches fineless is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:—
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!
Oth. Why, why is this?
Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt
Is once to be resolv'd: exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;

Which my thoughts aim'd not. Cassio's my worthy friend:—
My lord, I see you're mov'd.
Oth. No, not much mov'd:—
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.
Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!
Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—
Iago. Ay, there's the point:—as,—to be bold with you,—
Not to affect many proposèd matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we see in all things nature tends,—
Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural:—
But pardon me: I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her; though I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And happily repent.
Oth. Farewell, farewell:
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe: leave me, Iago.
Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*
Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest creature doubtless
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.
Iago. My lord, I would I might entreat your honour
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time: [*Returning.*
Although 'tis fit that Cassio have his place,—
For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,—
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
You shall by that perceive him and his means:
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,—
As worthy cause I have to fear I am,—
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.
Oth. Fear not my government.
Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*
Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learnèd(47) spirit,

My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,—
For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it,—
That she reserves it evermore about her
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give 't Iago:
What he will do with it heaven knows, not I;
I nothing but to please his fantasy.

Re-enter IAGO.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?

Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. A thing for me!—it is a common thing—

Emil. Ha!

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Emil. What handkerchief!
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stol'n it from her?

Emil. No, faith; she let it drop by negligence,
And, to the advantage, I, being here, took 't up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Emil. What will you do with 't, that you have been so earnest
To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what's that to you? [*Snatching it.*

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give 't me again: poor lady, she'll run mad
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not acknown on 't; I have use for it.
Go, leave me. [*Exit Emilia.*
I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ: this may do something.

The Moor already changes with my poison:—
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:—
Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me?

Iago. Why, how now, general! no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack:—
I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd
Than but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord!

Oth. What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust?
I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, was free and merry; (48)
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. O, now, for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumèd troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is't possible, my lord?

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore,—
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog
Than answer my wak'd wrath!

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't; or, at the least, so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O heaven forgive me!
Are you a man? have you a soul or sense?—
God b' wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!—
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest is not safe.—
I thank you for this profit; and from hence
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay:—thou shouldst be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty 's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not:
I'll have some proof: her[49] name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it.—Would I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would! nay, I will.

That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that: but such a handkerchief
(I am sure it was your wife's) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,—

Iago. If it be that, or any that(52) was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives,—
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:
'Tis gone.—
Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!(53)
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspics' tongues!

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. O, blood, blood, blood!

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind perhaps may change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels(54) retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*Kneels.*
I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet.— [*Kneels.*
Witness, you ever-burning lights above,
You elements that clip us round about,—
Witness that here Iago doth give up

Clo. To do this is within the compass of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [*Exit.*

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of crusadoes: and, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think the sun where he was born
Drew all such humours from him.

Emil. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now till Cassio
Be call'd to him.

Enter OTHELLO.

How is't with you, my lord?

Oth. Well, my good lady.—[*Aside*] O, hardness to dissemble!—
How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand: this hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet hath felt no age nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart:—
Hot, hot, and moist: this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand: the hearts of old gave hands;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Oth. Fetch 't, let me see 't.
Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now.
This is a trick to put me from my suit:
Pray you, let Cassio be receiv'd again.
Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief: my mind misgives.
Des. Come, come;
You'll never meet a more sufficient man.
Oth. The handkerchief!
Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.
Oth. The handkerchief!
Des. A man that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,
Shar'd dangers with you,—
Oth. The handkerchief!
Des. In sooth, you are to blame.
Oth. Away! [*Exit.*
Emil. Is not this man jealous?
Des. I ne'er saw this before.
Sure, there 's some wonder in this handkerchief:
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.
Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch us.—Look you,—Cassio and my husband.

Enter CASSIO *and* IAGO.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must do 't:
And, lo, the happiness! go, and impórtune her.
Des. How now, good Cassio! what's the news with you?
Cas. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you
That by your virtuous means I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love
Whom I with all the office of my heart
Entirely honour: I would not be delay'd.
If my offence be of such mortal kind
That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;

So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.
Des. Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio!
My advocation is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour as in humour alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blank of his displeasure
For my free speech! You must awhile be patient:
What I can do I will; and more I will
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.
Iago. Is my lord angry?
Emil. He went hence but now,
And certainly in strange unquietness.
Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother;—and can he be angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him:
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.
Des. I prithee, do so. [*Exit Iago.*
Something, sure, of state,—
Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice
Made démonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and in such cases
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;
For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members even to that sense
Of pain: nay, we must think men are not gods,
Nor of them look for such observancy
As fits the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was (unhandsome warrior as I am)
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,
And he 's indicted falsely.
Emil. Pray heaven it be state-matters, as you think,

And no conception nor no jealous toy
Concerning you.

Des. Alas the day, I never gave him cause!

Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

Emil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout:
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!

Cas. What make you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What, keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca:
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;
But I shall, in a more continuate time,
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

[*Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief.*

Take me this work out.

Bian. O Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend:
To the felt absence now I feel a cause:
Is 't come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Go to, woman!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:

No, in good troth, Bianca.
Bian. Why, whose is it?
Cas. I know not neither: I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well: ere it be demanded
(As like enough it will), I'd have it copied:
Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.
Bian. Leave you! wherefore?
Cas. I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.
Bian. Why, I pray you?
Cas. Not that I love you not.
Bian. But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And say if I shall see you soon at night.
Cas. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you;
For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.
Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same. Before the castle.*

Enter OTHELLO *and* IAGO.

Iago. Will you think so?
Oth. Think so, Iago!
Iago. What,
To kiss in private?
Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss.
Iago. Or to be naked with her friend in bed
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?
Oth. Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm!
It is hypocrisy against the devil:
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—
Oth. What then?
Iago. Why, then, 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.
Oth. She is protectress of her honour too:
May she give that?
Iago. Her honour is an essence that 's not seen;
They have it very oft that have it not:
But, for the handkerchief,—
Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it:—
Thou said'st,—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.
Iago. Ay, what of that?
Oth. That 's not so good now.
Iago. What,
If I had said I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say,—as knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convincèd or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab,—
Oth. Hath he said any thing?
Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.
Oth. What hath he said?
Iago. Faith, that he did,—I know not what he did.
Oth. What? what?
Iago. Lie—
Oth. With her?
Iago. With her, on her; what you will.
Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We say lie on her, when they belie her.—Lie with her! that 's fulsome.—Handkerchief,—confessions,—handkerchief!—To confess, and be hanged for his labour;—first, to be hanged, and then to confess.—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion, without some instruction. It is not

words that shake me thus:—pish!—noses, ears, and lips.—
Is't possible?—Confess,—handkerchief!—O devil!—
[*Falls in a trance.*

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,
All guiltless, meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!
My lord, I say! Othello!

Enter CASSIO.

How now, Cassio!

Cas. What's the matter?

Iago. My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy:
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear;
The lethargy must have his quiet course:
If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight: when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you. [*Exit Cassio.*
How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven.
Would you would bear your fortune like a man!

Oth. A hornèd man's a monster and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast, then, in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good sir, be a man;
Think every bearded fellow that's but yok'd
May draw with you: there's millions now alive
That nightly lie in those unproper beds
Which they dare swear peculiar: your case is better.
O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here o'erwhelmèd with your grief,—
A passion most unsuiting such a man,—
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourself,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,—
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife:
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But,—dost thou hear?—most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[*Othello retires.*
Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife that, by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature
That dotes on Cassio,—as 'tis the strumpet's plague
To beguile many and be beguil'd by one:—
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter:—here he comes:—
As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong.

Re-enter CASSIO.

How do you now, lieutenant?

Cas. The worser that you give me the addition
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on 't.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power, [*Speaking lower.*

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.

Enter BIANCA.

What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work? —A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There,—give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now! how now!

Oth. [*aside*] By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may; an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. Faith, I must; she'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Prithee, come; will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. [*Exit Cassio.*

Oth. [*coming forward*] How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

Oth. O Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a-killing.—A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live: no, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand.—O, the world hath not a

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior;
Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord
An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord?

Oth. [*reads*] "This fail you not to do, as you will—"

Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one: I would do much
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My lord?

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be the letter mov'd him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. Trust me, I am glad on 't.

Oth. Indeed!

Des. My lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet Othello,—

Oth. Devil! [*Striking her.*

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw 't: 'tis very much:
Make her amends; she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.—
Out of my sight!

Des. I will not stay to offend you. [*Going.*

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:—
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A room in the castle.*

Enter OTHELLO *and* EMILIA.

Oth. You have seen nothing, then?

Emil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

Emil. But then I saw no harm, and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.

Oth. What, did they never whisper?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?

Emil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. That 's strange.

Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought,—it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither:—go. [*Exit Emilia.*
She says enough;—yet she 's a simple bawd
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet-lock-and-key of villanous secrets:
And yet she'll kneel and pray; I have seen her do 't.

Enter DESDEMONA *with* EMILIA.

Des. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Where either I must live, or bear no life,—
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin,—
Ay, there,(57) look grim as hell!

Des. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee,—would thou hadst ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? What committed!
Committed!—O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it.—What committed!—
Impudent strumpet!

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian:
If to preserve this vessel for my lord
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be sav'd.

Oth. Is 't possible?

Des. O, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then:
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell!

Re-enter EMILIA.

You, you, ay, you!
We have done our course; there's money for your pains:
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel. [*Exit.*

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?—
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Des. Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Des. With who?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.

Des. Who is thy lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none: do not talk to me, Emilia;
I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Prithee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember;—
And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here's a change indeed! [*Exit.*

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my least misuse?

Re-enter EMILIA *with* IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is't with you?

Des. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks:
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such as she says my lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her whore: a beggar in his drink
Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.
Iago. Why did he so?
Des. I do not know; I am sure I am none such.
Iago. Do not weep, do not weep:—alas the day!
Emil. Hath she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?
Des. It is my wretched fortune.
Iago. Beshrew him for 't!
How comes this trick upon him?
Des. Nay, heaven doth know.
Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.
Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.
Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!
Emil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!
Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor 's abus'd by some most villanous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow:—
O heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the world
Even from the east to the west!
Iago. Speak within door.
Emil. O, fie upon them! Some such squire he was
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.
Iago. You are a fool; go to.
Des. Alas, Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:—
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,

[illegible]

[illegible] make me off

[illegible] him dearly,

[illegible] may do much;

[illegible] my life,

[illegible] I cannot say whore,—

[illegible] the word;

[illegible] addition earn

[illegible] could make me.

[illegible] content; 'tis but his humour:

[illegible] does him offence,

[illegible]

[illegible]—

[illegible] but so, I warrant. [*Trumpets within.*

[illegible] summon to supper!

[illegible] stay the meat:

[illegible] things shall be well.

[illegible] [*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*

[illegible] Roderigo.

[illegible] thou dealest justly with me.

[illegible]?

[illegible] me with some device, Iago;

[illegible] now, keepest from me all con-

[illegible] with the least advantage of hope.

[illegible] it; nor am I yet persuaded

[illegible] I have foolishly suffered.

[illegible] Roderigo?

[illegible] much; for your words and

[illegible]

[illegible] justly.

[illegible] I have wasted myself out

[illegible] had from me to deliver

[illegible] corrupted a votarist: you

[illegible] and returned me ex-

[illegible] and acquaintance;

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: nay, I think it is scurvy, and begin to find myself fopped (58) in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident: wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean, removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place, —knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right.

He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him: —he knows not yet of his honourable fortune. If you will watch his going thence,—which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one,—you may take him at your pleasure: I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another room in the castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, *and* Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?—
O,—Desdemona,—

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there: look 't be done.

Des. I will, my lord.

[*Exeunt Othello, Lodovico, and Attendants.*

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says he will return incontinent:
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:
We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I: my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,—

Prithee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All's one.—Good faith, how foolish are our minds!—

If I do die before thee, prithee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:
She was in love; and he she lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forsake her: she had a song of "willow;"
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it: that song to-night
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara.—Prithee, dispatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here.—
This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree, [*Singing.*
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;—

Lay by these:—

Sing willow, willow, willow; [*Singing.*

Prithee, hie thee; he'll come anon:—

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.
[*Singing.*
Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that 's not next.—Hark! who is't that knocks?

Emil. It's the wind.

[*Singing.*

Mine eyes do itch;

'Tis neither here nor there.

O, these men, these men!—

do abuse their husbands

There be some such, no question.

No, by this heavenly light!

by this heavenly light;

do such a deed for all the world?

a huge thing: it is a great price(59)

truth, I think thou wouldst not.

I think I should; and undo 't when I

would not do such a thing for a joint-

of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats,

exhibition; but, for the whole world,

make her husband a cuckold to make

venture purgatory for 't.

would do such a wrong

is but a wrong i' the world; and

labour, 'tis a wrong in your own

make it right.

any such woman.

as many to the vantage as

for.

faults

their duties,

strike us,

Or scant our former having in despite;
Why, we have galls; and though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them: they see, and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is: and doth affection breed it?
I think it doth: is 't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too:—and have not we affections,
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
Then let them use us well: else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

Des. Good night, good night: heaven me such uses send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same. A street.*

Enter IAGO *and* RODERIGO.

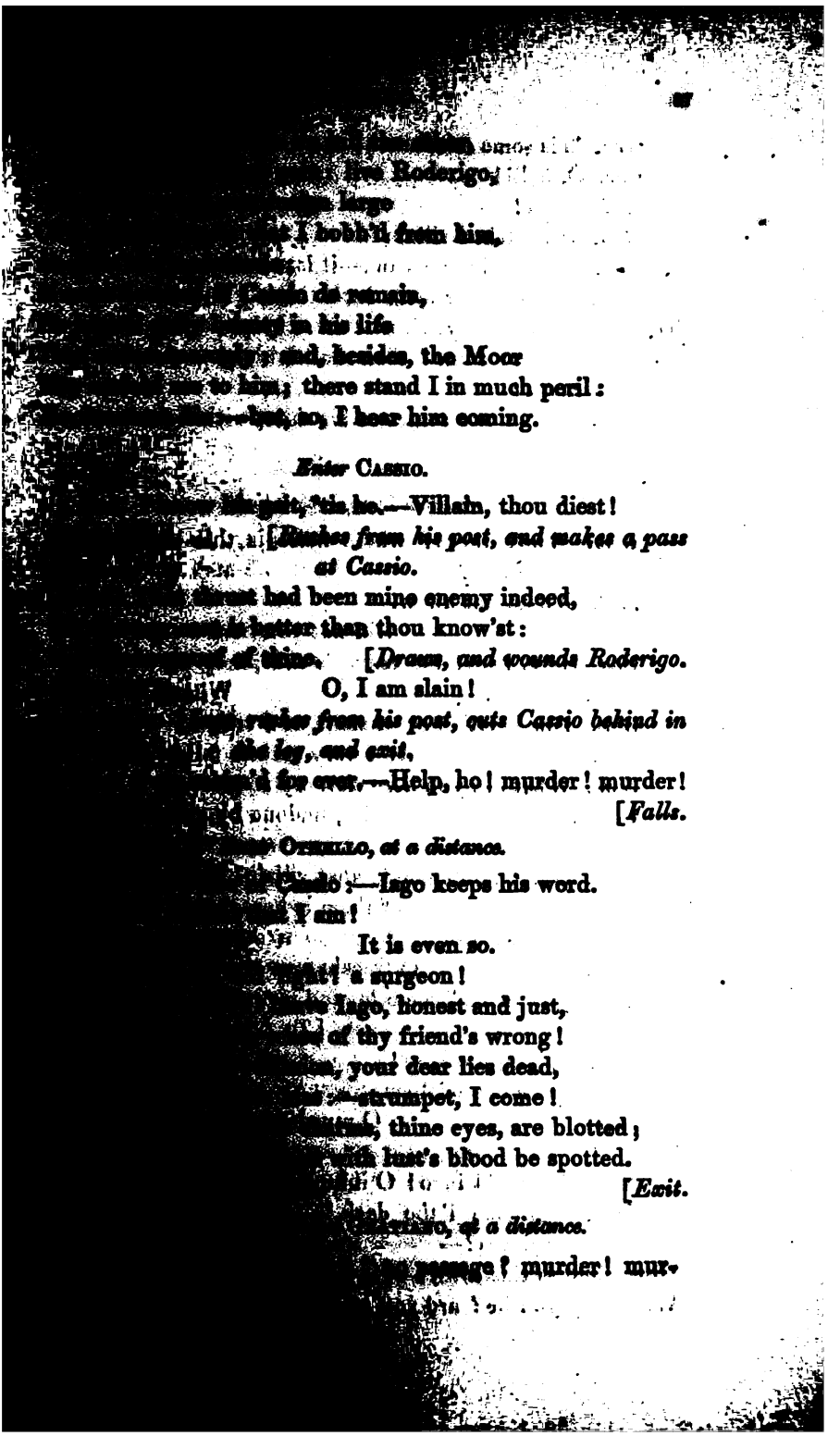
Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home:
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow:
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in 't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take thy stand.
[*Retires to a little distance.*

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons:—
'Tis but a man gone:—forth, my sword; he dies.
[*Goes to his stand.*

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,



Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the voice is very direful.
Cas. O, help!
Lod. Hark!
Rod. O wretched villain!
Lod. Two or three groan:—it is a heavy night:
These may be counterfeits: let 's think 't unsafe
To come in to the cry without more help.
Rod. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.
Lod. Hark!
Gra. Here 's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Re-enter IAGO, *with a light.*

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this that cries on murder?
Lod. We do not know.
Iago. Did not you hear a cry?
Cas. Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me!
Iago. What's the matter?
Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.
Lod. The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.
Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously?
Cas. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me some help.
Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?
Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.
Iago. O treacherous villains!—
What are you there? come in, and give some help.
[*To Lodovico and Gratiano.*
Rod. O, help me here!
Cas. That's one of them.
Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!
[*Stabs Roderigo.*
Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!
Iago. Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?—
How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!—
What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Iago. He, he, 'tis he.—O, that's well said;—the chair:—
[*A chair brought in.*
Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress,
[*To Bianca.*
Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here, Cassio,
Was my dear friend: what malice was between you?

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago [*to Bian.*]. What, look you pale?—O, bear him out o' the air.— [*Cassio and Roderigo are borne off.*
Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mistress?—
Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?—
Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.—
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her:
Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter? what's the matter, husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark
By Roderigo, and fellows that are scap'd:
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Prithee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.—
What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.

Emil. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!

Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest
As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I! foh! fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd.—
Come, mistress, you must tell 's another tale.—
Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.—
Will you go on afore?—This is the night [*Aside.*
That either makes me or fordoes me quite. [*Exeunt.*

[illegible] DESDEMONA *in bed*
[illegible] *burning.*

[illegible] OTHELLO.

[illegible] the cause, my soul,—
[illegible] you chaste stars!—
[illegible] not shed her blood;
[illegible] of hers than snow,
[illegible] alabaster.
[illegible] I'll betray more men.
[illegible] then put out the light: (60)
[illegible] minister,
[illegible] restore,
[illegible] once put out thy light,
[illegible] of excelling nature,
[illegible] Promethean heat
[illegible] When I have pluck'd thy rose,
[illegible] again,
[illegible] smell it on the tree.—
[illegible] [*Kissing her.*
[illegible] almost persuade
[illegible]!—One more, one more:—
[illegible] and I will kill thee,
[illegible] more, and that's the last:
[illegible] I must weep,
[illegible] sorrow's heavenly;
[illegible] wakes.
[illegible]?
[illegible] Ay, Desdemona.
[illegible] my lord?
[illegible] Desdemon?
[illegible] Ay, my lord.
[illegible] of any crime
[illegible] grace,
[illegible]
[illegible] you mean by that?
[illegible] will walk by:
[illegible]

No,—heaven forfend!—I would not kill thy soul.
Des. Talk you of killing?
Oth. Ay, I do.
Des. Then heaven
Have mercy on me!
Oth. Amen, with all my heart!
Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Hum!
Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then
When your eyes roll so: why I should fear I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear.
Oth. Think on thy sins.
Des. They are loves I bear to you.
Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.
Des. That death 's unnatural that kills for loving.—
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be still!
Des. I will so. What's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchief which I so lov'd and gave thee
Thou gav'st to Cassio.
Des. No, by my life and soul!
Send for the man, and ask him.
Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.
Des. Ay, but not yet to die.
Oth. Yes, presently:
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.
Des. Then Lord have mercy on me!
Oth. I say, amen.
Des. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love; I never gave him token.

[illegible] in's hand.
[illegible] my heart,
[illegible] to do
[illegible] sacrifice:

[illegible] He found it, then;
[illegible] for him hither;

[illegible] He hath confess'd.
[illegible]
[illegible] thee.
[illegible] How? unlawfully?
Ay.
[illegible]
[illegible] No, his mouth is stopp'd;
[illegible] order for't.
[illegible] interprets!—what, is he dead?
[illegible] been lives, my great revenge
[illegible]
[illegible]'d, and I undone!
[illegible] weep'st thou for him to my
[illegible]
[illegible] my lord, but kill me not!
[illegible]
[illegible] let me live to-night!
[illegible]
[illegible] done, there is no pause.
[illegible] prayer!
[illegible] It is too late. [*Smothers her.*
[illegible] my lord! what, ho! my lord,
[illegible]
[illegible]—Not dead? not yet quite
[illegible]
[illegible] pain:—
[illegible] my lord!
[illegible] Who's there?

Emil. [*within*] O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you!

Oth. Yes:—'tis Emilia:—by and by.—She's dead.—
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;
The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave.—Shall she come in? were 't good?—
I think she stirs again:—no.—What's best to do?
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.
O, insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. [*within*] I do beseech you
That I may speak with you, O, good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia:—
Soft,—by and by:—let me the curtains draw.—
Where art thou? [*Opens the door.*

Enter EMILIA.

What's the matter with thee now?

Emil. O, my good lord, yonder 's foul murders done![61]

Oth. What, now?

Emil. But now, my lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more nearer earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.

Emil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian
Call'd Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!
And Cassio kill'd!

Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd! then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

Emil. Alas, what cry is that?

Oth. That! what?

Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.—
Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!

Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress, speak!
Des. A guiltless death I die.
Emil. O, who hath done this deed?
Des. Nobody; I myself. Farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord: O, farewell! [*Dies.*
Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?
Emil. Alas, who knows?
Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.
Emil. She said so: I must needs report the truth.
Oth. She 's, like a liar, gone to burning hell:
'Twas I that kill'd her.
Emil. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.
Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.
Oth. She was false as water.
Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false: O, she was heavenly true!
Oth. Cassio did tup(62) her; ask thy husband else.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.
Emil. My husband!
Oth. Thy husband.
Emil. That she was false to wedlock?
Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.
Emil. My husband!
Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first:
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.
Emil. My husband!
Oth. What needs this iterance, woman? I say thy husband.
Emil. O mistress, villany hath made mocks with love!—
My husband say that she was false!
Oth. He, woman;

I say thy husband: dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.
Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart:
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.
Oth. Ha!
Emil. Do thy worst:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven
Than thou wast worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were best.
Emil. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm
As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives.—Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress! Murder! murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, *and* IAGO.

Mon. What is the matter?—How now, general!
Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.
Gra. What is the matter?
Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says thou told'st him that his wife was false:
I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain:
Speak, for my heart is full.
Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.
Emil. But did you ever tell him she was false?
Iago. I did.
Emil. You told a lie; an odious, damnèd lie;
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie:—
She false with Cassio!—did you say with Cassio?
Iago. With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your tongue.
Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak:
My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed,—
All. O heavens forfend!
Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.
Oth. Nay, stare not, masters: it is true, indeed.

Emil. I will not.
[*Iago offers to stab Emilia.*
Gra. Fie!
Your sword upon a woman?
Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of
I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,—
More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,—
He begg'd of me to steal it.
Iago. Villanous whore!
Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas, I found it,
And I did give't my husband.
Iago. Filth, thou liest!
Emil. By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen.—
O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?
[*Iago stabs Emilia, and then runs out.*
Oth. Are there no stones in heaven
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!
Gra. The woman falls; sure, he hath kill'd his wife.
Emil. Ay, ay:—O, lay me by my mistress' side.
Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.
Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,
But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damnèd slave. [*Exeunt Montano and Gratiano.*(64)
Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword:—
But why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.
Emil. What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music:—Willow, willow, willow.— [*Singing.*
Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor;
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die,—I die. [*Dies.*
Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber;

It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper :—
O, here it is.—Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. [*within*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear:
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me, then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold, I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
That, with this little arm and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop:—but, O vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.—
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires:—where should Othello go?—
Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
Even like thy chastity.—
O cursèd, cursèd slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—
O Desdemon! dead, Desdemon! dead! O![65]

Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO *carried in a chair, and* Officers *with* IAGO, *prisoner.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

Oth. That's he that was Othello;—here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet,—but that's a fable.—
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee. [*Wounds Iago.*

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither: I'd have thee live;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lod. O thou Othello, that wert once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a damnèd(66) slave,
What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing:
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For naught I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villany:
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What, not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;
And here another: the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain!

Cas. Most heathenish and most gross!

Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damnèd villain;
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious caitiff!—
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber:

Oth. I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee:—no way but this,
[*Falling upon Desdemona.*
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [*Dies.*

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart.

Lod. O Spartan dog, [*To Iago.*
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
Look on the tragic loading of this bed;
This is thy work:—the object poisons sight;
Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed on you.—To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain;
The time, the place, the torture,—O, enforce it!
Myself will straight aboard; and to the state
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [*Exeunt.*

P. 5. (1) "'*Sblood, but you will not hear me:—*
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me."

So the quarto of 1622 *verbatim*. (What can Mr. Knight mean when he says that so "*Steevens writes* these lines"?)

P. 5. (2) "*for, 'Certes,' says he,*
'I have already chose my officer.'"

Mr. Collier and Delius point with the old copies, "'*For certes,' says he,*" &c., —Delius observing that "*For certes*" is here equivalent to "*For certain,*" and that the modern editors are wrong in putting a comma between these words. But it appears to me that the "*for*" is not a portion of what Iago makes Othello say. (Compare *The Tempest*, act iii. sc. 3;

"If I should say I saw such islanders,—
For, certes, these are people of the island," &c.)

P. 6. (3) "*unless the bookish theoric,*
Wherein the togèd consuls can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership."

So the quarto of 1622.—The folio and the quarto of 1630 have "*Wherein the* Tongued *Consuls,*" &c.,—which, according to Boswell, agrees better with the context "mere prattle," and which Delius adopts; though the folio has a similar error in *Coriolanus*, act ii. sc. 3, "*Why in this Wooluish* tongue *should I stand heere,*" &c.

P. 13. (4) "*That weaken motion.*"

Has been altered to "*That weaken* notion" and to "*That* waken *motion:*" see notes *ad l.* in the *Varior. Shakespeare.*

P. 15. (5) "*And prays you to believe him.*"

"The Rev. H. Barry plausibly suggests to me, that we ought to read *relieve* for 'believe.'" COLLIER.—But that alteration had been suggested long ago. "An emendation not necessary of a word in the line before, has a place in the same '*Readings;*' put there more to shew it was thought of, than from any other inducement: Montano's message to the senate is worded with great politeness in all the parts of it: in this last, *relief*, the thing he stood in want of and wished, is only insinuated; knowing it would follow from them, was *belief* accorded him." Capell's *Notes*, &c. vol. ii. p. 139.

P. 17. (6) "*It is a judgment maim'd and most imperfect,*" &c.

So the quartos.—The folio has "*It is a iudgement* main'd, *and most imperfect,*"

&c.,—a reading which I do not mean to defend when I observe that in *The Sec. Part of Henry VI.* we have the provincialism "*mained*," i.e. lamed: see vol. iv. p. 200, note (66).

P. 18. (7) "*And portance in my travel's history*," &c.

So the quarto of 1630.—The quarto of 1622 has "*And* with it all *my trauells Historie*," &c.—The folio reads "*And portance in my* Trauellours *historie*," &c.; which is given by Mr. Knight and Delius,—the former remarking that "Othello modestly, and somewhat *jocosely*, calls his wonderful relations *a traveller's history*," though a personage less inclined to *jocoseness* than Othello cannot well be conceived.—Dr. Richardson suggests to me that the "Trauellours" of the folio is a misprint for "*travellous*" (or "*travailous*"), and adds that Wiclif has "Jobs *trauailous* nights" and "the *traveilous* presoun of the Egipcians:" but, though the epithet is very properly applied to "nights" or to a "prison," can we speak of a "*travailous* history"?—(Further on in the present speech the folio has "But not *instinctiuely*,"—which Mr. Knight allows to be "a decided typographical error;" and, a little after that, "She gaue me for my paines a world of *kisses*"!!)

P. 19. (8) "*God be with you!—I have done.*"

So the folio,—Shakespeare certainly here intending "*God be with you*" to be pronounced "*God b' wi' you*,"—which perhaps he wrote.—The quartos have "*God* bu' y, *I ha done.*" (In act iii. sc. 3, the old eds. agree in having "*God* buy *you*: take mine office," &c.)

P. 20. (9) "*I never yet did hear*
That the bruis'd heart was piercèd through the ear."

Warburton reads "piecèd" for "*piercèd*;" and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector (vide Mr. Collier's one-volume *Shakespeare*).—But see the notes *ad l.* in the *Varior. Shakespeare*; where, however, some of the passages adduced to defend the original reading are strangely inapposite.

P. 21. (10) "*My downright violence and storm of fortunes*," &c.

So the folio, and the quarto of 1630.—The quarto of 1622 has "*My downe right violonce, and* scorne *of Fortunes*," &c.; "which," says Johnson, "is perhaps the true reading."

P. 21. (11) "*I therefore beg it not,*
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat (the young affects
In me defunct) and proper satisfaction," &c.

So the old copies, except that they have "*In* my *defunct*," &c.—There is a passage in Massinger's *Bondman*, act i. sc. 3, which was undoubtedly copied from the present one, viz.

[illegible] occurs in Fletcher's *Fair

[illegible] and (while our cold fathers,
[illegible] youthful hearts were dead,
[illegible] under Venus' ensigns,

observed, show how the lines of Shakespeare
[illegible]. They also show that in our text
[illegible] the change of "my" to "*me*" (which was
[illegible] necessary.—"Affects," says Johnson
"natural and unforced" by Gifford, Massin-
"stands here not for *love*, but for *passions*, for
[illegible]. *I ask it not*, says he, *to please appetite, or*
[illegible] of youth which I have now outlived, or 'for
[illegible] of myself,' but merely that I may indulge the
[illegible]," writes Gifford (*ubi supra*), "are there-
[illegible] *youthful hearts*. Othello was not an old man,
[illegible] youth; the critics might therefore have dis-
[illegible] which they have so delicately communicated
[illegible] conjecture." (I cannot help wondering what
[illegible] he had lived to read in Dr. Delius's ed. of

[illegible] heat, the young affects,"

[illegible] heat which affects the young"!)

[illegible] *She must change for youth: when she is*
[illegible] *sweet of her choice: she must have change,*
[illegible] *purse.—If thou wilt needs,*" &c.

[illegible] of 1622 has, not so well, "—— *Collo-*
[illegible] *heels,*" &c.—The reading of the folio
[illegible] *She must change for youth: when she is*
[illegible] *of her choice. Therefore, put Money*

[illegible] *you hear, Roderigo?*

[illegible] *you hear?*
[illegible] *my hand.* [Exit.
[illegible] *my purse,*" &c.

"Iag. *Go to, farewell: . . . doe you heare Roderigo?*
Rod. *What say you?*
Iag. *No more of drowning, doe you heare?*
Rod. *I am chang'd.* Exit Roderigo.
Iag. Goe to, farewell, put money enough in your purse:
Thus doe I euer make my foole my purse," &c.—

In the folio the passage is awkwardly cut down to,

"Iago. *Go too, farewell. Do you heare Roderigo?*
Rod. *Ile sell all my Land.*
Iago. *Thus do I euer make my Foole, my purse,*" &c.

P. 26. ([14]) "*For every minute is expectancy*
Of more arrivance."

The folio has "*Of more* Arriuancie;" which Mr. Knight retains, though a manifest error caught from the "expectan*cie*" of the preceding line.

P. 26. ([15]) "*Thanks you, the valiant of this warlike isle,*" &c.

The quarto of 1622 has "*Thankes* to *the valiant of this* worthy *Isle,*" &c.; and so the quarto of 1630, except that it omits "worthy."—The folio has "*Thankes you, the valiant of* the *warlike Isle,*" &c.,—the transcriber or printer having repeated "the" by mistake: compare, at p. 36, "The very elements of *this warlike isle,*" &c.

P. 27. ([16]) "*And in the essential vesture of creation*
Does tire the ingener."

The quarto of 1622 has "*Does* beare all excellency:" and so the quarto of 1630, except that it has "an *excellency.*"—The folio has "*Do's tyre the* Ingeniuer,"—a misprint, it would seem, for "*ingener,*" as was first suggested by Steevens (who justly terms the readings of the quartos "flat and unpoetical").

P. 27. ([17]) "*Has had most favourable and happy speed,*" &c.

i.e. He has had, &c. This stands in the folio, "Ha's *had most favourable,*" &c. (the folio having, two lines before, "How now? Who *ha's* put in?").—See vol. iv. p. 525, note ([25]).

P. 27. ([18]) "*The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—*
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel," &c.

So the quarto of 1630, and the folio,—except that the folio has "enclogge" (the eye of the transcriber or printer having caught the preceding "*ensteep'd*").—The quarto of 1622 has "*Traitors* enscerped," &c.; on which Steevens says, that "perhaps *escerped* was an old English word borrowed from the French *escarpé;*" while, according to Mr. Grant White (*Shakespeare's Scholar,* &c.

and he remarks, "It is scarce necessary to support the present jingle of the word *trash* by examples, it is so much in our author's manner, although his worst."

P. 34. ([25]) "*to what sport and revels his addiction leads him*," &c.

So the quarto of 1630.—The quarto of 1622 has, "—— *his* minde *leads him*," &c.—The folio reads, "—— *his* addition *leads him*," &c.,—which stark misprint is retained by Delius.

P. 36. ([27]) "*Three else of Cyprus*," &c.

So the folio; which reading, though Mr. Collier and Mr. Singer pronounce it to be a misprint, I prefer, with Capell and Delius, to that of the quartos, "*Three* lads *of Cyprus*," &c.—(Compare *King John*, act ii. sc. 1, "Bastards and *else*.").—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes, oddly, "*Three* elfs *of Cyprus*," &c.

P. 36. ([28]) "*King Stephen was and a worthy peer*," &c.

So the folio.—The quartos omit "*and*:" but compare the song with which *Twelfth-Night* concludes, "When that I was *and* a little tiny boy," &c.; and that in *King Lear*, act iii. sc. 2, "He that has *and* a little tiny wit," &c.;—"*and*" being often used redundantly in ballad-poetry.

P. 38. ([29]) "Cry within,—'*Help! help!*"

Mr. Knight omits this stage-direction because it is found only in the quartos. But Iago afterwards says (p. 38),—

> "There comes a fellow *crying out for help*,
> And Cassio following him," &c.

P. 39. ([30]) "*Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;*—" &c.

The quarto of 1622 has,

> "*Helpe ho, Leiutenant: Sir* Montanio, *sir*," &c.

The folio,

> "*Helpe hoa. Lieutenant. Sir Montano*," &c.

The quarto of 1630,

> "*Helpe ho, Leiutenant: Sir*, Montanio, *sir*," &c.

Mr. Knight and Delius print "*Sir Montano*,"—as a title of courtesy given by Iago to the ex-governor, with whom he is not on familiar terms. But from the earlier part of the scene it appears plainly enough that the ex-governor is hail-fellow-well-met with Othello's officers:

> "*Cas.* 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse already.
> *Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.*
> * * * * * * * * * *
> *Cas.* To the health of our general!
> *Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.*"

alteration "*Out of* their *best*" is unnecessary.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*Out of* our *best*," &c.; and Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 284) says "Read '*Out of* the *best*,'" &c.

P. 49. (40) "*Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit*," &c.

"Malone," says Mr. Collier, "here omits '*a*,' probably for the sake of the measure," &c.:—but Malone was not the first editor who rejected it as injurious to the metre.

P. 50. (41) "*Farewell, my Desdemona*," &c.

Qy. "*Farewell, my* Desdemon," &c.? as before, pp. 46, 49, and afterwards, pp. 77, 91, 97, 99.

P. 50. (42) "*By heaven, he echoes me,*
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown."

So the quarto of 1622.—The folio has,

"Alas, thou ecchos't *me;*
As if there were some Monster in thy *thought*," &c.

(which, though rejected even by Mr. Knight, is adopted by Delius).—The quarto of 1630 has,

"why dost thou ecchoe *me*
As if there were some monster in thy *thought*," &c.

P. 51. (43) "*who has a breast so pure,*
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?"

So the quartos.—The folio has,

"*who ha's* that *breast so pure,*
Wherein *vncleanly Apprehensions*
Keepe Leetes, and Law-dayes, and in Sessions *sit*
With meditations lawfull?"

nonsensically,—the transcriber or printer having perhaps by mistake omitted "do not" at the end of the second line.—Both Mr. Knight and Delius retain the "sessions" of the folio, Mr. Knight quoting as "a parallel," from our author's xx[th] Sonnet,

"When to the *sessions* of sweet silent thought," &c.—

but "*session*" occurs in Shakespeare oftener than "sessions" (e.g. in *King Lear*, act v. sc. 3, "Where you shall hold your *session*," and in the present play, act i. sc. 2, "course of direct *session*," &c.); and there are not a few passages in the folio where the final *s* is erroneously added to substantives (as afterwards, p. 54, it has "Foul disproportions, thoughts unnatural," &c.,—which Mr. Knight retains; and, p. 70, "Poore Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behauiours," &c.).

P. 51. (44) "*and of my jealousy*
Shape faults that are not," &c.

The quartos have,

"*and* oft *my iealousie*
Shapes *faults that are not*," &c.—

The folio has,

"*and of my iealousie*
Shapes *faults that are not*," &c.

P. 52. (45) "*It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock*
The food it feeds on," &c.

Altered by Hanmer (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector) to,

"*It is the green-ey'd monster which doth* make
The food it feeds on," &c.

See the notes *ad l.* in the *Varior. Shakespeare.*

P. 52. (46) "*suspects, yet soundly loves!*"

So the folio.—Compare *Henry V.* act v. sc. 2, "O fair Katherine, if you will *love me soundly* with your French heart," &c.—The quartos have "*suspects, yet* strongly *loues.*"

P. 54. (47) "*with a learnèd spirit*," &c.

So the quartos.—But the folio has "*a* learn'd *spirit*," &c.,—and rightly perhaps: see vol. iv. p. 768, note (56).

P. 57. (48)
"*I slept the next night well, was free and merry*," &c.

So the quartos.—The folio has,

"*I slept the next night well,* fed well, *was free, and merrie*," &c.,—

which Mr. Knight and Delius prefer.

P. 58. (49) "*her name, that was as fresh*
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face."

So the quarto of 1630. (This speech is not in the quarto of 1622.)—The folio has "My *name that was as fresh*," &c.,—which Mr. Knight adopts,—though the word "*own*" in the last line is alone sufficient to prove that "My" is grossly wrong: would Othello say "My name is now as black as mine own face"?

P. 59. (50) "*Behold her tupp'd?*"

Here the old eds. have "topt" and "top'd;" but in act i. sc. 1, they have "*tupping* your white ewe,"—with their usual inconsistency of spelling.

P. 59. (51) "—— *creature! and then kiss me hard,*
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then
Cried, 'Cursèd fate that gave thee to the Moor!'"

So the quartos.—The folio has,

"—— *Creature: then kisse me hard,*
As if he pluckt vp kisses by the rootes,
That grew vpon my lippes, laid his Leg ore *my Thigh,*
And sigh, *and* kisse, *and then* cry *cursed Fate,*
That gaue thee to the Moore,"—

which is adopted by Mr. Knight, who, however, silently introduces in the third line a reading of his own,—"lay *his leg o'er my thigh*," &c.

P. 60. (52) "*or any that was hers*," &c.

The quartos and the folio have "*or any*, it *was hers*," &c.,—which the editor of the second folio altered to "*or any*, if't *was hers*," &c.—Malone restored the obviously right reading.

P. 60. (53) "*Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!*"

So the folio.—The quartos have,

"*Arise blacke vengeance, from* thy *hollow* Cell,"—

which is the usual modern reading: but, as Mr. Knight remarks, the lection of the folio is the better one on account of the preceding "heaven;" and Steevens aptly compares a line in Jasper Heywood's translation of Seneca's *Thyestes*,

"Where most prodigious vgly thinges *the hollowe hell* doth hyde."
fol. 39, ed 1581.

P. 60. (54) "*Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on*," &c.

So the quarto of 1630.—The folio has "*Neu'r* keepes *retyring ebbe, but keepes due on*," &c.—This speech in the quarto of 1622 is curtailed to,

"*Oth. Neuer:*
In the due reuerence of a sacred vow,
I here ingage my words."—

Southern in his copy of the folio 1685 and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitute "*Ne'er* knows *retiring ebb*," &c.

P. 77. (55) "*Had it pleas'd heaven*
To try me with affliction; had they rain'd," &c.

So the folio.—The quartos have "he" instead of "*they.*" But compare *Richard II.* act ii. sc. 2;

"Put we our quarrel to the will of *heaven*,
Who, when *they* see the hours ripe on earth
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads."

P. 77. (56) "*The fixèd figure for the time of scorn*
To point his slow and moving finger at!—
Yet could," &c.

In this difficult passage I give the reading of the folio.—The quarto of 1622 has,

"*A fixed figure, for the time of scorne*,
To point his slow vnmouing fingers *at* . . oh, oh,
Yet could," &c.

and so the quarto of 1630, except that in the second line it has "*finger*."—Rowe substituted "*for the* hand *of scorn*;" and Mason proposed "slowly *moving finger*;"—both which violent alterations are made by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—Mr. Knight adopts Mr. Hunter's conjecture;

"*The fixed figure* of *the time*, for *scorn*
To point his slow and moving finger at," &c.

P. 78. (57) "*Ay, there, look grim as hell!*"

The old eds. have "*I* here [*and* "heere"] looke," &c.

P. 82. (58) "*fopped in it.*"

So all the old eds. ("*fopt in it*").—The modern reading is "fobbed *in it.*"

P. 85. (59) "*it is a great price*
For a small vice."

Should perhaps be printed as a couplet,—from some song or ballad.

P. 91. (60) "*Put out the light, and then put out the light*," &c.

On the disputed punctuation of this line, see the notes in the *Varior. Shakespeare.*

P. 94. (61) "*O, my good lord, yonder's foul murders done!*"

Here several modern editors (even Mr. Collier and Delius) silently print, "*O* good my *lord*," &c.,—which perhaps the author wrote, for Emilia has just before twice used that form of expression; but the old copies agree in "*O my good lord*," &c. Here, too, "*murders*" is generally altered to "*murder.*"

P. 95. (62) "*Cassio did top her*," &c.

Here the old eds. have the spelling "top." See note (50).

P. 97. (63) "[Falling on the bed.

Here the folio has no stage-direction, but the quartos have as above; which Mr. Collier seems to have forgotten, when, after mentioning that his Ms. Corrector makes Othello here throw himself *upon the ground*, he speaks of the *falling on the bed* as a stage-direction only found in modern editions.

P. 98. (64) "[Exeunt Montano and Gratiano."

So the quartos,—which also have, before the next speech of Gratiano, "Gra. *within.*"—Here the folio has "Exit" (which often stands for "Exeunt"), and it omits the stage-direction before Gratiano's next speech.—Mr. Knight attempts at considerable length to show that when *Othello* was originally acted, the present scene took place partly on the upper stage, and partly on the stage proper:—which appears to me extremely doubtful.

P. 99. (65) "*O Desdemon! dead, Desdemon! dead! O!*"

So the folio, except that it has "—— *dead. Oh*, oh!"—The quartos have "*O* Desdemona, Desdemona, *dead*, *O* o, o."

P. 100. (66) "*of a damnèd slave*," &c.

The folio has "*of a* cursed *Slaue*," &c.: but, with Mr. Collier and Delius, I prefer the reading of the quartos, because Othello has, a little before, exclaimed "*O cursèd, cursèd slave!*"

P. 101. (67) "*of one, whose hand,*
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe," &c.

So the quartos.—The folio has,

"*Of one whose hand*
(*Like the base* Iudean) *threw*," &c.

On the controversy whether "*Indian*" or "Iudean" be the right reading, see notes *ad l.* in the *Varior. Shakespeare*; my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 243; and Mr. Grant White's *Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c. p. 443.

P. 101. (68) "*Their med'cinable gum.*"

Here most editors have preferred the reading of the quartos, "*Their* medicinall *gum*." But in Shakespeare's days was the word "medicinal" ever used with the accent on the third syllable? (See Todd's *Johnson's Dict.* in v.)

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M. ANTONY,
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, } triumvirs.
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,

SEXTUS POMPEIUS.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,
VENTIDIUS,
EROS,
SCARUS,
DERCETAS,
DEMETRIUS,
PHILO, } friends to Antony.

MECÆNAS,
AGRIPPA,
DOLABELLA,
PROCULEIUS,
THYREUS,
GALLUS, } friends to Cæsar.

MENAS,
MENECRATES,
VARRIUS, } friends to Pompey.

TAURUS, lieutenant-general to Cæsar.

CANIDIUS, lieutenant-general to Antony.

SILIUS, an officer in Ventidius's army.

EUPHRONIUS, an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.

ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, and DIOMEDES, attendants on Cleopatra.

A Soothsayer.

A Clown.

CLEOPATRA, queen of Egypt.

OCTAVIA, sister to Cæsar and wife to Antony.

CHARMIAN,
IRAS, } attendants on Cleopatra.

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE—*in several parts of the Roman empire.*

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.
Ant. Grates me:—the sum.
Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:
Fulvia perchance is angry; or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, "Do this, or this;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform't, or else we damn thee."
Ant. How, my love!
Cleo. Perchance! nay, and most like:—
You must not stay here longer,—your dismission
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's I would say?—both?—
Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messengers!
Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair [*Embracing.*
And such a twain can do't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet
We stand up peerless.
Cleo. Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.
Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.—
Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now:—what sport to-night?
Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.
Ant. Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes,—to chide, to laugh,

To weep; whose (2) every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!
No messenger; but thine, and all alone,
To-night we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it:—speak not to us.
[*Exeunt Ant. and Cleo. with their train.*

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and a* Soothsayer.(3)

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge (4) his horns with garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer,—

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray, then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more beloving than belov'd.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my children shall have no names:—prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile(5) every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There 's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Prithee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend!—Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune!—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! and let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't!

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he; the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw (6) you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—

Eno. Madam?

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither.—Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: go with us.

[*Exeunt Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and Soothsayer.*

Enter ANTONY *with a* Messenger *and* Attendants.

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:
But soon that war had end, and the time's state

Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward.—On:—
Things that are past are done with me.—'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus
(This is stiff news) hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended Asia from Euphrates;
His conquering banner shook, from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia;
Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

Mess. O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue:
Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome;
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full license as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick minds(7) lie still; and our ills told us
Is as our earing. Fare thee well awhile.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*

Ant. From Sicyon, ho,(8) the news! Speak there!

First Att. The man from Sicyon,—is there such an one?

Sec. Att. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.—
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage.

Enter another Messenger.

What are you?

Sec. Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

Sec. Mess. In Sicyon:
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a letter.*

Eno. Fulvia!

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broachèd in the state
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen,
And get her leave[11] to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
The empire of the sea: our slippery people
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver
Till his deserts are past) begin to throw
Pompey the Great, and all his dignities,
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,
The sides o' the world may danger: much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires[12]
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do't. [*Exeunt.*

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine and true,
Though you in swearing shake the thronèd gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you su'd staying,
Then was the time for words: no going then;—
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven: they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen:
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers
Breed[13] scrupulous faction: the hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: my more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness:—can Fulvia die?

Ant. She's dead, my queen:
Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils she awak'd; at the last, best:
See when and where she died.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you: your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
Sit laurel victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Rome. An apartment in* CÆSAR'S *house.*

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, *and* Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our[16] great competitor: from Alexandria
This is the news:—he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsaf'd[17] to think he had partners: you shall find there
A man who is the abstract[18] of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are
Evils enow to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;

To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say this becomes him,—
As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish,—yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils,(19) when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call(20) on him for 't: but to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less:
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wish'd until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd(21) by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying(22) the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them, which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind: many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt:
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon

Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails.(23) When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: and all this
(It wounds thine honour that I speak it now)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: 'tis time we twain(24)
Did show ourselves i' the field; and to that end
Assemble we(25) immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able
To front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord: what you shall know meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Alexandria. A room in the palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian,—
Char. Madam?
Cleo. Ha, ha!—
Give me to drink mandragora.
Char. Why, madam?
Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.
Char. You think of him too much.
Cleo. O, 'tis treason!
Char. Madam, I trust, not so.
Cleo. Thou, eunuch Mardian!
Mar. What 's your highness' pleasure?
Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has: 'tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?
Mar. Yes, gracious madam.
Cleo. Indeed!
Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.
Cleo. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wott'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men.—He 's speaking now,
Or murmuring, "Where 's my serpent of old Nile?"
For so he calls me:—now I feed myself
With most delicious poison:—think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was

A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.—
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—
This orient pearl:—his speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. "Good friend," quoth he,
"Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress." So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt(26) steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd(27) by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:
He was not sad,—for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not merry,—
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy; but between both:
O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man(28) else.—Mett'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who 's born that day

When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. O that brave Cæsar!

Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar!

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My salad days,
When I was green in judgment:—cold in blood,
To say as I said then!—But, come, away;
Get me ink and paper:
He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I'll unpeople Egypt. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Messina. A room in* POMPEY'S *house.*

Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, *and* MENAS.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well:

The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My powers are(29) crescent, and my auguring hope
Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money where
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field: a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams: I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicùrean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour
Even till a Lethe'd dulness!

Enter VARRIUS.

How now, Varrius!

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:—
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected: since he went from Egypt 'tis
A space for further travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain: but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife that's dead did trespasses to Cæsar;

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:
Hark,[31] Ventidius.
Cæs. I do not know,
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.
Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard: when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: then, noble partners,—
The rather, for I earnestly beseech,—
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.
Ant. 'Tis spoken well.
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.
Cæs. Welcome to Rome.
Ant. Thank you.
Cæs. Sit.
Ant. Sit, sir.
Cæs. Nay, then.
Ant. I learn, you take things ill which are not so,
Or being, concern you not.
Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.
Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was 't to you?
Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.
Ant. How intend you, practis'd?
Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent

[illegible] wife and brother
[illegible] contestation
[illegible] the word of war.
[illegible] business; my brother never
[illegible] I did inquire it;
[illegible] some true reports,
[illegible] with you. Did he not rather
[illegible] with yours;
[illegible] against my stomach,
[illegible]? Of this my letters
[illegible] If you 'll patch a quarrel,
[illegible] have not(*) to make it with,
[illegible]
[illegible] You praise yourself
[illegible] judgment to me; but
[illegible]
[illegible] Not so, not so;
[illegible] I am certain on't,
[illegible] thought, that I,
[illegible] 'gainst which he fought,
[illegible] eyes attend those wars
[illegible] peace. As for my wife,
[illegible] in such another:
[illegible] yours; which with a snaffle
[illegible] such a wife.
[illegible] such wives, that the men might
[illegible]
[illegible] her garboils, Cæsar,
[illegible] which not wanted
[illegible] grieving grant
[illegible] for that you must
[illegible]
[illegible] to you
[illegible]
[illegible] taunts
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] want

Of what I was i' the morning: but next day
I told him of myself; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar!

Ant. No,
Lepidus, let him speak:
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it.—But, on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath.

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd them;
The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis noble spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mecænas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only: speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to, then; your considerate stone.
Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech; for 't cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.
Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar,—
Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.
Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.
Cæs. Say not so,(33) Agrippa:
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.
Ant. I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.
Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,(34)
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
Would, each to other and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.
Ant. Will Cæsar speak?
Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.
Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, "Agrippa, be it so,"
To make this good?
Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and

His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and from this hour
The heart of brothers govern in our loves
And sway our great designs!

Cæs. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: let her live
To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon 's:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.(35)

Ant. What 's his strength
By land?

Cæs. Great and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.
Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* CÆSAR, ANTONY, *and* LEPIDUS.

A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle
Swell(40) with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible pérfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better he became her guest;
Which she entreated: our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed:
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; (41) he will not:
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies: for vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessèd lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.—

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
Whilst you abide here.
Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A room in* CÆSAR'S *house.*

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA *between them; and* Attendants.

Ant. The world and my great office will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.
Octa. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.
Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.—
Good night, sir.(42)
Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia.*

Enter Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah,—you do wish yourself in Egypt?
Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you
Thither!
Ant. If you can, your reason?
Sooth. I see it in
My motion, have it not in my tongue: but yet
Hie you to Egypt again.(43)
Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?
Sooth. Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy demon, that's(44) thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a fear,(45) as being o'erpower'd: therefore
Make space enough between you.
Ant. Speak this no more.
Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away,(46) 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to Ventidius I would speak with him:—

[*Exit Soothsayer.*

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art or hap,
He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to naught; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' the east my pleasure lies.

Enter VENTIDIUS.

O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia: your commission's ready;
Follow me, and receive 't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A street.*

Enter LEPIDUS, MÆCENAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, hasten
Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount(47)
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about:

You'll win two days upon me.
Mec. Agr. Sir, good success!
Lep. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Alexandria. A room in the palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some music,—music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.
Attend. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone; let's to billiards: come, Charmian.
Char. My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.
Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd
As with a woman.—Come, you'll play with me, sir?
Mar. As well as I can, madam.
Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though 't come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—
Give me mine angle,—we'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd(48) fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, "Ah, ha! you're caught."
Char. 'Twas merry when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.
Cleo. That time,—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.

Enter a Messenger.

O, from Italy!—
Ram(49) thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antony's dead!—if thou say so, villain,
Thou kill'st thy mistress: but well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss,—a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold.
But, sirrah, mark, we use
To say the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face: if Antony
Be free and healthful,(50)—so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.

Mess. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is(51) well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mess. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like "But yet," it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon "But yet"!

"But yet" is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: he's friends with Cæsar;
In state of health thou say'st; and thou say'st free.

Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[*Strikes him down.*

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?—Hence,
[*Strikes him again.*
Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head:
[*She hales him up and down.*
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle.

Mess. Gracious madam,
I that do bring the news made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long. [*Draws a knife.*

Mess. Nay, then I'll run.—
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault. [*Exit.*

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself:
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents scape not the thunderbolt.—
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again:—
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—call.

Char. He is afeard to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him.
[*Exit Charmian.*

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.

Re-enter CHARMIAN *and* Messenger.

Come hither, sir.
Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say "Yes."

Mess. He 's married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would thou didst,
So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made
A cistern for scal'd snakes! Go, get thee hence:
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. Take no offence that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do
Seems much unequal: he 's married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou'rt sure of!—Get thee hence:
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit Messenger.*

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for't now.
Lead me from hence;

I faint:—O Iras, Charmian!—'tis no matter.—
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.
[*Exit Alexas.*
Let him for ever go:—let him not—Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way 's a Mars.(52)—Bid you Alexas [*To Mardian.*
Bring me word how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Near Misenum.*

Flourish. Enter POMPEY *and* MENAS *from one side, with drum and trumpet: from the other,* CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, *with* Soldiers *marching.*

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.
Cæs. Most meet
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword,
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth
That else must perish here.
Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was't
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire; and what
Made the(53) all-honour'd, honest Roman, Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol; but that they would

Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails;
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in't as thou mayst.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us
(For this is from the present) how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome; this 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targes(54) undinted.

Cæs. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know, then,
I came before you here a man prepar'd
To take this offer: but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience:—though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.
Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither;
For I have gain'd by 't.
Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.
Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.
Lep. Well met here.
Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed:
I crave our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.
Cæs. That's the next to do.
Pom. We'll feast each other ere we part; and let 's
Draw lots who shall begin.
Ant. That will I, Pompey.
Pom. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.
Ant. You have heard much.
Pom. I have fair meanings,(55) sir.
Ant. And fair words to them.
Pom. Then so much have I heard:
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—
Eno. No more of(56) that:—he did so.
Pom. What, I pray you?
Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.
Pom. I know thee now: how far'st thou, soldier?
Eno. Well;
And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.
Pom. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.
Eno. Sir,

I never lov'd you much; but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?

Cæs. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. Come.

[*Exeunt all except Menas and Enobarbus.*

Men. [*aside*] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—You and I have known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me; though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep 't back again.

Men. You've said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here: pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray ye, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is: he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *On board* POMPEY'S *galley, lying near Misenum.*

Music. Enter two or three Servants, *with a banquet.*

First Serv. Here they'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

Sec. Serv. Lepidus is high-coloured.

First Serv. They have made him drink alms-drink.

Sec. Serv. As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, "No more;" reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

First Serv. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

Sec. Serv. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan I could not heave.

First Serv. To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POMPEY, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, *with other captains.*

Ant. [*to Cæsar*] Thus do they, sir: they take the flow o' the Nile
By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison follow: the higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You've strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine!—A health to Lepidus!

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me you'll be in till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. [*aside to Pom.*] Pompey, a word.

Pom. [*aside to Men.*] Say in mine ear: what is't?

Men. [*aside to Pom.*] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,
And hear me speak a word.

Pom. [*aside to Men.*] Forbear me till anon.—
This wine for Lepidus!

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

[illegible] of it are wet.
[illegible] satisfy him?
[illegible] that Pompey gives him, else he is a
[illegible]
[illegible] Men.] Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of
[illegible] away!
[illegible] Where's this cup I call'd for?
[illegible] Pom.] If for the sake of merit thou wilt
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Men.] I think thou'rt mad. The matter?
[*Rises, and walks aside.*
[illegible] ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.
[illegible] serv'd me with much faith. What's else
[illegible]
[illegible] quick-sands, Lepidus,
[illegible] sink.
[illegible] be lord of all the world?
[illegible] What say'st thou?
[illegible] be lord of the whole world? That's twice.
[illegible] that be?
[illegible] But entertain it,(57)
[illegible] me poor, I am the man
[illegible] world.
[illegible] Hast thou drunk well?
[illegible] I have kept me from the cup.
[illegible] be, the earthly Jove:
[illegible] or sky inclips,
[illegible]
[illegible] Show me which way.
[illegible] sharers, these competitors,
[illegible] the cable;
[illegible] to their throats:
[illegible]
[illegible] shouldst have done,
[illegible] 'tis villany;
[illegible] Thou must know,

'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. [*aside*] For this,
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.—
Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus!

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas!

Men. Enobarbus, welcome!

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off Lepidus.*

Men. Why?

Eno. 'A bears the third part of the world, man; see'st not?

Men. The third part, then, is drunk:([59]) would it were all,
That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels, ho!—
Here is to Cæsar!

Cæs. I could well forbear 't.
It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows([60]) fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer:
But I had rather fast from all four days
Than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [*To Antony.*
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let 's all take hands,
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

All take hands.—
with the loud music:—
the boy shall sing;
shall hear(81) as loud
valley.
Enobarbus places them hand in

Song.

thou monarch of the vine,
Bacchus with pink eyne!
our cares be drown'd,
thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:
us, till the world go round,
us, till the world go round!

you more?—Pompey, good night.—
brother,
our graver business
—Gentle lords, let's part;
our cheeks: strong Enobarb
; and mine own tongue
: the wild disguise hath almost
needs more words? Good night.—
I'll try you on the shore.
give's your hand.
O Antony,
—But, what? we are friends.
Take heed you fall not.
, Cæsar, Antony, and Attendants.

to my cabin.—
, flutes! what!—
loud farewell
and be hang'd, sound out!
[*A flourish, with drums.*
my cap.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A plain in Syria.*

Enter VENTIDIUS *in triumph, with* SILIUS, *and other* Romans, Officers, *and* Soldiers; *the dead body of* PACORUS *borne before him.*

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now
Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army.—Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.
Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.
Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough: a lower place, note well,
May make too great an act; for learn this, Silius,—
Better to leave undone, than by our deed(63)
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's away.
Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.
Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that

his sword,
Thou wilt write to Antony?
what in his name,
we have effected;
and his well-paid ranks,
horse of Parthia
o' the field.
Where is he now?
th to Athens: whither, with what haste
convey with 's will permit,
him.—On, there; pass along!
[*Exeunt.*

---

the ante-chamber in CÆSAR'S *house.*

and ENOBARBUS, *meeting.*

brothers parted?
dispatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;
sealing. Octavia weeps
Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Menas says, is troubled

'Tis a noble Lepidus.
O, how he loves Cæsar!
dearly he adores Mark Antony!
he's the Jupiter of men.
The god of Jupiter.
Cæsar? How! the nonpareil!
O thou Arabian bird!
Cæsar, say, "Cæsar,"—go no

both with excellent praises.
best;—yet he loves Antony:
scribes, bards, poets, cannot
number,—hoo!—
Cæsar,
Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle. [*Trumpets within.*] So,—
This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, *and* OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in't.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest band
Shall pass on thy approof.—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortress of it; for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear: so, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well:
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother!—

Ant. The April's in her eyes: it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

Cæs. What,
Octavia?

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue,—the swan's down-feather,
That stands upon the swell at the(67) full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. [*aside to Agr.*] Will Cæsar weep?
Agr. [*aside to Eno.*] He has a cloud in 's face.
Eno. [*aside to Agr.*] He were the worse for that, were he a horse;
So is he, being a man.
Agr. [*aside to Eno.*] Why, Enobarbus,
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.
Eno. [*aside to Agr.*] That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound he wail'd,
Believe 't, till I wept(68) too.
Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.
Ant. Come, sir, come;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.
Cæs. Adieu; be happy!
Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!
Cæs. Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses Octavia.*
Ant. Farewell!
[*Trumpets sound within.* *Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Alexandria. A room in the palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?
Alex. Half afeard to come.
Cleo. Go to, go to.

Enter a Messenger.

Come hither, sir.
Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you

But when you are well pleas'd.
Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: but how, when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it?—Come thou near.
Mess. Most gracious majesty,—
Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?
Mess. Ay, dread queen.
Cleo. Where?
Mess. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face, and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.
Cleo. Is she as tall as me?
Mess. She is not, madam.
Cleo. Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongu'd or low?
Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.
Cleo. That's not so good:—he cannot like her long.
Char. Like her! O Isis! 'tis impossible.
Cleo. I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue, and dwarfish!—
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.
Mess. She creeps,—
Her motion and her station are as one;
She shows a body rather than a life,
A statue than a breather.
Cleo. Is this certain?
Mess. Or I have no observance.
Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.
Cleo. He's very knowing;
I do perceive't:—there's nothing in her yet:—
The fellow has good judgment.
Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Guess at her years, I prithee.
Mess. Madam,
She was a widow,—
Cleo. Widow!—Charmian, hark.
Mess. And I do think she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or round?
Mess. Round even to faultiness.
Cleo. For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so.—
Her hair, what colour?
Mess. Brown, madam: and her forehead
As low as she(69) would wish it.
Cleo. There 's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business: go make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit Messenger.*
Char. A proper man.
Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.
Char. Nothing, madam.
Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.
Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!
Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian:
But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Athens. A room in* ANTONY'S *house.*

Enter ANTONY *and* OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear:
Spoke scantly of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them;(70) most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,(71)
Or did it from his teeth.

Oct. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:
The(72) good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, "O, bless my lord and husband!"
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
"O, bless my brother!" Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it: if I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours
Than yours(73) so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between 's: the mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain(74) your brother: make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your(75) reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has(76) mind to. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter ENOBARBUS *and* EROS, *meeting.*

Eno. How now, friend Eros!
Eros. There's strange news come, sir.
Eno. What, man?

have made wars upon Pompey.
is the success?
made use of him in the wars 'gainst
him rivality; would not let him
of the action: and not resting here,
letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey;
seizes him: so the poor third is up, till
confine.
would, thou hast(77) a pair of chaps, no more;
throwest them all the food thou hast,
one(78) the other. Where's Antony?
walking in the garden—thus; and spurns
before him; cries, "Fool Lepidus!"
throat of that his officer
Pompey.
Our great navy's rigg'd.
and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
presently: my news
hereafter.
'Twill be naught:
me to Antony.
[*Exeunt.*

Rome. A room in CÆSAR'S *house.*

CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, *and* MECÆNAS.

Rome, he has done all this, and more,
the manner of 't:—
A tribunal silver'd
chairs of gold
at the feet sat
my father's son,
that their lust
them. Unto her
Egypt, made her

Mec. This in the public eye?

Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there(80) proclaim'd the kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: she
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agr. Who does he accuse?

Cæs. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change: for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not, then, be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA *with her train.*(81)

Oct. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee castaway!

Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not

[illegible] of Antony
[illegible] an usher, and
[illegible] tell of her approach
[illegible]; the trees by the way
[illegible] men; and expectation fainted,
[illegible] it had not; nay, the dust
[illegible] to the roof of heaven,
[illegible] populous troops: but you are come
[illegible] to Rome; and have prevented
[illegible] of our love, which, left unshown,
[illegible] unlov'd: we should have met you
[illegible]; supplying every stage
[illegible] greeting.
[illegible] Good my lord,
[illegible] was I not constrain'd, but did it
[illegible] will. My lord, Mark Antony,
[illegible] you prepar'd for war, acquainted
[illegible] withal; whereon, I begg'd
[illegible] return.
[illegible] Which soon he granted,
[illegible](35) 'tween his lust and him.
[illegible] say so, my lord.
[illegible] I have eyes upon him,
[illegible] to me on the wind.
[illegible]
[illegible] My lord, in Athens.
[illegible] wrongèd sister; Cleopatra
[illegible] He hath given his empire
[illegible] now are levying
[illegible] for war: he hath assembled
[illegible] Libya; Archelaus,
[illegible] phos, king
[illegible] king, Adallas;
[illegible]; King of Pont;
[illegible], king
[illegible] Amyntas,(36)
[illegible], with a
[illegible]
[illegible] most wretched,

That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,(85)
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, make their ministers(86)
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Oct. Is it so, sir?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray you,
Be ever known to patience: my dear'st sister! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. ANTONY'S *camp, near the promontory of Actium.*

Enter CLEOPATRA *and* ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,
And say'st it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. If not denounc'd against us, why should not we
Be there in person?

Eno. [*aside*] Well, I could reply:—
If we should serve with horse and mares together,

The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from 's time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome
That Photinus an eunuch and your maids
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done.
Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY *and* CANIDIUS.

Ant. . Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum and Brundusium
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne?—You have heard on't, sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! what else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: but these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd,—
Your mariners are muleters,(87) reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet

Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare; yours, heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renownèd knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do't at land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business?

Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
Strange that his power should be.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse.—We'll to our ship:
Away, my Thetis!

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier!

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: do you misdoubt
This sword and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a-ducking: we
Have us'd to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well:—away!

[*Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.*

Sold. By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.
Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't: so our leader's led,
And we are women's men.
Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?
Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.
Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions as
Beguil'd all spies.
Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?
Sold. They say, one Taurus.
Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius.
Can. With news the time's with labour, and throes forth,
Each minute, some. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *A plain near Actium.*

Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, *and others.*

Cæs. Taurus,—
Taur. My lord?
Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke not battle,
Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scroll: our fortune lies
Upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Another part of the plain.*

Enter ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yond side o' the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *Another part of the plain.*

Enter CANIDIUS, *marching with his land army one way; and* TAURUS, *the lieutenant of* CÆSAR, *with his army, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.*

Alarum. Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder:
To see't mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag[88] of Egypt,—
Whom leprosy o'ertake!—i' the midst o' the fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
The breese upon her, like a cow in June,—
Hoists sails and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O, he has(89) given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own!
Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts?
Why, then, good night indeed.
Can. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.
Scar. 'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend
What further comes.
Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions and my horse: six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.
Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI. *Alexandria. A room in the palace.*

Enter ANTONY *and* Attendants.

Ant. Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon't,—
It is asham'd to bear me!—Friends, come hither:
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever:—I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.
All. Fly! not we.
Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolv'd upon a course
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them

For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone: you shall
Have letters from me to some friends that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left(90)
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:—
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you:—I'll see you by and by. [*Sits down.*

Enter CLEOPATRA *led by* CHARMIAN *and* IRAS; EROS *following.*

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him,—comfort him.
Iras. Do, most dear queen.
Char. Do! why, what else?
Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!
Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you here, sir?
Ant. O fie, fie, fie!
Char. Madam,—
Iras. Madam, O good empress,—
Eros. Sir, sir,—
Ant. Yes, my lord, yes;—he at Philippi kept
His sword e'en like a dancer; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: yet now—No matter.
Cleo. Ah, stand by.
Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.
Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him:
He is unqualitied with very shame.
Cleo. Well then,—sustain me:—O!
Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches:
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her, but
Your comfort makes(91) the rescue.
Ant. I have offended reputation,—
A most unnoble swerving.
Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back(92) what I have left behind
Stroy'd in dishonour.
Cleo. O my lord, my lord,
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought
You would have follow'd.
Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow(93) me after: o'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.
Cleo. O, my pardon!
Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.
Cleo. Pardon, pardon!
Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster;
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead.—
Some wine, within(94) there, and our viands!—Fortune knows
We scorn her most when most she offers blows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII. CÆSAR'S *camp in Egypt.*

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, *and others.*

Cæs. Let him appear that 's come from Antony.—
Know you him?
Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither

He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.(95)

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Euph. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea.

Cæs. Be 't so:—declare thine office.

Euph. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: this for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgracèd friend,
Or take his life there: this if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Euph. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.
[*Exit Euphronius.*
To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: dispatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise, [*To Thyreus.*
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers: women are not
In their best fortunes strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal: try thy cunning, Thyreus;(96)
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,

And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.
Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII. *Alexandria. A room in the palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?
Eno. Think, and die.
Cleo. Is Antony or we in fault for this?
Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The merèd question: 'twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.
Cleo. Prithee, peace.

Enter ANTONY *with* EUPHRONIUS.

Ant. Is that his answer?
Euph. Ay, my lord.
Ant. The queen shall, then, have courtesy, so she
Will yield us up.
Euph. He says so.
Ant. Let her know't.—
To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.
Cleo. That head, my lord?
Ant. To him again: tell him he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which the world should note
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail

Under the service of a child as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.

[*Exeunt Antony and Euphronius.*

Eno. [*aside*] Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show,
Against a sworder! I see men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures,(97) the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir. [*Exit Attend.*

Eno. [*aside*] Mine honesty and I begin to square.
The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends: say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know
Whose he is we are, and that is, Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.—
Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats,

Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.(98)

Cleo. Go on: right royal.

Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrainèd blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right: mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. [*aside*] To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit.*

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shrowd,(99)
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this:—in deputation(100)
I kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,

Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. [*aside*] You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there!—Ay, you kite!—Now, gods and devils!
Authority melts from me: of late, when I cried, "Ho!"
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry, "Your will?"—Have you no ears? I am
Antony yet.

Enter Attendants.

Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. [*aside*] 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!—
Whip him.—Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here,—what's her name,
Since she was Cleopatra?—Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again:—this[101] Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him. [*Exeunt Attendants with Thyreus.*
You were half blasted ere I knew you:—ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:—
But when we in our viciousness grow hard

[illegible] gods seel our eyes;
[illegible] our clear judgments; make us
[illegible] laugh at's, while we strut
[illegible]

[illegible] O, is't come to this?
[illegible] I found you as a morsel cold upon
[illegible] Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment
Of [illegible] Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
[illegible] in vulgar fame, you have
[illegible] pick'd out: for, I am sure,
[illegible] you can guess what temperance should be,
[illegible] not what it is.

[illegible] Wherefore is this?
[illegible] To let a fellow that will take rewards,
[illegible] "God quit you!" be familiar with
[illegible] your hand; this kingly seal
[illegible] of high hearts!—O, that I were
[illegible] hill of Basan, to outroar
[illegible] hard! for I have savage cause;
[illegible] it civilly, were like
[illegible] which does the hangman thank
[illegible] about him.

[illegible] Attendants *with* THYREUS.

[illegible] Is he whipp'd?
[illegible] my lord.
[illegible] Cried he? and begg'd he pardon?
[illegible] ask favour.
[illegible] father live, let him repent
[illegible] his daughter; and be thou sorry
[illegible] triumph, since
[illegible] for following him: henceforth
[illegible] fever thee,
[illegible] Get thee back to Cæsar,
[illegible] look, thou say
[illegible] for he seems
[illegible] on what I am,
[illegible] me angry;
[illegible]

When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
My speech and what is done, tell him he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchèd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me: urge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, begone! [*Exit Thyreus.*

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite![102]
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying[103] of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless,—till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, threatening most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle:
There's hope in't yet.[104]

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,

[illegible] when mine hours
[illegible] men did ransom [illegible]
[illegible] now I'll set my teeth,
[illegible] all that stop me.—Come,
[illegible] gaudy night: call to me
[illegible] bowls; once more
[illegible] bell.
[illegible] It is my birth-day:
[illegible] have held it poor; but, since my lord
[illegible], I will be Cleopatra.
[illegible] We will yet do well.
[illegible] Call all his noble captains to my lord.
[illegible] Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force
[illegible] through their scars.—Come on, my queen;
[illegible] yet. The next time I do fight,
[illegible] death love me; for I will contend
[illegible] pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt all except Enobarbus.*

[illegible] he'll outstare the lightning. To be furious,
[illegible] out of fear; and in that mood
[illegible] peck the estridge; and I see still,
[illegible] in our captain's brain
[illegible]; when valour preys on reason,(105)
[illegible] it fights with. I will seek
[illegible] him. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

[illegible]'s *camp at Alexandria.*

[illegible]; AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, *and others.*

[illegible] and chides, as he had power
[illegible] messenger
[illegible] me to personal combat,
[illegible] ruffian know

I have(106) many other ways to die; meantime
Laugh at his challenge.
Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction:—never anger
Made good guard for itself.
Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight:—within our files there are,
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done:
And feast the army; we have store to do 't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Alexandria. A room in the palace.*

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.
Eno. No.
Ant. Why should he not?
Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.
Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?
Eno. I'll strike, and cry, "Take all."
Ant. Well said; come on.—
Call forth my household servants: let's to-night
Be bounteous at our meal.

Enter Servants.

Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
Thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you have serv'd me well,
And kings have been your fellows.
Cleo. [*aside to Eno.*] What means this?

[illegible] of those odd tricks which

[illegible] honest too.
[illegible] many men,
[illegible] up together in
[illegible] I might do you service
[illegible] done.
[illegible] The gods forbid!
[illegible] my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
[illegible] and make as much of me
[illegible] empire was your fellow too,
[illegible] my command.
[illegible] What does he mean?
[illegible] To make his followers weep.
[illegible] Tend me to-night;
[illegible] period of your duty:
[illegible] not see me more; or if,
[illegible] perchance to-morrow
[illegible] master. I look on you
[illegible] leave. Mine honest friends,
[illegible] but, like a master
[illegible] service, stay till death:
[illegible] hours, I ask no more,
[illegible] you for't!
[illegible] What mean you, sir,
[illegible] comfort? Look, they weep;
[illegible] ey'd: for shame,
[illegible] women.
[illegible] Ho, ho, ho!
[illegible] I meant it thus!
[illegible] drops fall! My hearty friends,
[illegible] a sense;
[illegible] comfort,—did desire you
[illegible] know, my hearts,
[illegible] will lead you
[illegible] life
[illegible] to supper, come,
[illegible] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Before the palace.*

Enter two Soldiers *to their guard.*

First Sold. Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

Sec. Sold. It will determine one way: fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

First Sold. Nothing. What news?

Sec. Sold. Belike 'tis but a rumour. Good night to you.

First Sold. Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

Sec. Sold. Soldiers, have careful watch.

Third Sold. And you. Good night, good night.
[*The first and second go to their posts.*

Fourth Sold. Here we: [*the third and fourth go to their posts*] and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.

Third Sold. 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose. [*Music as of hautboys underground.*

Fourth Sold. Peace! what noise?

First Sold. List, list!

Sec. Sold. Hark!

First Sold. Music i' the air.

Third Sold. Under the earth.

Fourth Sold. It signs well, does it not?

Third Sold. No.

First Sold. Peace, I say!
What should this mean?

Sec. Sold. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.

First Sold. Walk; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do? [*They advance to another post.*

Sec. Sold. How now, masters!

Soldiers [*speaking together*]. How now!
How now! do you hear this?

First Sold. Ay; is't not strange?

Third Sold. Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

First Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let's see how it will give off.

Soldiers [*speaking together*]. Content. 'Tis strange.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A room in the palace.*

Enter ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and others attending.*

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter EROS *with armour.*

Come, good fellow, put mine[107] iron on:—
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her:—come.

Cleo.[108] Nay, I'll help too.
What's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart:—false, false; this, this.

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well;
We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To daff't for our repose, shall hear[109] a storm.—
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire
More tight at this than thou: dispatch.—O love,
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou shouldst see
A workman in't.

Enter a Captain[110] *armed.*

Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to't with delight.

Capt. A thousand, sir,
Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.
[*Shout and flourish of trumpets within.*

Enter other Captains *and* Soldiers.

Sec. Capt.(111) The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.
All. Good morrow, general.
Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads:
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.—
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukable, [*Kisses her.*
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel.—You that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.
[*Exeunt Antony, Eros, Captains, and Soldiers.*
Char. Please you, retire to your chamber.
Cleo. Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then, Antony,—but now—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. ANTONY'S *camp near Alexandria.*

Trumpets sound within. Enter ANTONY *and* EROS; *a* Soldier *meeting them.*

Sold.(112) The gods make this a happy day to Antony!
Ant. Would thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!
Sold. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.
Ant. Who's gone this morning?
Sold. Who!
One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,

Caesar's camp

What say'st thou?

Sir,

his chests and treasure

Is he gone?

Most certain.

send his treasure after; do it;
I charge thee: write to him
gentle adieus and greetings;
he never find more cause
—O, my fortunes have
men!—Dispatch.—Enobarbus![113]

[*Exeunt.*

VI. Caesar's *camp before Alexandria.*

Caesar *with* Agrippa, Enobarbus, *and others.*

Agrippa, and begin the fight:
be took alive;

[*Exit.*

universal peace is near:
day, the three-nook'd world

Enter a Messenger.

Antony

charge Agrippa[114]
in the van,
spend his fury

[*Exeunt all except Enobarbus.*

and went to Jewry on
[115]
Caesar,

And leave his master Antony: for this pains
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier *of* CÆSAR'S.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: the messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true: best you saf'd the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit.*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows(116) my heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *Field of battle between the camps.*

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA *and others.*

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*

[illegible], *and* SCARUS *wounded.*

[illegible] this is fought indeed!
[illegible] we had driven them home
[illegible] heads.

[illegible] Thou bleed'st apace.

[illegible] I had a wound here that was like a T,
[illegible] made an H.

[illegible] They do retire.

[illegible] We'll beat 'em into bench-holes: I have yet
[illegible] scotches more.

Enter [illegible].

[illegible] They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
[illegible]

[illegible] Let us score their backs,
[illegible] up, as we take hares, behind:
[illegible] a runner.

I will reward thee
[illegible] comfort, and ten-fold
[illegible] Come thee on.

I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

[illegible] *Under the walls of Alexandria.*

[illegible] *marching;* SCARUS, *and Forces.*

[illegible] to his camp:—run one before,
[illegible] our gests.(117)—To-morrow,
[illegible] we'll spill the blood
[illegible] I thank you all;
[illegible] you, and have fought
[illegible] but as 't had been
[illegible] have shown all Hectors.
[illegible] your friends,
[illegible] they with joyful tears
[illegible] your wounds, and kiss
[illegible] thy hand;

[*To Scarus.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, *attended.*

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o' the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triúmphing!

Cleo. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue, com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though grey
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha' we
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand:—
Kiss it, my warrior:—he hath fought to-day
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand:—
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together,
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. CÆSAR'S *camp.*

Sentinels *at their post.*

First Sold. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,

[illegible] of guard: the night
[illegible] shall embattle
[illegible] the moon.
This last day was
[illegible]

Enter ENOBARBUS.

O, bear me witness, night,—
[illegible] What man is this?
Stand close, and list him.
[illegible] witness to me, O thou blessèd moon,
[illegible] revolted shall upon record
[illegible] memory, poor Enobarbus did
[illegible] thee repent!—
[illegible] Enobarbus!
[illegible] Peace!
[illegible]
O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
[illegible] dewy of night disponge upon me,
[illegible] very rebel to my will,
[illegible] longer on me: throw my heart
[illegible] flint and hardness of my fault;
[illegible] choked with grief, will break to powder,
[illegible] foul thoughts. O Antony,
[illegible] revolt is infamous,
[illegible] own particular;
[illegible] rank me in register
[illegible] and a fugitive:
[illegible]! [*Dies.*
Let's speak

[illegible] him, for the things he speaks
[illegible]'s do so. But he sleeps.
[illegible] rather; for so bad a prayer as his
[illegible].
[illegible] we to him.
[illegible] awake; speak to us.
Hear you, sir?
[illegible] hath raught him. [*Drums*
[illegible] drums

Demurely(120) wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.

Third Sold. Come on, then;
He may recover yet. [*Exeunt with the body.*

SCENE X. *Ground between the two camps.*

Enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS, *with forces, marching.*

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would they'd fight i' the fire or i' the air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven:—forward, now,(121)
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI. *Another part of the same.*

Enter CÆSAR, *with his forces, marching.*

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII. *Another part of the same.*

Enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd: where yond pine does stand,
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers(122)
Say they know not,—they cannot tell;—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,

[illegible] give him hope, and fear,
[illegible] not.

[*Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.*

Re-enter ANTONY.

All is lost;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayèd me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all:—bid them all fly; begone. [*Exit Scarus.*
O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts
That spaniel'd(123) me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blushing Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave(124) charm,—
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home;
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,—
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!
Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?
Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:(125)
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for doits;(126) and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. [*Exit Cleopatra.*
'Tis well thou'rt gone,

If it be well to live; but better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—
The shirt of Nessus is upon me:—teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die:
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot; she dies for't.—Eros, ho! [*Exit.*

SCENE XIII. *Alexandria. A room in the palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.
Char. To the monument!
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatness going off.
Cleo. To the monument!—
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was "Antony,"
And word it, prithee, piteously: hence, Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death.—To the monument!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIV. *The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter ANTONY *and* EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?
Eros. Ay, noble lord.
Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,

promontory
unto the world,
with air: thou hast seen these signs;
pageants.

Ay, my lord.

is now a horse, even with a thought
, and makes it indistinct,
water.

It does, my lord.

my good knave Eros, now thy captain is
a body: here I am Antony;
hold this visible shape, my knave.
were for Egypt; and the queen,—
I thought I had, for she had mine;
it was mine, had annex'd unto't
lost,—she, Eros, has
with Cæsar,(137) and false-play'd my glory
triumph.—
gentle Eros; there is left us
ourselves.

Enter MARDIAN.

O, thy vile lady!
me of my sword.
No, Antony;
and her fortunes mingled

saucy eunuch; peace!
and shall die the death.
person can be paid but once,
d: what thou wouldst do
last she spake
Antony!"
groan did break
divided
she render'd life,

them?
Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep.—That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; go. [*Exit Mardian.*
Off, pluck off:—
The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a soldier:—bruisèd pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne.—From me awhile. [*Exit Eros.*
I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture:—since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no further: now all labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done.—
Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord?
Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she which by her death our Cæsar tells,
"I am conqueror of myself." Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come (which now
Is come indeed), when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me: do't; the time is come:
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

The gods withhold me!
all the Parthian darts,
last aim, and could not?
Eros,
be window'd in great Rome, and see
thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
corrigible neck, his face subdu'd
penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat
Caesar, drawn before him, branded
that ensu'd?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me!

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
services are all
unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me, then, that noble countenance,
worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee! [*Turning from him.*

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
thou hast drawn it.

My dear master,
my emperor, let me say,
bloody stroke, farewell.
man;—and farewell.
great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. then [*falls on his sword*]:—thus I do
sorrow
[*Dies.*

Ant. nce-nobler than myself!
aliant Eros, what
not. My queen and Eros
ction, got upon me
I will be

A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus
[*Falling on his sword.*
I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?—
The guard, ho![128]—O, dispatch me!

Enter DERCETAS *and* Guard.

First Guard. What's the noise?
Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O, make an end
Of what I have begun.
Sec. Guard. The star is fall'n.
First Guard. And time is at his period.
All. Alas, and woe!
Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.
First Guard. Not I.
Sec. Guard. Nor I.
Third Guard. Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.*
Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?
Der. There, Diomed, there.
Dio. Lives he?
Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit Dercetas.*
Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.
Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.
Ant. When did she send thee?
Dio. Now, my lord.
Ant. Where is she?
Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear
Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect

[illegible], and that your rage
[illegible] sent you word she was dead;
[illegible] how it might work, hath sent
[illegible] truth; and I am come,
[illegible]

[illegible] good Diomed:—call my guard, I prithee.
[illegible] What, ho, the emperor's guard! The guard, what,
[illegible]
Come, your lord calls!

Enter some of the Guard.

[illegible] me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
[illegible] service that I shall command you.
[illegible] Guard. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to
[illegible]
[illegible] followers out.
Most heavy day!
[illegible] good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
[illegible] your sorrows: bid that welcome
[illegible] punish us, and we punish it
[illegible] lightly. Take me up:
[illegible]; carry me now, good friends,
[illegible] for all. [*Exeunt, bearing Antony.*

XV. *The same. A monument.*

[illegible] CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

[illegible], I will never go from hence.
[illegible], dear madam.
No, I will not:
[illegible] events are welcome,
[illegible]; our size of sorrow,
[illegible], must be as great

[illegible], DIOMEDES.

[illegible] now! is he dead?
[illegible], but not dead.

Look out o' the other side your monument;
His guard have brought him thither.(129)

Enter, below, ANTONY, *borne by the* Guard.

Cleo. O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling stand
The varying shore o' the world.—O Antony,
Antony, Antony!—Help, Charmian, help, Iras, help;—
Help, friends below;—let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace!
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here impórtune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

Cleo. I dare not, dear,—
Dear my lord, pardon,—I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;—
Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport indeed!—How heavy weighs my lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight: had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools,—O, come, come, come;
[*They draw Antony up.*
And welcome, welcome! die where(130) thou hast liv'd:

had my lips that power,
them out.
A heavy sight!
I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.
Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.
Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.—O!
Cleo. They do not go together.
Ant. Gentle, hear me:
None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius.
Cleo. My resolution and my hands I'll trust;
None about Cæsar.
Ant. The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman,—a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going;
I can no more.
Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty?—O, see, my women, [*Ant. dies.*
The crown o' the earth doth melt:—My lord!—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [*Faints.*
Char. O, quietness, lady!
Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.
Alex. Lady,—
Char. Madam,—
Iras. O madam,—

Iras. Royal Egypt,
Empress,—

Char. Peace, peace, Iras!

Cleo. No more, but e'en[131] a woman, and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares.—It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
To tell them that this world did equal theirs
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!
My noble girls!—Ah, women, women, look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out!—Good sirs,[132] take heart:—
We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:—
This case of that huge spirit now is cold:
Ah, women, women!—come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt; those above bearing off Antony's body.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. CÆSAR'S *camp before Alexandria.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, *and others.*

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks[133]
The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

[illegible] *with the sword of* ANTONY.

[illegible] is that? and what art thou that dar'st
[illegible]

Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up and spoke,
He was my master; and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack: the round world(134)
[illegible] shook lions into civil streets,
[illegible] to their dens:—the death of Antony
[illegible] single doom; in the name lay
[illegible] of the world.

[illegible] He is dead, Cæsar;
[illegible] minister of justice,
[illegible] knife; but that self hand,
[illegible] his honour in the acts it did,
[illegible] courage which the heart did lend it,
[illegible] heart.—This is his sword;
[illegible] of it; behold it stain'd
[illegible] noble blood.

[illegible] Look you sad, friends?
[illegible] but it is tidings(135)
[illegible] of kings.

[illegible] And strange it is,
[illegible] us to lament
[illegible]

[illegible] His taints and honours
[illegible]

[illegible] A rarer spirit never
[illegible] you, gods, will give us
[illegible] Cæsar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this;—but we do lance
Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world: but yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our stars,
Unreconciliable, should divide
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meeter season:

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him;
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?

Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forc'd to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart:
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her; for Cæsar cannot learn[138]
To be ungentle.

Mess. So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius. Go and say,
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require,
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us; for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph: go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says,

And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

Cæs. Gallus, go you along. [*Exit Gal.*] Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius?

Agr. Mec. Dolabella!

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: go with me, and see
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Alexandria. A room in the monument.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.(139)

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her will: and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,(140)
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

Enter, to the gates of the monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, *and* Soldiers.

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must

No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;
You're fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: let me report to him
Your sweet dependency; and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

Gal.(141) You see how easily she may be surpris'd:

[*Here*(142) *Proculeius and two of the Guard ascend the monument by a ladder placed against a window, and, having descended, come behind Cleopatra. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates.*

Guard her till Cæsar come.

[*To Proculeius and the Guard. Exit.*

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands. [*Drawing a dagger.*

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:

[*Seizes and disarms her.*

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty by

The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,(143)
I'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
Nor once be châstis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark nak'd,(144) and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: for(145) the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please, [*To Cleopatra.*
If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.
[*Exeunt Proculeius and Soldiers.*

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.
You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam,

Cleo. I dream'd there was an emperor Antony:—
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please ye,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tunèd spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn[146] 'twas
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: in his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Think you there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were, one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam.
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: would I might never
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites[147]
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?
Dol. I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.
Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—
Dol. Though he be honourable,—
Cleo. He'll lead me, then, in triumph?
Dol. Madam, he will; I know't. [*Flourish within.*
Within. Make way there,—Cæsar!

Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS, SELEUCUS, *and* Attendants.

Cæs. Which is the Queen of Egypt?
Dol. It is the emperor, madam. [*Cleopatra kneels.*
Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:
I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.
Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.
Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often sham'd our sex.
Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents
(Which towards you are most gentle), you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.
Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours; and we,

Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.
Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.
Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valu'd;
Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?
Sel. Here, madam.
Cleo. This is my treasurer: let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing.—Speak the truth, Seleucus.
Sel. Madam,
I had rather seal(148) my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.
Cleo. What have I kept back?
Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.
Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.
Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild:—O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hir'd!—What, goest thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: slave, soulless villain, dog!
O rarely base!
Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.
Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this,—
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded

With one that I have bred? The(149) gods! it smites me
Beneath the fall I have.—Prithee, go hence; [*To Seleucus.*
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance:—wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.

[*Exit Seleucus.*

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are misthought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are(150) therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be 't yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons:(151) no, dear queen;
For we intend so to dispose you as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs. Not so. Adieu.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar and his train.*

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself: but, hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers Charmian.*

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again:
I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char. Behold, sir. [*Exit.*

Cleo. Dolabella!

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before:
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.
Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.
Dol. I your servant.
Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.
Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit Dolabella.*
Now, Iras, what think'st thou?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.
Iras. The gods forbid!
Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras:—saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.
Iras. O the good gods!
Cleo. Nay, that's certain.
Iras. I'll never see't; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.
Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd[152] intents.

Re-enter CHARMIAN.

Now, Charmian!—
Show me, my women, like a queen:—go fetch

My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony:—sirrah Iras, go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed;
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise? [*Exit Iras. A noise within.*

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied your highness' presence:
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. [*Exit Guard.*
What poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, *with* Clown *bringing in a basket.*

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guard.*
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly, I have him: but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Rememberest thou any that have died on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt,—truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm; but he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do: but this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm. [*Sets down basket.*

Cleo. Farewell.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth: I wish you joy o' the worm.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter IRAS *with a robe, crown, &c.*

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me: now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:—
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick.—Methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath:—husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.—So,—have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.*(55)

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world

cloud, and rain; that I may say,
weep!
This proves me base:
curled Antony,
of her, and spend that kiss
to have.—Come, thou mortal wretch,
[*To an asp, which she applies to her breast.*
with this knot intrinsicate
poor venomous fool,
O, couldst thou speak,
thee call great Cæsar ass

star!
Peace, peace!
my baby at my breast,
asleep?
O, break! O, break!
balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
I will take thee too:—
[*Applying another asp to her arm.*
[*Dies.*
world?—So, fare thee well.—
in thy possession lies
—Downy windows, close;
be beheld
—Your crown's awry;(155)
my.

Guard, *rushing in.*
the queen?
Speak softly, wake her not.
sent—
Too slow a messenger.
[*Applies an asp.*
surely feel thee.
All's not well: Cæsar's be-
Cæsar; call him

First Guard. What work is here!—Charmian, is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.
Ah, soldier! [*Dies.*

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

Sec. Guard. All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Within. A way there, a way for Cæsar!

Re-enter CÆSAR *and his train.*

Dol. O sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last,
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

First Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her figs:
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd, then.

First Guard. O Cæsar,
This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness!—
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:
The like is on her arm.

First Guard. This is an aspic's trail: and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable
That so she died; for her physician tells me
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument:—
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall
In solemn show attend this funeral;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*

P. 117. (1) "*reneges all temper*," &c.

In this line "*reneges*," if so written by Shakespeare, must be pronounced as a dissyllable,—*reneegs*. (In *King Lear*, act ii. sc. 2, the quartos have "*Reneag*, affirme, and turne their halcion beakes," &c.)—It has been proposed to read here, "Reneys *all temper*," &c.

P. 119. (2) "*whose every passion*," &c.

The folio has "who *euery*," &c.—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 119. (3) "*Enter* CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and a* Soothsayer."

The folio has "Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius, a Southsayer, Rannius, Lucillius, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alexas."—"It is not impossible, indeed, that 'Lamprius, Rannius, Lucilius,' &c. might have been speakers in this scene as it was first written down by Shakespeare, who afterwards thought proper to omit their speeches, though at the same time he forgot to erase their names as originally announced at their collective entrance." STEEVENS.—So in the opening of *Much ado about Nothing*, the old eds. make Leonato enter with "Innogen his wife" (and again at the commencement of act ii. with "his wife"), though not a line throughout the play is given to any such character.

P. 119. (4) "*must charge his horns with garlands?*"

The folio has "*must* change *his*," &c.,—the defence of which by Steevens is to me at least very unsatisfactory.

P. 120. (5) "*And fertile every wish*," &c.

Warburton's correction.—The folio has "*&* foretell *euery wish*," &c.

P. 121. (6) "*Saw you my lord?*"

The folio has "Saue *you*," &c.—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 122. (7) "*When our quick minds lie still*," &c.

The folio has "*When our quicke* windes *lye still*," &c.—That Warburton's correction, "*minds*," is the true reading I quite agree with Malone; who observes that the folio has the same error in *King John*, act v. sc. 7;

"and his siege is now
Against the *winde*," &c.

P. 122. ([8]) "*From Sicyon, ho, the news?*"

The folio has "*From Scicion* how *the newes?*"—which Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters to "*From Sicyon* now *the news?*" (as he alters in *The Merchant of Venice*, act v. sc. 1, the old reading "Peace, *how* the Moone sleepes with Endimion," &c. to "Peace! *now* the moon," &c.).—See the next note.

P. 123. ([9]) "*My idleness doth hatch.—Ho, Enobarbus!*

Re-enter ENOBARBUS."

The folio has,

"*My idlenesse doth hatch.*

Enter Enobarbus.

How now *Enobarbus.*"

But the right reading is indubitably "*Ho, Enobarbus!*" In all probability the author's manuscript had "How *Enobarbus,*" to which some transcriber or the original compositor, who did not understand what was meant, added "now."—Afterwards in this play (p. 200), the folio has "The Guard, *how?* [i.e. ho!] Oh dispatch me."—"How" frequently occurs as the old spelling of "ho:" see vol. ii. p. 170 note ([60]), p. 329 note ([83]).—When, in my *Few Notes*, &c. p. 150, I brought forward the present correction, I was not aware that Capell had anticipated me; for the *Varior. Shakespeare* gives "How now! *Enobarbus!*" without any annotation.

P. 123. ([10]) "*Under a compelling occasion,*" &c.

The folio has "*Vnder a compelling* an *occasion,*" &c.

P. 124. ([11]) "*And get her leave to part.*"

The folio has "*And get her* loue *to part.*"—"The same error has happened in *Titus Andronicus*, and therefore I have no longer any doubt that [here] *leave* was Shakespeare's word. In that play [act iii. sc. 1] we find,

'He *loues* his pledges dearer than his life,'

instead of 'He *leaves,*' &c." MALONE.

P. 124. ([12]) "*To such whose place is under us, requires,*" &c.

So the second folio.—The first folio has "*To such whose* places *vnder vs* require," &c.

P. 126. ([13]) "*Equality of two domestic powers*
Breed scrupulous faction," &c.

See vol. ii. p. 169, note ([45]).

P. 127. (14) "*And give true evidence to his love, which stands*
An honourable trial."

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters "*evidence*" to "credence,"—which, says Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 280), "would be specious, but that the occurrence of *trial* in the next line shows that the old text is right."—In the Sec. Part of *Henry VI.* act iii. sc. 2, we have "*true evidence.*"

P. 127. (15) "*Now, by my sword,—*"

Here the "*my*" was inserted by the editor of the second folio.

P. 128. (16) "*Our great competitor,*" &c.

So Heath conjectured; and so too Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "One *great,*" &c., which I believe to be a decided error, though Boswell tells us that "*one* great competitor is *any one* of his great competitors."

P. 128. (17) "*Vouchsaf'd to think,*" &c.

The first folio has "vouchsafe *to thinke,*" &c.; the second folio "did vouchsafe *to think,*" &c.

P. 128. (18) "*the abstract,*" &c.

So the second folio.—The first folio has "*the* abstracts," &c.

P. 129. (19) "*his soils, when,*" &c.

The folio has "*his* foyles, *when,*" &c.—The change was made by Malone, who observes: "In the Mss. of our author's time *ſ* and *f* are often undistinguishable, and no two letters are so often confounded at the press. Shakespeare has so regularly used this word [*in Hamlet, Love's Labour's lost, Measure for Measure, Sec. Part of Henry IV., Henry VIII., Troilus and Cressida,*] in the sense required here, that there cannot, I imagine, be the smallest doubt of the justness of this emendation."

P. 129. (20) "*Call on him for 't,*" &c.

"*Call on him,*" says Johnson, "is *visit him.*"—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "Fall *on him for't,*" &c.

P. 129. (21) "*Comes dear'd,*" &c.

The folio has "*Comes* fear'd," &c.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector makes a bold alteration,—"*Comes* lov'd," &c.

P. 129. (22) "*lackeying the*," &c.

Theobald's emendation.—The folio has "lacking *the*," &c.

P. 130. (23) "*lascivious vassails.*"

The folio has "*lasciuious* Vassailes,"—and Mr. Knight prints "*lascivious* vassals," though the rest of the speech so distinctly shows that here "*vassails*," and not "vassals," are in question.

P. 130. (24) "*'tis time we twain*," &c.

Has been altered to "*time* is it that *we twain*," &c.

P. 130. (25) "*Assemble we*," &c.

The folio has "*Assemble* me," &c. (which Mr. Knight retains!)—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 132. (26) "*an arm-gaunt steed*," &c.

Hanmer reads "*an arm*-girt *steed*," &c.; and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—Mason proposes "a termagant *steed*;" and Boaden "*an* arrogant *steed*," &c.

P. 132. (27) "*Was beastly dumb'd by him.*"

The folio has "*Was beastly* dumbe *by him*;" which Mr. Singer, in the new edition of his *Shakespeare*, retains, considering "dumb" as the past tense of "dum:" but in our author's *Pericles*, act v. sc. 1, the old copies have "Deepe clearks she *dumb's*" [and "*dumbs*"], &c.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*Was* boastfully *dumb'd by him*," because he happened not to perceive the meaning which Shakespeare evidently intended "*beastly*" to convey, viz. *in the manner of a beast*,—i. e. *by inarticulate sounds*, which rendered vain all attempts at speaking on the part of Alexas. (The adverb "*beastly*" occurs in *The Taming of the Shrew*, act iv. sc. 2,

"Fie on her! see, how *beastly* she doth court him!"

and in *Cymbeline*, act v. sc. 3,

"and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun *beastly*.")

P. 132. (28) "*no man else.*"

The folio has "*no* mans *else*."—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 134. (29) "*My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope*
Says it will come to the full."

Theobald printed "*My* power's a *crescent*," &c.; which, though adopted by

all his successors except Mr. Collier, appears to me a very hasty alteration :— our old writers frequently make "*it*" refer to a preceding plural substantive.

P. 135. (30) "*warr'd upon him*," &c.

The folio has "wan'd *vpon him*."—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 136. (31) "*Hark, Ventidius.*"

The usual modern reading (which even Mr. Collier silently adopts) is "*Hark you, Ventidius.*"

P. 137. (32)

"*As matter whole you have not to make it with*," &c.

Here the "*not*" was inserted by Rowe. (Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "No *matter whole you have to make it with*," &c.,—which Mr. Collier might well call "an emendation of questionable merit.")

P. 139. (33) "*Say not so, Agrippa:*
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were," &c.

The folio has,

"*Say not*, say *Agrippa; if* Cleopater *heard you, your* proofe *were*," &c.

P. 139. (34)

"*Would then be nothing: truths would be tales*," &c.

Hanmer printed "—— *truths would be* but *tales*," &c.,—which Sidney Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 165) thinks is right.—Capell reads "—— *truths would* then *be tales*," &c.

P. 140. (35) "*the Mount Misenum.*"

The folio has "*the Mount*-Mesena."

P. 141. (36) "*digested.*"

The folio has "disgested."—See vol. iv. p. 760, note (7).

P. 141. (37) "*Purple the sails, and so perfumèd that*
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver," &c.

In the second line Mr. Knight adheres to the pointing of the folio,—

"The winds were love-sick: with them the oars were silver," &c.

and he observes, "The ordinary reading is 'The winds were love-sick with them.' *The reading which the old punctuation gives us is surely more poetical*"!!

P. 141. (38) "*To glow the delicate cheeks,*" &c.

The folio has "*To* gloue *the,*" &c.

P. 141. (39) "*like the Nereids,*" &c.

Here the old spelling "Nereides" is generally retained,—though against the metre.

P. 142. (40) "*the silken tackle*
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands," &c.

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "Smell *with the touches,*" &c.: but, to say nothing else of the alteration, is "Smell *with*" the phraseology of Shakespeare's time?

P. 142. (41) "*Never; he will not,*" &c.

The folio has no point after "*Never:*" but this does not read like a passage where the author meant to use the double negative.—In the third folio there is a comma after "*Never.*"

P. 143. (42) "*Good night, sir.*"

Given by the editor of the second folio to Octavia. "I see no need of change. Antony addresses himself to Cæsar, who immediately replies 'Good night'." MALONE.—These words are a repetition of what Antony has said above to Cæsar,—a repetition natural enough, though Ritson pronounces it to be "absurd."

P. 143. (43) "*Would I had never come from thence, nor you*
Thither!
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Hie you to Egypt again."

Mason would change "*Thither*" to "Hither:" and "*Hie you to Egypt again*" has been altered to "*Hie you* again to Egypt," for the sake of the metre,—which certainly hobbles somewhat in these speeches: it would seem, however, that Shakespeare intended the Soothsayer always to speak in verse.

P. 143. (44) "*that's thy spirit,*" &c.

So the second folio.—The first folio has "that *thy spirit,*" &c.

P. 143. (45) "*Becomes a fear,*" &c.

Upton conjectured "*Becomes* afeard," &c., which Sidney Walker (see *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 112) prefers; and so reads Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.

P. 144. (46) "*But, he away, 'tis noble.*"

The folio has "*But he* alway *'tis Noble*" (which the editor of the second folio sagaciously altered to "*But he* alway is *Noble*"!).

P. 144. (47) "*at the Mount,*" &c.

So the second folio.—The first folio has "*at Mount,*" &c.

P. 145. (48) "*Tawny-finn'd fishes,*" &c.

Theobald's correction.—The folio has "*Tawny* fine *fishes,*" &c.

P. 146. (49) "*Ram thou,*" &c.

Has been altered, very unnecessarily, to 'Rain *thou,*" &c. "The term employed in the text is much in the style of the speaker." MALONE.

P. 146. (50) "*Be free and healthful,—so tart a favour,*" &c.

Though Mr. Knight is indignant at those editors who have printed

"*Be free and healthful,*—why *so tart a favour,*" &c.

I am inclined to think that they give the true reading.

P. 146. (51) "*is well,*" &c.

The folio has "'tis *well,*" &c.

P. 149. (52) "*The other way's a Mars.*"

i.e. "The other way he is a Mars." (Usually altered to "*The other way* he's *a Mars.*")

P. 149. (53) "*Made the all-honour'd,*" &c.

So the second folio.—The first folio omits "*the.*"

P. 150. (54) "*Our targes undinted.*
Cæs. Ant. Lep. *That's our offer.*
Pom. *Know, then,*
I came," &c.

Here, as also in *Cymbeline*, act v. sc. 5, several editors are agreed in altering "*targes*" to "targe;" and here Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector (see Mr. Collier's one-volume *Shakespeare*) consults the metre by throwing out "*Our*" before "*targes.*"—Sidney Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, p. 253) would print,

both here and in *Cymbeline*, "targe'" as a plural form: when he adds (p. 254) that "*Targe* in the singular would not be Elizabethan English," I am not sure that I understand him:—but compare the following passages of Chapman's *Homer*;

"and strooke the strong Chersidamas,
As from his chariot he leapt downe, beneath his *targe* of brasse."
Iliad, B. xi. p. 150, ed. folio.

"And (with his lance) strooke through the *targe* of that braue Lycian king."
B. xii. p. 167.

"With sword and fire they vext for them their *targes* hugely round,
With oxehides lin'd," &c.
B. xii. p. 168.

"Deiphobus thrust forth his *targe*," &c.
B. xiii. p. 172.—

In a note on the line of *Cymbeline* above referred to, Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare*, ed. 1856) observes; "The plural *targes* seems to have been formerly a monosyllable [*targs*], as in French, where its oldest form is *targues*." Our author perhaps may have used it as a monosyllable: that Chapman did not, is shown by the third of the passages just cited from his *Homer*.

P. 151. (55) "*fair meanings, sir.*"

The folio has "*fair* meaning *Sir.*"

P. 151. (56) "*No more of that*," &c.

Here the "*of*" was added in the third folio.

P. 155. (57) "*But entertain it,*
And, though thou think me poor, I am the man," &c.

Has been altered to

"*But entertain it, and*
Although *thou think me poor, I am the man*," &c.

and so perhaps Shakespeare wrote. (In the folio this speech is thrown into prose.)

P. 155. (58) "*All there is thine.*"

Has been altered to "*All* then *is thine.*"

P. 156. (59) "*then, is drunk*," &c.

The folio has "*then* he *is drunk*," &c.

P. 156. (60) "*And it grows fouler.*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "*And it* grow *fouler*" (out of which Mr. Singer, in his *Shakespeare*, 1856, makes "An *it* grow *fouler*,"—not a probable reading).

P. 157. (61) "*shall bear*," &c.

The folio has "*shall* beate," &c.

P. 157. (62) "Men."

This prefix is by mistake omitted in the folio.

P. 158. (63) "*Better to leave undone, than by our deed*
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's away."

Steevens reads,—

"*Better leave undone, than by our deed acquire*
Too high a fame, when him we serve's away."

P. 159. (64) "*Grants scarce distinction.*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "Gains" for "*Grants*,"—erroneously, I believe: see notes *ad l.* in the *Varior. Shakespeare.*

P. 159. (65) "*O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!*"

Mason would read "Of *Antony? O thou*," &c.

P. 159. (66) "*figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot*
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number,—hoo!—
His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel," &c.

The folio has "figure, *scribes*," &c.—Something has dropped out of the second line. (The usual modern arrangement is,—

"*Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, hoo, his love*
To Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel," &c.)

P. 160. (67) "*at the full of tide*," &c.

The second folio has "*at full of Tide*," &c.,—and so, I suspect, Shakespeare wrote, though Mr. Knight gravely says that "thus the freedom of the rhythm is destroyed, whilst the image is weakened"!

P. 161. (68) "*till I wept too.*"

Theobald's correction.—The folio has "*till I* weepe *too*,"—which Steevens and Capell vainly endeavour to defend. (According to Capell, Theobald's correction introduces a violation of character: but Enobarbus is not altogether "unused to the melting mood;" for afterwards (p. 185) we find him saying,

"Look, they weep;
And *I, an ass, am onion-ey'd*," &c.)

P. 163. (69) "Mess. *Brown, madam: and her forehead*
As low as she would wish it."

Mr. Singer, in the new ed. of his *Shakespeare*, transfers to Cleopatra the words "*and her forehead*," as a question put to the Messenger,—which appears to me a very wanton change.—When Malone observed that "*You* and *she* are not likely to have been confounded, otherwise we might suppose that our author wrote 'As low as *you* would wish it';" and when Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector made the same alteration,—they were neither of them aware that the Messenger (as Steevens remarks) uses here a cant phrase.

P. 163. (70) "*He vented them; most narrow*," &c.

The folio has "*He vented* then *most narrow*," &c.

P. 163. (71) "*he not took't*," &c.

Thirlby's correction,—and a certain one.—The folio has "*he not* look't," &c. —The editor of the second folio prints "*he* had look't," &c., which is downright nonsense; and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*he* but look'd," &c., which is little better than nonsense.

P. 164. (72) "*The good gods will mock me presently*," &c.

Some word has dropped out here. Steevens reads "And *the good gods*," &c.—Qy. "Sure, *the good gods*," &c.?

P. 164. (73) "*Than yours so*," &c.

The folio has "*Then* your *so*," &c.—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 164. (74) "*I'll raise the preparation of a war*
Shall stain your brother."

Here Theobald altered "*stain*" to "strain;" and Boswell suggested that we ought to read "stay,"—which Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives.—If the old text be right, "*stains*" is equivalent to—*throw into the shade*; in which sense the word was formerly very common: e. g.

"She *staine* the ripest virgins of the age."
Beaumont and Fletcher's *Cupid's Revenge*, act ii. sc. 2.

"I saw sixe gallant nymphes, I saw but one,
One *stain'd* them all. . . . .
. . . . . .
They borrowed beames from her star-*staining* eyes."
Lord Stirling's *Aurora*, sig. C. 4, ed. 1604.

(And in our author's *Pericles*, act iv. sc. 4, the genuine reading is,—

"She did *distain* my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes.")

P. 164. (75) "*Your reconciler!*"

The folio has "You *reconciler.*"—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 164. (76) "*has mind to.*"

The folio has "he's *mind to.*"—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 165. (77) "*Then, world, thou hast a pair,*" &c.

Hanmer's correction.—The folio has "*Then* would *thou* hadst a *paire,*" &c.

P. 165. (78) "*They'll grind the one the other.*"

Here the folio omits "*the one*" (the transcriber's or compositor's eye having glanced from the first "*the*" to the second).

P. 165. (79) "*Lydia,*" &c.

"For '*Lydia,*' Mr. Upton, from Plutarch, has restored 'Lybia'." JOHNSON.—"In the translation [of Plutarch] from the French of Amyot, by Thos. North, in folio, 1597, will be seen at once the origin of this mistake: 'First of all he did establish Cleopatra queen of Egypt, of Cyprus, of *Lydia*, and the lower Syria'." FARMER.—"The present reading is right; for, in p. 167, where Cæsar is recounting the several kings whom Antony had assembled, he gives the kingdom of *Lybia* to Bocchus." MASON.

P. 166. (80)
"*His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings,*" &c.

The folio has "*His Sonnes* hither *proclaimed the* King *of Kings,*" &c.

P. 166. (81) "with her train."

"So my the old copies, and there can be no possible reason for following the

example of modern editors by omitting the words. It must have been a small train; she had not 'an army for an usher,' as appears by what follows; but she was not wholly unattended, according to the practice of the stage when the folio, 1623, was printed." COLLIER.

P. 167. (82) "*which, left unshown,*
Is often left unlov'd," &c.

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*Is often* held *unlov'd,*" &c.,—without the slightest necessity. Shakespeare, like his contemporaries, affected such repetitions of words.

P. 167. (83) "*an obstruct,*" &c.

The folio has "*an* abstract," &c.

P. 167. (84) "*Polemon and Amyntas,*
The kings of Mede and Lycaonia," &c.

Here Upton would make an alteration, which, as Steevens says, "obviates all impropriety:" but the old text is doubtless what the author wrote.

P. 168. (85) "*Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,*
And we in negligent danger."

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector changes "*wrong led*" to "wronged;" which Mr. Singer adopts in the new edition of his *Shakespeare:* but, with that alteration, what becomes of the metre?

P. 168. (86) "*make their ministers,*" &c.

The folio has "makes his *Ministers,*" &c.; the second folio "*Make* his *Ministers,*" &c.

P. 169. (87) "*muleters,*" &c.

The folio has "Militers," &c.; the second folio "Muliters," &c. (In *The First Part of Henry VI.* act iii. sc. 2, the folio has "base *Muleters* of France," &c.)

P. 172. (88) "*ribaudred nag of Egypt,*" &c.

Here "*ribaudred*" has been altered to "ribald" and to "ribald-rid."—Again, Tyrwhitt suggested that "*nag*" should be changed to "hag,"—in which alteration Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector and Mr. Singer agree with him. Mr. Collier defends it by asking, "how was leprosy to afflict a *nag?*"—as if *a real nag* were in question! Mr. Singer (in his *Shakespeare,* 1856) says, "the poet

would surely not have called Cleopatra a *nag!*" But since she has been previously (p. 168) called "a trull," I see no reason for wondering that she should now be called "*nag*," i. e. jade, hackney. ("Know we not Galloway *nags?*" exclaims Pistol, alluding to Doll Tearsheet. *Sec. Part of Henry IV.* act ii. sc. 4.)

P. 173. (89) "*O, he has given*," &c.

The folio has "*Oh* his *ha's giuen*," &c.—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 174. (90) "*let that be left*," &c.

The folio has "*let* them *be left*," &c.

P. 174. (91) "*but*
Your comfort makes the rescue."

Qy. "*Your comfort* make *the rescue*"? for here "*but*" is equivalent to *unless.*

P. 175. (92) "*By looking back what I have left behind.*"

Has been altered to "*By looking back* on *what*," &c., very improperly,—the old text having the same meaning.

P. 175. (93) "*And thou shouldst tow me after: o'er my spirit*
Thy full," &c.

The folio has,

"*And thou should'st* stowe *me after. O're my spirit*
The *full*," &c.

P. 175. (94) "*Some wine, within there*," &c.

"This word ['*within*'] might be fairly ejected, as it has no other force than to derange the metre." STEEVENS.

P. 176. (95) "EUPHRONIUS."

The folio has "Ambassador from Anthony."

P. 176. (96) "*Thyreus*," &c.

The folio has "Thidias," &c.

P. 178. (97) "*That he should dream,*
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness!"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*Knowing all* miseries, *the full*," &c.—"The words *full* and *emptiness* prove to a demonstration that 'measures' is the right word." *Blackwood's Magazine* for Oct. 1853, p. 467.

P. 178. ([98]) "*Cæsar entreats,*
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar."

The folio has "*Further then he is* Cæsars,"—an error occasioned perhaps by "that is *Cæsars*" at the end of the preceding speech. (Later in this play, p. 197, the folio has the same mistake,—"Packt Cards with *Cæsars*," &c.).—Here the editor of the second folio made the proper correction.—Malone retains "*Further than he is* Cæsar's" (with a monstrous explanation); and so does Mr. Collier (silently).

P. 179. ([99]) "*And put yourself under his shrowd,*
The universal landlord."

The first line is manifestly mutilated: Capell added to it "the great;" Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, more happily, makes it end with "who is."

P. 179. ([100]) "*in deputation,*" &c.

So Warburton (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).—The folio has "*in* disputation," &c.

P. 180. ([101]) "*this Jack of Cæsar's,*" &c.

The folio has "the *Jacke of Cæsars*," &c.—(Compare above, "Take hence *this Jack*," &c.)

P. 182. ([102]) "*Cæsarion smite!*" &c.

The folio has "*Cæsarian* smile," &c.

P. 182. ([103]) "*By the discandying of this pelleted storm,*" &c.

Thirlby's correction; and an obvious one.—The folio has "*By the* discandering *of*," &c.,—which Mr. Knight, "without hesitation, restores"!

P. 182. ([104]) "*There's hope in't yet.*"

Has been altered to "*There* is *hope in* it *yet*," that it might make up a verse with the following, "That's my brave lord!": but in Antony's third speech after this we find "*There's* sap *in't* yet."

P. 183. ([105]) "*preys on reason,*" &c.

The folio has "*prayes* in *reason*," &c.

P. 184. (106) "*I have many other ways to die*," &c.

Hanmer printed "He hath *many*," &c.,—which, as Farmer observes, "indisputably is the sense of Plutarch, and given so in the modern translations; but Shakespeare was misled by the ambiguity of the old one [North's]," &c.

P. 187. (107) "*Come, good fellow, put mine iron on*," &c.

The folio has "—— *put* thine *Iron on*," &c.; and, according to Malone, "*Thine iron* is the iron which thou hast in thy hand, i.e. Antony's armour;" a most improbable reading and explanation, since *in the preceding line* Antony has said "*mine* armour." Nor, as the context shows, is Antony here speaking of *Eros's armour*:—he afterwards bids Eros "put on his defences."—Rowe printed "*Come*, my *good fellow*," &c., as the author would seem to have written: compare, in Antony's next speech but one, "Seest thou, *my good fellow*?"

P. 187. (108) "Cleo. *Nay, I'll help too.*
What's this for?
Ant. *Ah, let be, let be! thou art*
The armourer of my heart:—false, false; this, this.
Cleo. *Sooth, la, I'll help: this it must be.*
Ant. *Well, well*," &c.

Stands thus in the folio,

"*Cleo. Nay, Ile helpe too*, Anthony.
What's this for? Ah let be, let be, thou art
The Armourer of my heart: False, false: This, this,
Sooth-law Ile helpe: Thus it must be.
Ant. Well, well," &c.

(the prefix "Anthony" having crept into the text, and another prefix being omitted by mistake).—I give the modern distribution (Hanmer's, slightly altered by Malone); and it is doubtless the right one.

P. 187. (109) "*shall hear a storm.*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*shall* bear *a storm*;"—which alteration Mr. Singer, in his *Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 295, calls "very doubtful;" and such I certainly think it is,—though Mr. Singer in his recently published *Shakespeare* has adopted it.

P. 187. (110) "a *Captain* armed."

The folio has "an Armed Soldier:" but what is said to him by Antony shows that he is not one of the common file.

P. 188. (111) "Sec. Capt."

The folio has "Alex."

P. 188. ([112]) "Sold."

To the first three speeches of the Soldier in this scene the folio prefixes "Eros."

P. 189. ([113]) "*Dispatch.—Enobarbus!*"

Altered by the editor of the second folio to "*Dispatch* Eros" (not, as Mr. Collier states by mistake, to "Eros, dispatch").

P. 189. ([114]) "*Go charge Agrippa*
Plant those that have revolted in the van," &c.

Here Mr. Collier puts a full-point, and Mr. Knight a colon, after "*Agrippa*;" though the meaning of the passage is obviously, "Go and enjoin Agrippa to plant those that," &c.

P. 189. ([115]) "*there did persuade*," &c.

The folio has "*there did* dissuade," &c.,—"perhaps rightly," says Johnson,—though the corresponding passage in North's *Plutarch* distinctly proves it to be wrong.

P. 190. ([116]) "*This blows my heart*," &c.

Had been altered to "*This* bows *my heart*," &c.; but Johnson rightly brought back the original reading,—"*blows*" meaning "swells:" see his note and Steevens's *ad l.*

P. 191. ([117]) "*our gests.*"

So Theobald ("as Mr. Warburton likewise prescribes"),—a very obvious correction: yet, in the *Varior. Shakespeare*, the reading of the folio, "*our* guests" is retained, with a note by Johnson to inform us that "guests" means Antony's officers whom he intends to bring to sup with Cleopatra!

P. 193. ([118]) "*Swoons*," &c.

Here the folio has "Swoonds," &c. (and so the later folios). See vol. v. p. 88, note ([87]).

P. 193. ([119]) "*for so bad a prayer as his*
Was never yet for sleep."

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*Was never yet* fore *sleep;*"—a very improper alteration to my thinking (though it has been adopted by Mr. Singer in his recently-published *Shakespeare*).

P. 194. ([120])
"*The hand of death hath raught him. Hark! the drums*
Demurely wake the sleepers."

Here Warburton explains "*Demurely*" to mean *Solemnly*.—Hanmer unscrupulously prints,

> "*The hand of death hath* caught *him.*
> *Hark* how *the* drums' din early wakes *the sleepers.*"

And Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "Do early *wake the sleepers.*"—That "early" is feeble and inexpressive, I agree with Mr. Singer (in his note *ad l.* 1856); who conjectures "Clam'rously *wake*," &c.—Qy. "Do merrily *wake*," &c.?

P. 194. ([121]) "*But this it is; our foot*
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven:—forward, now,
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour."

The folio has,

> "*But this it is, our Foote*
> *Vpon the hilles adioyning to the Citty*
> *Shall stay with vs. Order for Sea is giuen,*
> *They haue put forth the Hauen:*
> *Where their appointment we may best discouer,*
> *And looke on their endeuour.*"

and Mr. Knight sees no necessity for any addition to the old text: according to him, "The sentence,

> 'order for sea is given;
> They have put forth the haven'—

is parenthetical. Omit it, and Antony says, that the foot-soldiers shall stay with him, upon the hills adjoining to the city,

> 'Where their appointment we may best discover'."

But, though Mr. Collier and Mr. Singer (in his second edition) are satisfied with Mr. Knight's view of the passage, I nevertheless think it utterly ridiculous. I cannot for a moment doubt that after the word "*haven*" something has been accidentally omitted either by the transcriber or the printer (and see vol. v. p. 592, note ([66])). Rowe inserted "Further on;" Capell, "Hie we on;" Malone, "Let's seek a spot;" and Tyrwhitt (in his copy of the second folio in the British Museum), "Let us go."

P. 194. ([122]) "*the augurers*," &c.

The folio has "*the* Auguries," &c.

P. 195. ([123]) "*That spaniel'd me*," &c.

Hanmer's correction.—The folio has "*That* pannelled *me*," &c.

P. 195. ([124]) "*O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,—*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*O this false* spell *of Egypt, this* great *charm*," &c.—The first alteration is specious: the second is decidedly wrong, as Mr. Collier might have seen by Steevens's note *ad l.*, where examples of "*grave*" in the sense of *deadly* or *destructive* are adduced from Chapman's *Homer*.

P. 195. ([125]) "*plebeians*," &c.

To be pronounced "*plébians*," &c. See vol. iv. p. 763, note ([26]).

P. 195. ([126])

"*For poor'st diminutives, for doits; and let*," &c.

Warburton's correction.—The folio has "*For poor'st Diminitiues, for* Dolts, *and let*," &c.,—which Mr. Knight retains (and his explanation of the passage is very curious—"the 'poor'st diminutives' are the lowest of the populace, as the 'dolts' are the most stupid. We must therefore understand *for* to mean for the gratification of"!).

P. 197. ([127]) "*Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and*," &c.

The folio has "*Packt Cards with* Cæsars, *and*," &c.—See note ([96]).

P. 200. ([128]) "*ho!*"

The folio has "how?"—See note ([9]).

P. 202. ([129]) "*thither.*"

Altered by the editor of the second folio to "hither": but the original word agrees well enough with what precedes.

P. 202. ([130]) "*die where thou hast liv'd*," &c.

The folio has "*Dye* when *thou hast liu'd*," &c.

P. 204. ([131]) "*but e'en a woman*," &c.

Johnson's correction.—The folio has "*but* in *a Woman*," &c.

P. 204. ([132]) "*How do you, women?*
What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!
My noble girls!—Ah, women, women, look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out!—Good sirs, take heart:—
We'll bury him," &c.

Here to the words "*Good sirs, take heart,*" is usually added a stage-direction "[*To the Guard below*": but by "*sirs*" does not Cleopatra mean Charmian and Iras?—in act v. sc. 2, she says, "*Sirrah* Iras, go." That in former days women were frequently so addressed, is proved by numerous passages of our old writers: e.g. in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Coxcomb*, act iv. sc. 3, the Mother says to Viola, Nan, and Madge,

> "*Sirs*, to your tasks, and shew this little novice
> How to bestir herself," &c.

and, presently after, Nan and Madge call each other "*Sirrah.*" Again, in *A King and no King*, by the same dramatists, act iii. sc. 1, we find,—

> "*Spa.* I do beseech you, madam, send away
> Your other women, and receive from me
> A few sad words, which, set against your joys,
> May make 'em shine the more.
> *Pan. Sirs*, leave me all. [*Exeunt Waiting-women.*"

P. 204. (133) "*Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks*
The pauses that he makes.
Dol. *Cæsar, I shall.*"

Here Hanmer printed "*Being so frustrate, tell him he* but *mocks*," &c.; Steevens conjectured that either "*frustrate*" should be changed to "frustrated," or that we might read "*Being so frustrate, tell him* that *he mocks*," &c. (Capell gave "frustrated," and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector inserts "that"); while Malone's alteration is,

> "*Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks* us by
> *The pauses that he makes.*"—

Sidney Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 9) says, "Can a good sense be made out of the original reading? the play of words seems a very strong argument in its favour; indeed, it seems impossible that this should be accidental:" and he cites the following examples of "*frustrate*" used as a trisyllable,—

> "The law that should take away your old wife from you,
> The which I do perceive was your desire,
> Is void and *frustrate;* so for the rest:
> There has been since another parliament
> Has cut it off."
>
> Massinger, Middleton, and W. Rowley's *Old Law*,—
> Massinger's *Works*, iv. 573, ed. Gifford, 1813.

> "Confirm his banishment with our hands and seals.
> *Lan.* What we confirm the king will *frustrate.*
> *Y. Mor.* Then may we lawfully revolt from him."
>
> Marlowe's *Edward the Second*,—*Works*, ii. 178, ed. Dyce.

P. 205. (134) "*A greater crack: the round world*
Should have shook lions into civil streets," &c.

Something would seem to have dropped out here.

P. 205. ([135]) "*it is tidings,*" &c.

To assist the halting metre, the editor of the second folio printed "*it is* a *Tydings,*" &c.,—a very doubtful emendation.

P. 205. ([136]) "*Agr.*"

The folio has "Dol.",—which it prefixes also to the next speech but one.

P. 205. ([137]) "*Wag'd equal with him.*"

Has been altered to "Weigh'd *equal,*" &c.: but see Steevens's note *ad l.*—The second folio has "Way *equal,*" &c.

P. 206. ([138]) "*learn,*" &c.

The folio has "leaue," &c.; which Pope altered to "live," &c.—I adopt the correction made by Tyrwhitt, in his copy of the second folio in the Brit. Museum.

P. 207. ([139]) "Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS."

When the play was originally acted, they no doubt entered here (as in scene XV. of the preceding act) on what was called the upper-stage: but how the business of the present scene was managed after the seizure of Cleopatra, I cannot pretend to determine.

P. 207. ([140]) "*and never palates more the dug,*
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's."

So Warburton (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).—The folio has,

"*and neuer pallates more the* dung,
The beggers," &c.,—

which is the usual modern text, "dung" being explained "gross and terrene sustenance;" while we are told that "*The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's*" means "Death."—To me the word "*nurse*" is almost alone sufficient evidence that "dung" is a transcriber's or printer's mistake for "*dug,*"—which was the more liable to be corrupted, as it was formerly often spelt "*dugge*" (so the folio has, in *Romeo and Juliet*, act i. sc. 3, "on the nipple of my *Dugge*").—The sense I conceive to be, "and never more palates that dug which affords nourishment as well to the beggar as to Cæsar."—Johnson observes; "The difficulty of the passage, if any difficulty there be, arises only from this, that the act of suicide, and the state which is the effect of suicide, are confounded."

P. 208. ([141]) "*Gal.*"

The folio has "Pro.",—which the editor of the second folio altered to "Char."

P. 208. (143) "[Here Proculeius," &c.

This stage-direction (founded on North's *Plutarch*) is by Malone.

P. 209. (144) "*If idle talk will once be necessary*," &c.

Hanmer alters "*necessary*" to "accessary;" and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector (between whom and Hanmer there is frequently an unaccountable agreement).

P. 209. (144) "*Lay me stark nak'd, and let the water-flies*," &c.

Here "*nak'd*" is generally altered to "naked," though the author evidently used the word as a monosyllable: and so it was often used by his contemporaries; e.g.

"Good Menelaus slew
Accomplisht Thoas, in whose breast (being *nak'd*) his lance he threw,
Aboue his shield, and freed his soule."
Chapman's *Homer*,—*Iliad*, B. xvi. p. 224, ed. fol.

"Stript *nak't* her bosome, shew'd her breasts," &c. *Id.* B. xxii. p. 300.

P. 209. (145) "*And he hath sent for thee: for the queen*," &c.

The editor of the second folio printed "*And he hath sent for thee: as for the Queene*," &c.—Qy. "*And he hath sent* me *for thee: for the queen*," &c.?

P. 210. (146) "*an autumn 'twas*," &c.

Theobald's correction.—The folio has "*An* Antony *it was*," &c.

P. 210. (147) "*that smites*," &c.

So Tyrwhitt in his copy of the second folio in the Brit. Museum, Capell, and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "*that* suites," &c.

P. 212. (148) "*seal my lips*," &c.

The folio has "seele *my lippes*," &c.: and several editors have retained "seel," understanding it to mean—close up my lips as effectually as the eyes of a hawk are closed,—to *seel* hawks being a technical term:—so in p. 181 of this play, we have "the wise gods *seel our eyes*," &c. But here the spelling of the folio goes for little: in *King Lear*, act iv. sc. 6, the folio has "the power to *seale* th' accusers *lips*;" and in *The Sec. Part of Henry VI.* act i. sc. 2, "*Seale* vp yours *Lips*," &c.

P. 213. (149) "*The gods! it smites me*," &c.

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "Ye *gods! it smites me*," &c.,—which Mr. Singer adopts in his *Shakespeare*, 1856.—But compare "O me, *the gods!*"

Coriolanus, act ii. sc. 3; "O *the gods!*" *Troilus and Cressida*, act iv. sc. 2, *Coriolanus*, act iv. sc. 1, *Cymbeline*, act i. sc. 1; "O *the* blest *gods!*" *King Lear*, act ii. sc. 4; and "O *the* good *gods!*" in the present play, p. 214.

P. 213. (150) "*Are therefore to be pitied.*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "And *therefore to be pitied,*"—very unnecessarily. In the last clause of a sentence Shakespeare (like other old writers) sometimes omits "and."

P. 213. (151) "*Make not your thoughts your prisons,*" &c.

Qy. "—— *your* prison," &c.?—(Johnson says, "I once wished to read '—— *your* poison,'" &c.,—which Hanmer had printed.)

P. 214. (152) "*Their most absurd intents.*"

Theobald gives "*Their most* assur'd *intents;*" so too Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector; and perhaps rightly.—"I have preserved the old reading. The design certainly appeared *absurd* enough to Cleopatra, both as she thought it unreasonable in itself, and as she knew it would fail." JOHNSON.

P. 216. (153) "[Iras falls and dies."

A modern stage-direction.—"Iras must be supposed to have applied an asp to her arm while her mistress was settling her dress, or I know not why she should fall so soon." STEEVENS.

P. 217. (154) "*In this vile world?*"

The folio has "*In this* wilde *World?*"—The correction was made by Capell, who saw (what is plain enough) that "vilde" had been by mistake transformed into "wilde." (The folio, with its usual inconsistency of spelling, has in some places "vild" and "vilde,"—in others "*vile.*")

P. 217. (155) "*Your crown's awry;*
I'll mend it, and then play."

The folio has "*your Crownes* away," &c.—After "*play*" the folio has a break. —"*and then play*] i.e. play her part in this tragic scene by destroying herself: or she may mean, that, having performed her last office for her mistress, she will accept the permission given her in p. 215, to '*play* till doomsday.'" STEEVENS.

CYMBELINE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CYMBELINE, king of Britain.
CLOTEN, son to the Queen by a former husband.
POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, a gentleman, husband to Imogen.
BELARIUS, a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.
GUIDERIUS, } sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of
ARVIRAGUS, } Polydore and Cadwal, supposed sons of Belarius.
PHILARIO, friend to Posthumus, } Italians.
IACHIMO, friend to Philario, }
A French Gentleman, friend to Philario.
CAIUS LUCIUS, general of the Roman forces.
A Roman Captain.
Two British Captains.
PISANIO, servant to Posthumus.
CORNELIUS, a physician.
Two Lords of Cymbeline's court.
Two Gentlemen of the same.
Two Gaolers.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.
IMOGEN, daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.
HELEN, woman to Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Apparitions.

SCENE—*sometimes in Britain, sometimes in Italy.*

CYMBELINE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Britain. The garden of* CYMBELINE'S *palace.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers
Still seem as does the king.(1)

Sec. Gent. But what's the matter?

First Gent. His daughter, and the heir of 's kingdom, whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son (a widow
That late he married), hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: she's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

Sec. Gent. None but the king?

First Gent. He that hath lost her too: so is the queen,
That most desir'd the match: but not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

Sec. Gent. And why so?

First Gent. He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her
(I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare:—I do not think
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

Sec. Gent. You speak him far.

First Gent. I do extend him, sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

Sec. Gent. What's his name and birth?

First Gent. I cannot delve him to the root: his father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success,—
So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time,
Died with their swords in hand; for which their father
(Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus Leonatus;(2)
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd;
And in's spring became a harvest: liv'd in court
(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lov'd:
A sample to the youngest; to the more mature
A glass that feated them; and to the graver
A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price

Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.
Sec. Gent. I honour him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?
First Gent. His only child.
He had two sons,—if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,—the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing-clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stol'n; and to this hour no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.
Sec. Gent. How long is this ago?
First Gent. Some twenty years.
Sec. Gent. That a king's children should be so convey'd!
So slackly guarded! and the search so slow,
That could not trace them!
First Gent. Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.
Sec. Gent. I do well believe you.
First Gent. We must forbear: here comes the gentleman,
The queen, and princess. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, *and* IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assur'd you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most stepmothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you: you're my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint.—For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.
Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril.—
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [*Exit.*

Imo. O
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing
(Always reserv'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me: you must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth:
My residence in Rome at one Philario's;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure.—[*Aside.*] Yet I'll move him
To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;

But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.
Post. How, how! another?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear(3) up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death!—Remain, remain thou here
[*Putting on the ring.*
While sense can keep it(4) on! And, sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so in our trifles
I still win of you: for my sake wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner. [*Putting a bracelet upon her arm.*
Imo. O the gods!
When shall we see again?
Post. Alack, the king!

Enter CYMBELINE *and* Lords.

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If after this command thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: away!
Thou'rt poison to my blood.
Post. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [*Exit.*
Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.
Cym. O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heapest(5)
A year's age on me!
Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation:
I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.
Cym. Past grace? obedience?
Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.
Cym. That mightst have had the sole son of my queen!
Imo. O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my
throne
A seat for baseness.
Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.
Cym. O thou vile one!
Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus:
You bred him as my playfellow; and he is
A man worth any woman; overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.
Cym. What, art thou mad!
Imo. Almost, sir: heaven restore me!—Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!
Cym. Thou foolish thing!—

Re-enter Queen.

They were again together: you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.
Queen. Beseech your patience.—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace!—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.
Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [*Exeunt Cymbeline and Lords.*
Queen. Fie! you must give way.

Enter PISANIO.

Here is your servant.—How now, sir! What news?
Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.
Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?
Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part.—
To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—
I would they were in Afric both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back.—Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command: he would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When 't pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk awhile.

Imo. About some half-hour hence,
I(9) pray you, speak with me: you shall at least
Go see my lord aboard: for this time leave me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A public place.*

Enter CLOTEN *and two* Lords.

First Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice: where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it.—Have I hurt him?

Sec. Lord [*aside*]. No, faith; not so much as his patience.

First Lord. Hurt him! his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt: it is a throughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

Sec. Lord [*aside*]. His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside the town.

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

Sec. Lord [*aside*]. No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.

First Lord. Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

Sec. Lord [*aside*]. As many inches as you have oceans.—Puppies!

Clo. I would they had not come between us.

Sec. Lord [*aside*]. So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

Sec. Lord [*aside*]. If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned.

First Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: she's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

Sec. Lord [*aside*]. She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!

Sec. Lord [*aside*]. I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

Clo. You'll go with us?

First Lord.(7) I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

Sec. Lord. Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A room in* CYMBELINE'S *palace.*

Enter IMOGEN *and* PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. It was, "His queen, his queen!"

Imo. Then wav'd his handerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this(8) eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of 's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd them, but
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.—

I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Rome. An apartment in* PHILARIO'S *house.*

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, *a* Frenchman, *a* Dutchman, *and a* Spaniard.

Iach. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnished than now he is with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter,—wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own,—words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment,—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less(9) quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.—Here comes the Briton: let him be so entertained amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine: how worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunned to go even with what I heard than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon my mended judgment,—if I offend not(10) to say it is mended,—my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses; this gentleman at that time vouching (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptable, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair and as good,—a kind of hand-in-hand comparison,—had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but(11) believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given, if(12) there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so,(13) your brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress; make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you 're worthy of by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more,—a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on the approbation of what I have spoke!

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are afraid,(14) and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: but I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return:—let there be covenants drawn between 's: my mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods, it is one.—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours;—provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us.—Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced,—you not making

it appear otherwise,—for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand,—a covenant: we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve:(15) I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Britain. A room in* CYMBELINE'S *palace.*

Enter Queen, Ladies, *and* CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew 's on ground, gather those flowers;
Make haste: who has the note of them?

First Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Dispatch.— [*Exeunt Ladies.*

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam: [*Presenting a small box.*

But I beseech your grace, without offence,—
My conscience bids me ask,—wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But, though slow, deadly?

Queen. I wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,—
Unless thou think'st me devilish,—is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as

We count not worth the hanging,—but none human,—
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues and effects.

Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.—
[*Aside.*] Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him
Will I first work: he's for his master,
And enemy to my son.—

Enter PISANIO.

How now, Pisanio!—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

Cor. [*aside*] I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm.

Queen. Hark thee, a word. [*To Pisanio.*

Cor. [*aside*] I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
Will stupify and dull the sense awhile;
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterward up higher: but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking-up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think in time
She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:

When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then
As great as is thy master; greater,—for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp: return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day that comes comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans,—
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,
[*The Queen drops the box: Pisanio takes it up.*
So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know
What is more cordial:—nay, I prithee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest(16) on; but think
Thou hast thy mistress still,—to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
Think on my words. [*Exit Pisanio.*
A sly and constant knave;
Not to be shak'd: the agent for his master;
And the remembrancer of her to hold
The hand-fast to her lord.—I have given him that,
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers for her sweet; and which she after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd
To taste of too.

Re-enter PISANIO *and* Ladies.

So, so;—well done, well done:

The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet.—Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*
Pis. And shall do:
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stol'n,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire(17) that's glorious: bless'd be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO *and* IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my lord with letters.
Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [*Presents a letter.*
Imo. Thanks, good sir:
You're kindly welcome.
Iach. [*aside*] All of her that is out of door most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.
Imo. [*reads*] "He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust—(18) LEONATUS."

So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—
What, are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop(19)
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd(20) beach? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other: nor i' the judgment;
For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: nor i' the appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyèd will,—
That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub
Both fill'd and running,—ravening first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well.—Beseech you, sir, desire
[*To Pisanio.*
My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [*Exit.*

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.
Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.
Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton,—
Your lord, I mean,—laughs from's free lungs, cries, "O,
Can my sides hold, to think that man,—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be,—will his free hours languish for
Assurèd bondage?"
Imo. Will my lord say so?
Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter:
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.
Imo. Not he, I hope.
Iach. Not he: but yet heaven's bounty towards him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you,—which I account[21] his, beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.
Imo. What do you pity, sir?
Iach. Two creatures heartily.
Imo. Am I one, sir?
You look on me: what wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity?
Iach. Lamentable! What,
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?
Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers

To my demands. Why do you pity me?
Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.
Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me: pray you,—
Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born,—discover to me
What both you spur and stop.
Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing(22) it only here;—should I (damn'd then)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood, as
With labour); then by-peeping(23) in an eye
Base and unlustrous(24) as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow,—it were fit
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.
Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.
Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.
Imo. Let me hear no more.
Iach. O dearest soul, your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick! A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
Would make the great'st king double,—to be partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition

Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd!
How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,—
As I have such a heart that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse,—if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure.

Imo. What, ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st,—as base as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us,—he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter who
He not respects at all.—What, ho, Pisanio!—

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say:
The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness

Her assur'd credit.—Blessèd live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies into(25) him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men like a descended(26) god:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know cannot err: the love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir: take my power i' the court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord, myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.(27)

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,—
The best feather of our wing,—have mingled sums
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage: may it please you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety: since

My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bedchamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word
By lengthening my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains:
But not away to-morrow!

Iach. O, I must, madam:
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:
I have outstood my time; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you. You're very welcome. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Britain. Court before* CYMBELINE'S *palace.*

Enter CLOTEN *and two* Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack, upon an up-cast to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on't: and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

First Lord. What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

Sec. Lord [*aside*]. If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha?

Sec. Lord. No, my lord; [*aside*] nor crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog!—I give(28) him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank!

Sec. Lord [*aside*]. To have smelt like a fool.

Clo. I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth,—A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every Jack-slave hath his bellyful of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

Sec. Lord [*aside*]. You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

Clo. Sayest thou?

First Lord.(29) It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

Sec. Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

First Lord. Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night?(30)

Clo. A stranger, and I not know on't!

Sec. Lord [*aside*]. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

First Lord. There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

First Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in't?

First Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

Sec. Lord [*aside*]. You are a fool granted; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate.

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian: what I have lost to-day at bowls I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

Sec. Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt Cloten and First Lord.*

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st,—
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou mayst stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land! [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same.* IMOGEN'S *bedchamber in* CYMBELINE'S *palace: a trunk in one corner of it.*

IMOGEN *in bed, reading; a* Lady *attending.*

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours, then: mine eyes are weak:
Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly. [*Exit Lady.*
To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye! [*Sleeps. Iachimo comes from the trunk.*

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,

How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the taper
Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
To see the enclosèd lights, now canopied
Under these windows, white and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design,
To note the chamber: I will write all down:—
Such and such pictures;—there the window;—such
The adornment of her bed;—the arras, figures,
Why, such and such;—and the contents o' the story,—
Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner movables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory:—
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—
[*Taking off her bracelet.*
As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!—
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord.—On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip: here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more. To what end?
Why should I write this down, that's riveted,(31)
Screw'd to my memory?—She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down
Where Philomel gave up.—I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.—
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
May bare(32) the raven's eye! I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. [*Clock strikes.*
One, two, three,—Time, time!
[*Goes into the trunk. Scene closes.*

SCENE III. *The same. An ante-chamber adjoining* IMOGEN'S *apartments in the same.*

Enter CLOTEN *and* Lords.

First Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

First Lord. But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It's almost morning, is't not?

First Lord. Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come: I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say it will penetrate.—

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: if you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty is:[33]
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise!

Clo. So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice[34] in her ears, which horse-hairs and calves'-guts,[35] nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend. [*Exeunt Musicians.*

Sec. Lord. Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late; for that's the reason I

was up so early: he cannot choose but take this service I have done fatherly.

Enter CYMBELINE *and* Queen.

Good morrow to your majesty and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter? Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assailed her with music,(36) but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king,
Who lets go by no vantages that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly solicits,(37) and be friended
With aptness of the season; make denials
Increase your services; so seem as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless! not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.

[*Exeunt Cymbeline, Queen, Lords, and Messenger.*

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still and dream.—By your leave, ho!— [*Knocks.*

I know her women are about her: what
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man: what
Can it not do and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not understand the case myself.—
By your leave. [*Knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?
Clo. A gentleman.
Lady. No more?
Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.
Lady. That's more
Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?
Clo. Your lady's person: is she ready?
Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.
Clo. There is gold for you;
Sell me your good report.
Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess!

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand.
[*Exit Lady.*
Imo. Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.
Clo. Still, I swear I love you.
Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.
Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say, I yield being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity,—
To accuse myself,—I hate you; which I had rather
You felt than make 't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,—
One bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court,—it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,—
Yet who than he more mean?—to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown; and must not soil[38]
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd

The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above[39] thee,
Were they all made such men.

Enter PISANIO.

How now, Pisanio![40]

Clo. His garment![41] Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently,—

Clo. His garment!

Imo. I am sprited with a fool;
Frighted, and anger'd worse:—go bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's; shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think
I saw't this morning: confident I am
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:
I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go and search. [*Exit Pisanio.*

Clo. You have abus'd me:—
His meanest garment!

Imo. Ay, I said so, sir:
If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:
She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So, I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*

Clo. I'll be reveng'd:—
His meanest garment!—Well. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Rome. An apartment in* PHILARIO'S *house.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and* PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold her honour
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come: in these sear'd(42) hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness and your company
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do's commission throughly: and I think
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,—
Statist though I am none, nor like to be,—
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions(43) now in Gallia sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: their discipline
(Now mingled(44) with their courage) will make known
To their approvers they are people such
That mend upon the world.

Phi. See! Iachimo!

Enter IACHIMO.

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.
Iach. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.
Post. And therewithal the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.
Iach. Here are letters for you.
Post. Their tenour good, I trust.
Iach. 'Tis very like.
Phi.(45) Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court
When you were there?
Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.
Post. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?
Iach. If I had(46) lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.
Post. The stone's too hard to come by.
Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.
Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.
Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.
Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours: if not, the foul opinion

You had of her pure honour gains or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves(47) both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bedchamber,—
Where, I confess, I slept not; but profess
Had that was well worth watching,—it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats or pride: a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value; which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was—(48)

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted: her andirons,—

I had forgot them,—were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.
Post. This is her honour!—
Let it be granted you have seen all this,—and praise
Be given to your remembrance,—the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.
Iach. Then, if you can,
[*Pulling out the bracelet.*
Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!—
And now 'tis up again: it must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.
Post. Jove!—
Once more let me behold it: is it that
Which I left with her?
Iach. Sir,—I thank her,—that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me, and said
She priz'd it once.
Post. May be she pluck'd it off
To send it me.
Iach. She writes so to you, doth she?
Post. O, no, no, no! 'tis true. Here, take this too;
[*Gives the ring.*
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't.—Let there be no honour
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man: the vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing.—
O, above measure false!
Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable she lost it; or
Who knows if one o' her women,(49) being corrupted,
Hath stol'n it from her?
Post. Very true;

And so, I hope, he came by't.—Back my ring:
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stol'n.
Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.
Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true,—nay, keep the ring,—'tis true: I am sure
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn and honourable:—they induc'd to steal it!
And by a stranger!—No, he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.—
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!
Phi. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of.
Post. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.
Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying,—under her breast
(Worthy the(50) pressing) lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: by my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?
Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.
Iach. Will you hear more?
Post. Spare your arithmetic: never count the turns;
Once, and a million!
Iach. I'll be sworn,—
Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou'st made me cuckold.
Iach. I'll deny nothing.
Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there and do't; i' the court; before

Her father :—I'll do something— [*Exit.*
Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience!—You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.
Iach. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O, vengeance, vengeance!—
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow:—O, all the devils!—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not?—
Or less,—at first?—perchance he spoke not, but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,(51)
Cried "O!" and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard.—Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longing,(52) slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd,(53) nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part or all; but rather, all;

For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them:—yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Britain. A room of state in* CYMBELINE'S *palace.*

Enter, from one side, CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, *and* Lords; *from the other,* CAIUS LUCIUS *and* Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar,—whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever,—was in this Britain
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,—
Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it,—for him
And his succession granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from 's, to resume
We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors; together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbèd and palèd in

With rocks(54) unscalable and roaring waters;
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of "Came, and saw, and overcame:" with shame,—
The first that ever touch'd him,—he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,—
Poor ignorant baubles!—on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point,—
O giglot fortune!—to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other of them may have crooked noses; but to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say I am one; but I have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition,—
Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world,—against all colour, here
Did put the yoke upon 's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be.

Clo. We do.(55)

Cym. Say, then, to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which
Ordain'd our laws,—whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,

Though Rome be therefore angry;—Mulmutius made our laws,
Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar,—
Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers,—thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then:—war and confusion
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted.—Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms,—a precedent
Which not to read would show the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter PISANIO, *with a letter.*

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster 's her accuser?(56)—Leonatus!
O master! what a strange infection

Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian
(As poisonous-tongu'd as handed) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal! No:
She 's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue.—O my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low as were
Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity
So much as this fact comes to? [*Reading*] "Do't: the letter(57)
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity:"—O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,
Art thou a fedary for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without?—Lo, here she comes.—
I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. How now, Pisanio!

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord,—Leonatus?
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are asunder,—let that grieve him,—
(Some griefs are med'cinable; that is one of them,
For it doth physic love);—of his content,
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—bless'd be
You bees that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike:
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods! [*Reads.*

"Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his do-

minion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes.(58) Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: what your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS."

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio,
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—
O, let me bate,—but not like me;—yet long'st,—
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
For mine's beyond beyond,) say, and speak thick,—
Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense,—how far it is
To this same blessèd Milford: and, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
To inherit such a haven: but, first of all,
How we may steal from hence; and for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
And our return, to excuse:—but first, how get hence:
Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride(59)
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you, and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf:—but this is foolery:—
Go bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She'll home to her father: and provide me presently
A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man: nor here, nor here,

Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee;
Do as I bid thee: there's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Wales: a mountainous country with a cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop,(60) boys: this gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens, and bows you
To a morning's holy office:(61) the gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport: up to yond hill,
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off:
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see;
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check,
Richer than doing nothing for a bauble,(62)
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em(63) fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledg'd,

Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor know not
What air's from home. Haply this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you
That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age: but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed;
A prison for(61) a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the fox for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat:
Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,
As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that
The fear's as bad as falling: the toil o' the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame and honour; which dies i' the search;
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure:—O boys, this story
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
With Roman swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in one night,
A storm or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing,—as I have told you oft,—
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans: so,
Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years,
This rock and these demesnes have been my world:
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; paid
More pious debts to heaven than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains!
This is not hunters' language:—he that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys.
[*Exeunt Guiderius and Arviragus.*
How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine: and, though train'd up thus meanly
I' the cave wherein they(65) bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say, "Thus mine enemy fell,
And thus I set my foot on's neck;" even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal
(Once Arviragus), in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
His own conceiving.—Hark, the game is rous'd!—
O Cymbeline! heaven and my conscience knows
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
At three and two years old, I stole these babes;

Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her(66) grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father.—The game is up. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The same. Near Milford-Haven.*

Enter PISANIO *and* IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand:—ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now:—Pisanio! man!
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staider senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If't be summer news,
Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's hand!
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man: thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [*reads*] "Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee oppor-

tunity at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose: where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal."

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to's bed, is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false! Thy conscience witness:—Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting,(67) hath betray'd him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villany; not born where't grows,
But worn a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were, in his time, thought false; and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
From most true wretchedness: so thou, Posthumus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjur'd
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience: look!

I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief:
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it: do his bidding; strike.
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's: against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart:—
Something's afore't:(68)—soft, soft! we'll no defence;
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
And thou, Posthumus,(69) that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Prithee, dispatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this business
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind(70) first.
Imo. Wherefore, then,
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent; whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?
Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment; in the which
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.
Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.
Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.
Imo. Most like,—
Bringing me here to kill me.
Pis. Not so, neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be
But that my master is abus'd:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursèd injury.
Imo. Some Roman courtezan.
Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.
Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?
Pis. If you'll back to the court,—

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,—([71])
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.
Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.
Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in't;
In a great pool a swan's nest: prithee, think
There's livers out of Britain.
Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind([72])
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That which, to appear itself, must not yet be
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty([73]) and full of view; yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus,—so nigh at least
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear
As truly as he moves.
Imo. O, for such means,
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure!
Pis. Well, then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness,—
The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self,—into a waggish courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrelous as the weasel; nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it,—but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy!—to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan; and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein

You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit
('Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you're happy,—which you'll(74) make him know,
If that his head have ear in music,—doubtless
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad,
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Prithee, away:
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us: this attempt
I am soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen:
What's in't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood:—may the gods
Direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen: I thank thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. A room in* CYMBELINE'S *palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, *and* Lords.

Cym. Thus far; and so, farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.
My emperor hath wrote; I must from hence;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.
Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.
Luc. So, sir,(75) I desire of you
A conduct over-land to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befal your grace and you!(76)
Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit.—
So, farewell, noble Lucius.
Luc. Your hand, my lord.
Clo. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.
Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner: fare you well.
Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness!
[*Exeunt Lucius and Lords.*
Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us
That we have given him cause.
Clo. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.
Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.
Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.
Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: she looks(77) us like

A thing more made of malice than of duty:
We have noted it.—Call her before us; for
We have been too slight in sufferance. [*Exit an Attendant.*
Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,(78)
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?
Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud'st(79) of noise we make.
Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.
Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear
Prove false! [*Exit.*
Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.
Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.
Queen. Go, look after.—
[*Exit Cloten.*
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!—
He hath a drug of mine; I pray his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthumus: gone she is

To death or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: she being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son!

Clo. 'Tis certain she is fled.
Go in and cheer the king: he rages; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better: may
This night forestall him of the coming day! [*Exit.*

Clo. I love and hate her: for she's fair and royal,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all,—I love her therefore: but,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare is chok'd; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools
Shall—

Enter PISANIO.

Who is here? What, are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither: ah, you precious pander! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter—
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home

What is become of her.

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is at once,
At the next word,—no more of worthy lord,—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*

Clo. Let's see't.—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. [*aside*] Or this, or perish.
She's far enough; and what he learns by this
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Hum!

Pis. [*aside*] I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again!

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know 't.—Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service, undergo those employments wherein I should have cause to use thee with a serious industry,—that is, what villany soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly,—I would think thee an honest man: thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me?—for since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not, in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine,—wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand; here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven!—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon:—even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would these garments were come. She said upon a time,—the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart,—that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body,—and when my lust hath dined (which, as I say, to vex her I will execute in the clothes that she so praised),—to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, *with the clothes.*

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford: would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true. [*Exit.*

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true.—To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursu'st.—Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her!—This fool's speed
Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed! [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *The same. Wales: before the cave of* BELARIUS.

Enter IMOGEN, *in boy's clothes.*

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one:

I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think
Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me
I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: to lapse in fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars.—My dear lord!
Thou art one o' the false ones: now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food.—But what is this?
Here is a path to't: 'tis some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother.—Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
Take or lend. Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heavens! [*Goes into the cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman, and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I
Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what's homely savoury: weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am throughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll browse on that,
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay; come not in.
[*Looking into the cave.*
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Re-enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd or bought what I have took: good troth,
I have stol'n naught; nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i' the floor.(80) Here's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
And 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fall'n in this offence.

Bel. Prithee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks to stay and eat it.—

Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard but be your groom:—in honesty,
I bid for you as I do(81) buy.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:—
And such a welcome as I'd give to him
After long absence, such as yours:—most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends,
If brothers.(82)—[*Aside*] Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. Would I could free't!

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys.
[*Whispering.*

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them,—laying by
That nothing gift of differing multitudes,—
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus' false.(83)

Bel. It shall be so.
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Rome. A public place.*

Enter two Senators *and* Tribunes.

First Sen. This is the tenour of the emperor's writ,—
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fall'n-off Britons; that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius pro-consul: and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commends(84)
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!

First Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

Sec. Sen. Ay.

First Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

First Sen. With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant: the words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their dispatch.

First Tri. We will discharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Britain. Wales: the forest near the cave of* BELARIUS.

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather,—saving reverence of the word,—for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself,—

for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber,—I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperceiverant(85) thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy(86) face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father; who may haply be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. Before the cave of* BELARIUS.

Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, *and* IMOGEN.

Bel. [*to Imogen*] You are not well: remain here in the cave;
We'll come to you after hunting.
Arv. [*to Imogen*] Brother, stay here:
Are we not brothers?
Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.
Gui. Go you to hunting; I'll abide with him.
Imo. So sick I am not,—yet I am not well;
But not so citizen a wanton as
To seem to die ere sick: so please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me: society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,

Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it:
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What? how! how!

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason 's without reason: the bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
"My father, not this youth."

Bel. [*aside*] O noble strain!
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.
I'm not their father; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.—
'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health.—So please you, sir.

Imo. [*aside*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!
Our courtiers say all's savage but at court:
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!
The imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still; heart-sick:—Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug.(87) [*Swallows some.*

Gui. I could not stir him:
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field!—
We'll leave you for this time: go in and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.
Imo. Well or ill,
I am bound to you.
Bel. And shalt be ever.
[*Exit Imogen into the cave.*
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had
Good ancestors.
Arv. How angel-like he sings!
Gui. But his neat cookery![88] he cut our roots in characters;
And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.
Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh,—as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.
Gui. I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him[89] both,
Mingle their spurs together.
Arv. Grow, patience![90]
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine!
Bel. It is great morning. Come, away!—Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me:—I am faint.
Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he.—We are held as outlaws: hence!
Gui. He is but one: you and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him. [*Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.*
Clo. Soft!—What are you

That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?(91)
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?
Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er than answering
A slave without a knock.
Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.
Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee?
Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?
Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.
Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.
Gui. Hence, then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loth to beat thee.
Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.
Gui. What's thy name?
Clo. Cloten, thou villain.
Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it: were it toad, or adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.
Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I am son to the queen.
Gui. I am sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.
Clo. Art not afeard?
Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear,—the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.
Clo. Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,

I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Re-enter BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world: you did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell:—long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment
Is oft the cure[92] of fear.—But, see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS *with* CLOTEN'S *head.*

Gui. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse,—
There was no money in't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads where (thank[93] the gods!) they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,
Play judge and executioner, all himself,

For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humour(94)
Was nothing but mutation,—ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone: although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head; the which he hearing,
(As it is like him) might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reck. [*Exit.*

Bel. I fear 'twill be reveng'd:
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursu'd me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through,
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:—
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I prithee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.
Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: to gain his colour
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*
Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how(95) thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder(96)
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility not seen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother: his body's hostage
For his return. [*Solemn music.*
Bel. My ingenious(97) instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!
Gui. Is he at home?
Bel. He went hence even now.
Gui. What does he mean? since death of my dear'st mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things

Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms
Of what we blame him for!

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, *bearing* IMOGEN, *as dead, in his arms.*

Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare(98)
Might easiliest harbour in?—Thou blessèd thing!
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?

Arv. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagu'd: I thought he slept; and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.(99)

Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,

I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would,
With charitable bill,—O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!—bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. Prithee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave!

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once(100) our mother; use like note and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it, then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys:
And, though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that: though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust, yet reverence
(That angel of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.
[*Exit Belarius.*

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;
My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on, then, and remove him.

Arv. So.—Begin.

SONG.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash,

Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;

Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash;

Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:

Both. All lovers young, all lovers must,
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee!

Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!

Both. Quiet consummation have;
And renownèd be thy grave!

Re-enter BELARIUS *with the body of* CLOTEN.

Gui. We have done our obsequies: come, lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers; but 'bout midnight, more:
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night

Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces.—
You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
The ground that gave them first has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is[101] their pain.

[*Exeunt Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*

Imo. [*awaking*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which is the way?—
I thank you.—By yond bush?—Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pittikins! can it be six mile yet?—
I have gone all night:—faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedfellow:—O gods and goddesses!

[*Seeing the body of Cloten.*

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope I dream;
For so[102] I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: but 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear: but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man!—The garments of Posthumus!
I know the shape of's leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face—
Murder in heaven?—How!—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspir'd with that irregulous devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord.—To write and read
Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forgèd letters,—damn'd Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top!—O Posthumus! alas,

Where is thy head? where's that? Ay me! where's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this(103) head on.—How should this be? Pisanio?
'Tis he and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's:(104) O!—
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seem to those
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

Enter LUCIUS, *a* Captain *and other* Officers, *and a* Soothsayer.

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
You here at Milford-Haven with your ships:
They are(105) in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the cónfiners
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,
What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision,—
I fast and pray'd for their intelligence,—thus:—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends,—
Unless my sins abuse my divination,—
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here

Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather;
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He's alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll, then, instruct us of this body.—Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for it seems
They crave to be demanded. Who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain:—alas!
There is[106] no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many,[107] all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining than
Thy master in bleeding: say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ.—[*Aside*] If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon it.—Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,

I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;
And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee than master thee.—
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave: come, arm him.—Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A room in* CYMBELINE'S *palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, PISANIO, *and* Attendants.

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her.
A fever with the absence of her son; [*Exit an Attendant.*
A madness, of which her life's in danger,—Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: it strikes me, past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will: but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

First Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here:
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,—
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome.—
We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy [*To Pisanio.*
Does yet depend.

First Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and queen!—
I am amaz'd with matter.

First Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you're ready:
The want is, but to put those powers in motion
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you. Let's withdraw;
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away!
[*Exeunt all except Pisanio.*

Pis. I heard(108) no letter from my master since
I wrote him Imogen was slain: 'tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings; neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all:—the heavens still must work.
Wherein I am false I am honest; not true, to be true:
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The same. Wales: before the cave of* BELARIUS.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we[109] in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? This way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death,—we being not known, not muster'd
Among the bands,—may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from 's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt
In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely
That when they hear the[110] Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and

The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: what thing(111) is it that I never
Did see man die! scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison!
Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel! I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans!

Arv. So say I,—Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys!
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead.—[*Aside*] The time seems long; their blood thinks scorn,
Till it fly out, and show them princes born. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Britain. The Roman camp.*

Enter POSTHUMUS, *with a bloody handkerchief.*

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I am(112) wish'd
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For wrying but a little!—O Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this: so had you sav'd
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
Me wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.(113)
But Imogen is your own: do your best wills,
And make me bless'd to obey!—I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose:—I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me than my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!

To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion,—less without and more within. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. A field between the British and Roman camps.*

Enter, from one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, IMOGEN, *and the* Roman Army; *from the other side, the* British Army; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS *following, like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Alarums. Then enter again, in skirmish,* IACHIMO *and* POSTHUMUS: *he vanquisheth and disarmeth* IACHIMO, *and then leaves him.*

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [*Exit.*

The battle continues; the Britons *fly;* CYMBELINE *is taken: then enter, to his rescue,* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us but
The villany of our fears.

Gui. Arv. Stand, stand, and fight!

Re-enter POSTHUMUS, *and seconds the* Britons: *they rescue* CYMBELINE, *and exeunt. Then re-enter* LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *and* IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder 's such
As war were hoodwink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
Let's re-enforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Another part of the field.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and a* British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?
Post. I did:
Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.
Lord. I did.
Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: the king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.
Lord. Where was this lane?
Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for 's country:—athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings (lads more like to run
The country base than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame),
Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,
"Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save,
But to look back in frown: stand, stand!"—These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many,—
For three performers are the file when all
The rest do nothing,—with this word, "Stand, stand,"
Accommodated by the place, more charming

With their own nobleness (which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance), gilded pale looks,
Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd coward
But by example,—O, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners!—gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon
A rout, confusion thick: forthwith they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
The strides they(114) victors made: and now our cowards
(Like fragments in hard voyages) became
The life o' the need; having found the back-door open
Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they wound!
Some slain before; some dying; some their friends
O'er-borne i' the former wave: ten, chas'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those that would die or e'er resist are grown
The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance,—
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
"Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane."

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend;
For if he'll do as he is made to do,
I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell; you're angry. [*Exit.*

Post. Still going?—This is a lord! O noble misery,—
To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me!
To-day how many would have given their honours
To have sav'd their carcasses! took heel to do't,
And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,

Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find him:
For being now a favourer to the Briton,
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
The part I came in: fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the answer be
Britons must take: for me, my ransom's death;
On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains *and* Soldiers.

First Cap. Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken:
'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.

Sec. Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave the affront with them.

First Cap. So 'tis reported:
But none of 'em can be found.—Stand! who's there?

Post. A Roman;
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.

Sec. Cap. Lay hands on him; a dog!—
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here:—he brags his service
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

Enter CYMBELINE, *attended;* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, *and* Roman Captives. *The* Captains *present* POSTHUMUS *to* CYMBELINE, *who delivers him over to a* Gaoler: *after which, all go out.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A prison.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and two* Gaolers.

First Gaol. You shall not now be stol'n, you have locks upon you;
So, graze as you find pasture.

Sec. Gaol. Ay, or a stomach.

[*Exeunt Gaolers.*

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity than be cur'd
By the sure physician, death; who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks and wrists: you good gods, give me
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is't enough I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd more than constrain'd: to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me than my all.
I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement: that's not my desire:
For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:
You rather mine, being yours: and so, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds.—O Imogen!
I'll speak to thee in silence. [*Sleeps.*

Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, *father to* POSTHUMUS, *an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to* POSTHU-

MUS, *with music before them: then, after other music, follow the two young* LEONATI, *brothers to* POSTHUMUS, *with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle* POSTHUMUS *round, as he lies sleeping.*

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show
Thy spite on mortal flies:
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I died whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending nature's law:
Whose father then (as men report,
Thou orphans' father art,)
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

First Bro. When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel;
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geck and scorn
O' the other's villany?

Sec. Bro. For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain;
Our fealty and Tenantius' right
With honour to maintain.

First Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due;
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;(115)
No longer exercise
Upon a valiant race thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help;
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest
Against thy deity.

Both Bro. Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER *descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunderbolt. The* Ghosts *fall on their knees.*

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush! How dare you ghosts
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?

Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents oppress;
No care of yours it is; you know 'tis ours.
Whom best I love I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine:
And so, away: no further with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*

Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
More sweet than our bless'd fields: his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof.—Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest. [*Ghosts vanish.*

Post. [*waking*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot
A father to me; and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers: but (O scorn!)
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born:
And so I am awake.—Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O rare one!

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise. [*Reads.*

"Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty."

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter First Gaoler.

First Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

First Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir: if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

First Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern-bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty,—the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness: O, of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debitor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge:—your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

First Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hang-

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd
I will report, so please you: these her women
Can trip me, if I err; who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Prithee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this;
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, lingering,
By inches waste you: in which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show; and[118] in time,
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown:
But, failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so,
Despairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

First Lady. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard[119] her flattery; nor my heart,

iat thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious
› have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
iat it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
nd prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

ter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *the* Soothsayer, *and other* Roman Prisoners, *guarded;* POSTHUMUS *behind, and* IMOGEN.

hou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
he Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
f many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit
hat their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
f you their captives, which ourself have granted:
›, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
'as yours by accident; had it gone with us,
'e should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
ur prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
'ill have it thus, that nothing but our lives
ay be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth
Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
ugustus lives to think on't: and so much
or my peculiar care. This one thing only
will entreat; my boy, a Briton born,
et him be ransom'd: never master had
page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
› tender over his occasions, true,
› feat, so nurse-like: let his virtue join
'ith my request, which I'll make bold your highness
annot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
hough he have serv'd a Roman: save him, sir,
nd spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him:
is favour is familiar to me.—Boy,
hou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
nd art mine own.—I know not why, nor(120) wherefore,
› say, live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live:
nd ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
itting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it;
ea, though thou do demand a prisoner,

The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no: alack,
There's other work in hand: I see a thing
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy?
I love thee more and more: think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.*

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arv. One sand another[121]
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad
Who died, and was Fidele.—What think you?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear;
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead.[122]

Bel. Be silent; let's see further.

Pis. [*aside*] It is my mistress:

Since she is living, let the time run on
To good or bad. [*Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.*
Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud.—[*To Iachimo*] Sir, step you forth;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.
Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.
Post. [*aside*] What's that to him?
Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say
How came it yours?
Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.
Cym. How! me?
Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
Which(123) torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring: 'twas Leonatus' jewel;
Whom thou didst banish; and,—which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me,—a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?
Cym. All that belongs to this.
Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.
Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.
Iach. Upon a time,—unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!—it was in Rome,—accurs'd
The mansion where!—'twas at a feast,—O, would
Our viands had been poison'd, or at least
Those which I heav'd to head!—the good Posthumus,—
What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones,—sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast

Of him that best could speak; for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye,—
Cym. I stand on fire:
Come to the matter.
Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.—This Posthumus,—
Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover,—took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd,—therein
He was as calm as virtue,—he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.
Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.
Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: whereat I, wretch,
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of 's bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of 's car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design:—well may you, sir,
Remember me at court; where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;

And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,—
O cunning, how I got it![124]—nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
Methinks, I see him now,—

Post. [*coming forward*] Ay, so thou dost,
Italian fiend!—Ay me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all the abhorrèd things o' the earth amend
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus; and
Be villany less than 'twas!—O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part. [*Striking her: she falls.*

Pis. O, gentlemen, help![125]
Mine and your mistress!—O, my lord Posthumus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now.—Help, help!—
Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing: I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods!—
I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: "If Pisanio
Have," said she, "given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat."

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft impórtun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but in short time
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,
There was our error.

Gui. This is, sure, Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,

Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child!
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your blessing, sir. [*Kneeling.*

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;
You had a motive for't. [*To Guiderius and Arviragus.*

Cym. My tears that fall
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord.

Cym. O, she was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet here so strangely: but her son
Is gone, we know not how nor where.

Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,
I had a feignèd letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he enforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forfend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: prithee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most incivil one: the wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,

If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head;
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.
Cym. I am sorry(126) for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: thou'rt dead.
Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.
Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.
Bel. Stay, sir king:
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.(127)—Let his arms alone; [*To the Guard.*
They were not born for bondage.
Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?
Arv. In that he spake too far.
Cym. And thou shalt die for't.
Bel. We will die all three:
But I will prove that two on 's are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.
Arv. Your danger's ours.
Gui. And our good his.
Bel. Have at it, then!—
By leave,—thou hadst, great king, a subject who
Was call'd Belarius.
Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.
Bel. He it is that hath
Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how a traitor.
Cym. Take him hence:
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons!

Bel. I am too blunt and saucy: here's my knee:
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue!

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my mere(138) offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes,—
For such and so they are,—these twenty years
Have I train'd up: those arts they have as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't;
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason: their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world:—
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service that you three have done is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children:
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd awhile.—
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.
Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.
Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.
Cym. O, what, am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more.—Bless'd pray(129) you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.
Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you(130) were so indeed.
Cym. Did you e'er meet?
Arv. Ay, my good lord.
Gui. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continu'd so, until we thought he died.
Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.
Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers?(131) how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,

And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance: but nor the time nor place
Will serve our long inter'gatories.(132) See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy: the counterchange
Is severally in all.—Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
Thou art my brother; so we'll hold thee ever. [*To Belarius.*

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd.—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo: I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again: [*Kneeling.*
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you is to spare you;
The malice towards you to forgive you: live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd!
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You holp us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer: as I slept, methought
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it: let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus,—

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [*reads*] "Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty."

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much:
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter, [*To Cymb.*
Which we call *mollis aer;* and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier:* which *mulier* I divine
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stol'n,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,

To the majestic cedar join'd; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.
Cym. Well,
My(133) peace we will begin:—and, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens, in justice, both on her and hers,
Have laid most heavy hand.
Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle,(134) at this instant
Is full accomplish'd; for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.
Cym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crookèd smokes climb to their nostrils
From our bless'd altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through Lud's town march:
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there!—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace. [*Exeunt.*

P. 245. (1) *"the king."*

So Tyrwhitt (and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).—The folio has "*the* Kings."

P. 246. (2) *"calls him Posthumus Leonatus,"* &c.

Here most of the modern editors throw out "*Leonatus,*" for the sake of the metre: but it is necessary for the sense; and various passages in these plays show that Shakespeare (like his contemporary dramatists) occasionally disregarded metre when proper names were to be introduced.

P. 249. (3) *"And sear up my embracements,"* &c.

In this passage "*sear up*" seems to be used simply for *close up.* The same expression, though with a different sense, occurs in Barnes's *Divils Charter,* 1607;

> "The diuill is witnesse with me when I seald it,
> And cauteriz'd this conscience now *seard up*
> To banish out faith, hope, and charity." Sig. B. 2.

(Mr. Singer, in his recent edition, has substituted "*And* seal *up,*" &c.)

P. 249. (4) *"remain thou here*
While sense can keep it on!"

Here "*it*" has been altered to "thee:" but compare some later passages of this play:

> "Euriphile,
> *Thou* wast their nurse; they took *thee* for their mother,
> And every day do honour to *her grave.*" p. 290.
>
> "If *he* be gone, *he'll make his grave* a bed;
> With female fairies will *his tomb* be haunted,
> And worms will not come to *thee.*" p. 312.
>
> "*You* married ones,
> If each of *you* should take this course, how many
> Must murder wives much better than *themselves,*" &c. p. 322.

P. 249. (5) *"thou heapest*
A year's age on me!"

Hanmer printed,

[illegible]

A your's," &c.

Capell,

"*thou keep'st* instead

A your's," &c.

P. 251. (6) "*I pray,*" &c.

The folio omits "*I.*"

P. 252. (7) "First Lord."

Altered by Capell to "*Sec.* Lord."

P. 253. (8) "*with this eye or ear,*" &c.

Warburton's correction.—The folio has "*with* his *eye, or ears,*" &c.

P. 254. (9) "*without less quality.*"

Altered by Rowe to "*without* more *quality.*" But see Malone's note *ad l.*

P. 255. (10) "*if I offend not to say,*" &c.

The folio omits "*not.*"

P. 255. (11) "*I could not but believe,*" &c.

So Malone.—The folio has "*I could not beleeue,*" &c.

P. 256. (12) "*the one may be sold, or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift,*" &c.

The folio has, "*the one may be solde or giuen,* or *if there were* wealth enough *for the* purchases, *or merite for the guift,*" &c.—(and Mr. Collier retains the "or," which he says "obviously" means "either:"—I agree with the other editors in thinking it was inadvertently repeated by the transcriber or compositor).

P. 256. (13) "*so, your brace,*" &c.

Has been altered to "*so,* of *your brace,*" &c.

P. 257. (14) "*You are afraid, and therein the wiser,*" &c.

So Warburton, who observes, "What Iachimo says in [illegible]

[illegible] have been our poet's reading—'but I see you have some religion in you, that you *fear*'." (Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives "*You are* [illegible], *and therein the wiser*," &c.)—The folio has "*You are* a Friend, *and there is the wiser*," &c.; which has been very unsuccessfully defended,—especially by Boswell, who ventures to suggest, "Does it not mean—You show yourself *a friend to your ring*," &c.

P. 258. (15) "*catch cold and starve*," &c.

Mr. Singer, *Shakespeare*, 1856, says that here the "sterue" of the folio has been inconsiderately changed to "*starve*." I do not agree with him. They are one and the same word, whether it be used (as in the present passage) simply in the sense of *perish*, or in that of *dying with hunger*: see Richardson's *Dict.* in v. "*Starve*." (The folio in *Coriolanus*, act iv. sc. 1, has,

"Angers my Meate: I suppe vpon myselfe,
And so shall *sterue* with Feeding,"—

in which passage Mr. Singer prints "*starve* with feeding.")

P. 260. (15) "*Think what a chance thou changest on*," &c.

Has been altered to "*Think what a chance thou* chancest *on*," &c., and to "*Think what a* change *thou* chancest *on*," &c.

P. 261. (17) "*Is the desire that's*," &c.

The folio has "*Is the* desires *that's*," &c.—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 261. (18) "*your trust*— LEONATUS."

[illegible] printed "*your* truest, LEONATUS;" an alteration adopted (as Mason's) [illegible] and by Mr. Singer in his recent edition,—rather hastily I think; [illegible] subsequent words of Imogen, "so far" and "the rest" tell in favour of [illegible]—see Malone *ad l.*

[illegible] "*the rich crop*," &c.

[illegible] "*the rich* cope," &c. (and so Collier's Ms. Corrector.)

[illegible] "*the number'd beach?*"

[illegible] to "*th'* unnumber'd *beach?*" (and so Mr. Collier's Ms. [illegible]

[illegible] *I account his*," &c.

[illegible] *his*," &c.,—as probably the author wrote.

P. 264. (22) "*Fixing it*," &c.

The folio has "Fiering *it*," &c.—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 264. (23) "*by-peeping*," &c.

Johnson reads "lie *peeping*," &c.;—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector "bo-*peeping*," &c.

P. 264. (24) "*Base and unlustrous as*," &c.

The folio has "*Base and* illustrious *as*," &c.—"Corrected by Mr. Rowe. That *illustrious* was not used by our author in the sense of *inlustrous* or *unlustrous*, is proved by a passage in the old comedy of Patient Grissell, 1603: '— the buttons were *illustrious* and resplendent diamonds'." MALONE. — And see Richardson's *Dict.* in v. "*Unlustrous*."—Mr. Collier prints "*Base and* illustrous *as*," &c.; and he is followed by Mr. Singer in his *Shakespeare*, 1856: but Chapman at least uses "illustrous" in a sense the very reverse of what they would have it convey in our text:

> "Telemachus, into a roome built hie,
> Of his *illustrous* court, and to the eie
> Of circular prospect, to his bed ascended," &c.
> *Homer's Odyssey*, B. i. p. 15, ed. fol.

P. 266. (25) "*That he enchants societies into him*," &c.

Altered by the modern editors to "—— *societies* unto *him*," &c.: but there are other passages in these volumes where our author (like the writers of his day) uses "*into*" for "unto."

P. 266. (26) "*a descended god*," &c.

The folio has "*a* defended *God*," &c.—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 266. (27) "*for it concerns*
Your lord, myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business."

Here a semicolon is usually put after "*Your lord*,"—wrongly, I believe; the sense being, "for it concerns your lord, myself, and other noble friends, *who* are partners in the business."

P. 268. (28) "*I give him satisfaction?*"

The folio has "*I* gaue *him*," &c.—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 268. (29) "First Lord."

The folio has "2."

P. 268. (30) "*to court to-night?*"

The folio has "*to Court night.*"—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 270. (31) "*that's riveted,*" &c.

So the third folio.—The first folio has "*thats* riuete," &c.; the second "*thats* riveteds," &c.

P. 270. (32)

"*Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning*
May bare the raven's eye!"

The folio, by a mis-spelling, has "*May* beare *the,*" &c.—Compare a passage in Drout's *Pityfull Historie of Gaulfrido and Barnardo le vayne,* &c., 1570,

"At last *the Rauens did discry*
Aurora to be neare," &c. Sig. F 2.—

"Mr. Barron Field," says Mr. Collier in his note *ad l.*, "thinks that this expression ['May bare the raven's eye'] has been hitherto understood too literally, as meaning that the 'raven's eye' is 'bared,' or *opened,* by the 'dawning': he apprehends that night is here poetically described as 'the raven'." Mr. Singer also (*Shakespeare Vindicated,* &c. p. 304) pronounces it to be "a highly poetical image for returning day opening the eye of night." Now, nobody, I presume, will dispute that "*you dragons of the night*" means "you dragons that draw the chariot of the Night:" here, therefore, Night is a goddess; and can we suppose that in the very next line Shakespeare would turn her into a raven? Besides, how could the "*dawning*" be said to *open the eye of Night?* Do not poets invariably describe Night as betaking herself to repose at the dawn of Day?

"Darknesse is fled: looke, infant Morne hath drawne
Bright siluer curtains 'bout *the couch of Night.*"
Marston's *Antonio's Reuenge,* 1602, sig. B 2.

P. 271. (33) "*With every thing that pretty is,*" &c.

Hanmer printed "—— *that pretty* bin," &c.,—for the sake of a rhyme.

P. 271. (34) "*it is a vice in her ears,*" &c.

The folio has "*it is a* voyce *in,*" &c. (which Mr. Knight deliberately prefers!)

P. 271. (35) "*calves'-guts,*" &c.

Has been altered to "cats'-*guts,*" &c.

P. 272. (36) "*I have assailed her with music,*" &c.

The folio has "—— *with* musickes," &c.,—which some editors retain: but

why should the plural be used here by Cloten, who has previously said, "I would this *music* would come: I am advised to give her *music* o'mornings," &c.,—and "If this penetrate, I will consider your *music* the better," &c.? (I have already more than once noticed that the folio not unfrequently adds *s* to substantives when they manifestly ought to be in the singular number:—afterwards in the present play (p. 275) the folio has "*Clot.* His Garments? Now the diuell.")

P. 272. (37) "*Frame yourself*
To orderly solicits, and be friended
With aptness of the season; make denials
Increase your services; so seem," &c.

The folio has,

"*Frame your selfe*
To orderly solicity, *and*," &c.—

Corrected in the second folio.—Pope printed,

"*Frame yourself*
To orderly solicits; and, befriended
With aptness of the season, make denials
Increase your services; so seem," &c.

But what has Cloten's being "befriended with aptness of the season" to do with his "making denials increase his services?" Mason, however, stumbled on the same alteration; and from him it has been adopted both by Mr. Knight and by Mr. Singer in his recent edition;—Mr. Knight, moreover, reducing the close of this speech to a perfect chaos by altering the punctuation.

P. 274. (38) "*not soil*," &c.

The folio has "*not* foyle," &c.

P. 275. (39) "*than all the hairs above thee*," &c.

Mr. Singer, in his *Shakespeare*, 1856, prints "—— *hairs* about *thee*," &c.

P. 275. (40) "*How now, Pisanio!*"

We have had the same words before (p. 259), and they occur afterwards (p. 285). But qy. are they right here? "*How*" (as I have several times before observed) is frequently the old spelling of "Ho:" and we might expect "What, ho, *Pisanio!*" (as at p. 265).—Since writing the above, I have found that in the modern acting-copy, Imogen is here made to summon Pisanio into her presence,—the old text being altered thus,—

"*Cloten.* How now?
Imog. Pisanio! [*Calling.—Misses her bracelet.*"

P. 275. (41) "*His garment?*" &c.

The folio has "*His* Garments?" &c.—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 276. (42) "*these sear'd hopes,*" &c.

The folio has "*these* fear'd hope," &c.; the second folio "*these* fear'd *hopes,*" &c.—The alteration of "fear'd" to "*sear'd*" is proposed by Tyrwhitt in his copy of the second folio now in the British Museum; and it has been also made by Mr. Knight.—Since the folio, in *Measure for Measure*, act ii. sc. 4, has the misprint, "Growne *feard*, and tedious,"—I cannot think that the original reading here is to be defended on the supposition that "fear'd *hopes*" may mean "fearing hopes" or "hopes mingled with fears,"—like Lucan's "spe trepido" or Petrarch's "paventosa speme."

P. 276. (43) "*The legions now in Gallia,*" &c.

The folio has "*the* legion *now,*" &c. ("So afterwards [p. 304], 'And that *the legions now in Gallia* are,' &c." MALONE.)

P. 276. (44) "*Now mingled with,*" &c.

The folio has "*Now* wing-led *with,*" &c.—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 277. (45) "Phi."

The folio has "*Post.*"

P. 277. (46) "*If I had lost it,*
I should have lost," &c.

The folio has "*If I* haue *lost it,*" &c.: but, though some passages occur in our old writers where "have" seems to be equivalent to "*had,*" the present one cannot, I think, be considered as belonging to that class. (In *Coriolanus*, act iv. sc. 7, the folio has,

"Yet I wish Sir,
(I meane for your particular) you had not
Ioyn'd in Commission with him: but either *haue* borne
The action of your selfe, or else to him, had left it soly.")

P. 278. (47) "*leaves both,*" &c.

The folio has "leaue *both,*" &c.

P. 278. (48) "*Since the true life on't was—*"

Capell printed "*Since the true life* was in it."—Mason proposes "Such *the true life on't was.*"—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives "*Since the true life on't 'twas.*"

P. 279. (49) "*one o' her women*," &c.

The folio has "*one her women*," &c.; the second folio "*one* of *her women*," &c. —Mr. Collier retains the original reading, as elliptical: but in the preceding scene (273) we have,

"I will make
One of her women lawyer to me," &c.

P. 280. (50) "*Worthy the pressing.*"

The folio has "*Worthy* her *pressing.*"

P. 281. (51) "*Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one*," &c.

The folio has "*Like a full Acorn'd Boare, a* Iarmen on," &c.,—"*a* Iarmen on" being merely, as Rowe saw, the old spelling for "*a German one:*" so in the *Sec. Part of Henry IV.* act ii. sc. 1, the quarto of 1600 has "the *Iarman* [i.e. *German*] hunting in waterworke," &c.—Theobald asks, "Is not Westphalia a part of *Germany?* And where are boars more delicately fed, or more likely to be rank and hot after the female, than *German* ones?"—which note having failed to satisfy some recent editors, who still keep wondering why Shakespeare should especially mention *a German* boar, I subjoin the following extract from a very common book: "The forests [of Germany] are plentifully supplied with wild boars, which are reared to a large size. Westphalia is particularly noted for this species of game." *Edin. Encyclop.* (by Brewster), vol. x. 255.—(Here Pope printed "*a*-churning on," &c.; Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*a* foaming *one*," &c.; and Mr. Singer, in his *Shakespeare*, 1856, gives "*a* briming *one*," &c.)

P. 281. (52) "*disdain,*
Nice longing, slanders," &c.

Several modern editors (even Mr. Collier) silently print "*Nice* longings, *slanders*," &c.:—why did they not also change the preceding "*disdain*" to "disdains"?

P. 281. (53) "*All faults that may be nam'd, nay*," &c.

The folio has "*All faults that* name, *nay*," &c.—I give the reading of the second folio; but the alterations in that edition are of no authority; and here perhaps the author wrote "*All faults that* have a name, *nay*," &c.

P. 283. (54) "*With rocks unscalable*," &c.

Hanmer's correction.—The folio has "*With* Oakes *vnskaleable*," &c.

P. 283. (55) "*which to shake off*
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be.

Clo. *We do.*
Cym. *Say, then, to Cæsar,*" &c.

Stands thus in the folio,

"*which to shake off*
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Our selues to be, we do. *Say then to Cæsar*," &c.;

which the modern editors have variously altered,—to,

"*which to shake off*
Becomes a warlike people (which *we reckon*
Ourselves to be) to do. *Say, then, to Cæsar*," &c.

to,

"*which to shake off*
Becomes a warlike people, such as we
Reckon ourselves to be. Say then to Cæsar," &c.

and to,

"*which to shake off*
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be. We do *say, then, to Cæsar*," &c.—

With Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, I restore the words "*we do*" to Cloten; for to him they evidently belong.

P. 284. (55) "*What monster's her accuser?*"

The folio has "*What* Monsters *her* accuse?"

P. 285. (57) "*Do't: the letter*," &c.

"The *words* here read by Pisanio from his master's letter, (which is afterwards [p. 290] given at length, and in prose,) are not found there, though the *substance* of them is contained in it. This is one of many proofs that Shakespeare had no view to the publication of his pieces. There was little danger that such an inaccuracy should be detected by the ear of the spectator, though it could hardly escape an attentive reader." MALONE.—Mr. Knight has contrived to persuade himself that here Pisanio is not reading the letter, but only commenting upon its substance.

P. 286. (58) "*could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes.*"

Has been altered to "*could not be so cruel to me*, but *you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes;*" to "*could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would* not *even renew me with your eyes;*" and more recently (by Mr. Knight) to "*could not be so cruel to me*, an *you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes.*"

P. 286. (59) "*How many score of miles may we well ride,*" &c.

The folio has "*How many* store *of Miles may we well* rid," &c.—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 287. (60) "*Stoop, boys: this gate,*" &c.

Hanmer's correction.—The folio has "Sleepe *Boyes, this gate,*" &c.

P. 287. (61) "*To a morning's holy office,*" &c.

Here the "*a*" would seem to be an addition of the transcriber or printer.

P. 287. (62) "*Richer than doing nothing for a bauble,*" &c.

The folio has "——*for a* babe," &c.,—which Steevens, Capell, and Malone retain, with various interpretations.—Hanmer prints "——*for a* bribe," &c.; Johnson recommends "—— *for a* brabe," &c. (which is adopted by Mr. Singer in his *Shakespeare*, 1856, though he understands "brabe" in a sense different from that which Johnson assigned to it); and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "——*for a* bob," &c.—I read, with Rowe, "——*for a* bauble," &c.,—a slight alteration in fact, since "*bauble*" was often written "bable" (so in *Romeo and Juliet*, act ii. sc. 4, the folio has "like a great Naturall, that runs lolling vp and downe to hid his *bable* in a hole"); and "bable" might easily have been corrupted into "babe."—Malone observes; "The following lines in Drayton's *Owle*, 4to, 1604, may add some support [more than some, I think] to Rowe's emendation, '*bable*' or '*bauble*;'

> 'Which with much sorrow brought into my minde
> Their wretched soules, so ignorantly blinde,
> (When euen the great'st things in the world vnstable,)
> Clyme but to fall, and *damned for a bable.*' [Sig. B.]"

P. 287. (63) "*that makes 'em fine,*" &c.

The folio has "*that makes* him *fine,*" &c. (We find frequent instances of "him" and "*'em*" or "*them*" having been confounded by transcribers and printers: see note (39).)

P. 288. (64) "*A prison for a debtor, that not dares*
To stride a limit."

The folio has "*A Prison*, or *a Debtor*," &c. (which Mr. Hunter thinks the "better" reading. *New Illust. of Shakespeare*, ii. 294).

P. 289. (65) "*wherein they bow,*" &c.

Warburton's correction.—The folio has "whereon the *Bowe*," &c.

P. 290. ([65]) "*they took thee for their mother,*
And every day do honour to her grave," &c.

See note ([4]).

P. 291. ([67]) "*Whose mother was her painting,*" &c.

Hanmer printed "*Whose* feathers are *her painting,*" &c.; Capell, "*Whose* feather *was her painting,*" &c.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives "Who smothers her with *painting,*" &c.,—to the examination of which reading Mr. Halliwell has devoted a whole pamphlet.

P. 292. ([68]) "*Something's afore't,*" &c.

The folio has "*Something's* a-foot," &c.

P. 292. ([69]) "*And thou, Posthumus, that didst set up*
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt," &c.

Here the usual modern reading is "*And thou, Posthumus,* thou *that didst set up,*" &c.,—rightly, it would seem.—The folio has "*And* makes *me,*" &c.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, not perceiving that "*fellows*" means *equals*, substitutes "followers."

P. 293. ([70]) "*I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.*"

So Hanmer, whose reading has been usually adopted, and is probably the right one.—The folio omits "*blind.*" (Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives "*I'll* crack *mine eye-balls first,*"—which alteration seems to have originated in his recollecting that "eye-*strings*" are sometimes said to be "*cracked.*")

P. 294. ([71]) "*With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,—*
That Cloten," &c.

Theobald printed,

"—— *simple nothing,* Cloten,
That Cloten," &c.

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads,

"—— *that simple,* empty *nothing,*
That Cloten," &c.

(I cannot agree with Mr. Singer, who says (*Shakespeare Vindicated,* &c. p. 308) that "the line is *quite as harmonious* and more effective" without any addition: —I believe it to be, like many other lines in these plays, mutilated by the carelessness of the transcriber or compositor.)

P. 294. ([72]) "*if you could wear a mind*
Dark as your fortune is," &c.

Theobald, at Warburton's suggestion, printed "*if you could wear a* mien," &c.—But, observes Johnson, "to wear a *dark mind* is to carry a mind impenetrable to the search of others.—*Darkness*, applied to the *mind*, is *secrecy*; applied to the *fortune*, is *obscurity*."

P. 294. ([73]) "*Pretty and full of view*," &c.

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "Privy, yet *full of view*," &c.; which I do not agree with Mr. Grant White (*Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c. p. 463) in thinking "doubtless proper."

P. 295. ([74]) "*which you'll make*," &c.

The folio has "*which* will *make*," &c.

P. 296. ([75]) "*So, sir, I desire of you*," &c.

After "*sir*" the folio has a colon; which Mr. Collier alters to a full-stop. But though we have had before (p. 284) "*So, sir*," as a complete sentence, here it can hardly be disjoined from the words which follow.

P. 296. ([76]) "*Madam, all joy befal your grace and you!*"

Malone says, "I think we should read '*his* grace and you!'" Steevens, "Perhaps our author wrote 'your grace and *yours!*'"—which Capell printed.

P. 296. ([77]) "*she looks us like*," &c.

The folio has "*She* looke *vs like*," &c.—The editor of the second folio substituted "*She lookes* as *like*," &c.,—which Mr. Singer adopts in his *Shakespeare*, 1856, observing that "all the recent editions have the awkward phrase '*She looks us like.*'" But, in spite of its "awkwardness," it is assuredly the right reading: our early writers frequently use the verb "*look*" with an ellipsis of the word which modern phraseology requires after it:—so in *Antony and Cleopatra*, p. 175,

"By *looking back what* I have left behind."

And see vol. iii. p. 658, note ([53]).

P. 297. ([78]) "*words are strokes*," &c.

The folio has "*words are* stroke," &c.—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 297. ([79]) "*the loud'st of noise we make.*"

The folio has "*th'* lowd *of noise*," &c.

P. 302. ([80]) "*Go'd strew'd i' the floor.*"

Here "*i'*" has been altered to "o'" by editors who forgot that formerly "*in*" was often equivalent to "on."

P. 303. ([81]) "*I bid for you as I do buy.*"

Has been altered to "*I'd bid for you as I* would [and "*I'd*"] *buy*," and to "*I bid for you as I'd buy.*"

P. 303. ([82]) "*'Mongst friends,*
If brothers.—[Aside] *Would it had*," &c.

Is pointed in the folio thus,

"*'Mongst Friends?*
If Brothers: would it had," &c.

(the folio sometimes having an interrogation-point where it is quite out of place: see vol. iv. p. 529, note ([47])). In the second folio thus,

"*'Mongst friends.*
If Brothers: would it had," &c.—

Rowe rectified the old punctuation (though Theobald takes the credit of having done so).

P. 303. ([83]) "*Since Leonatus' false.*"

Here, as Sidney Walker recommends (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 98), I have marked the elision of "is" after "*Leonatus.*"

P. 304. ([84]) "*he commends*
His absolute commission."

So Theobald (at Warburton's suggestion).—The folio has "*he* commands," &c., which Capell maintains to be right, as "a direct Gallicism" (*Notes*, &c. i. 114), and which, according to Johnson, means "he *commands* the commission to be given to you." But, as Mr. Singer observes (*Shakespeare*, 1856), "to *commend* was the old formula: we have it again in *King Lear*, 'I did *commend* your highness' letters to them'."

P. 305. ([85]) "*this imperceiverant thing*," &c.

The folio has "*this* imperseuerant *Thing*," &c.—In my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 258, I observed that the right reading (according to modern orthography) is "this *imperceiverant* thing," i.e. this undiscerning thing,—this thing without the power of *perceiving* my superiority to Posthumus; and I quoted from *The Widow* (a play by Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton),

"had he but the *perseuerance*
Of a Cock sparrow," &c. Act iii. sc. 2.

where, of course, "*perseuerance*" is, with our present spelling, "*perceiverance*," i.e. discernment, power of *perceiving*.—More recently, Mr. Arrowsmith, in *Notes and Queries*, vol. vii. 400, has given an example of "*perseuerant*," i.e. discerning, from Hawes's *Pastime of Pleasure*, p. 43, ed. Percy Society; and has adduced from early writers numerous instances of "*perseuerance*" (with various spelling).—It is certain, therefore, that when in the present passage Hanmer substituted "*this* ill-perseverant *thing*," &c. and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector "*this* perverse, errant *thing*," &c., they were both equally far from the mark.

P. 305. (86) "*before thy face*," &c.

Warburton reads "*before* her *face*," &c.; to which the words of Cloten in p. 300, lend some support, "first kill him, *and in her eyes*," &c.: but see Malone's note *ad l.*

P. 306. (87) "*Pisanio*,
I'll now taste of thy drug. [Swallows some."

Here the folio has no stage-direction.—Rowe, himself a dramatist, saw that at these words Shakespeare evidently intended Imogen to swallow secretly some of the "drug;" and he accordingly added a stage-direction (which is retained in the acting-copies of the play), "*Drinks out of the vial*:"—but the "drug," it appears, was a solid.

P. 307. (88) "Gui. *But his neat cookery! he cut our roots*," &c.

The folio has,

"*Gui. But his neate Cookerie?*
Arui. *He cut our Rootes*," &c.

P. 307. (89) "*rooted in him both*," &c.

The folio has "*rooted in* them *both*," &c. (which Mr. Hunter defends: "who," he asks, "can doubt that 'them' has for its antecedent the smile and the sigh?" *New Illust. of Shakespeare*, ii. 297).—See note (83).

P. 307. (90) "*Grow, patience!*" &c.

The folio has "*Grow* patient," &c.

P. 308. (91) "*mountaineers?*"

Here the folio has "Mountainers?" a form which I should have retained, but that in the five other passages where the word occurs the folio spells it with the double *e*.

P. 309. (92) "*for defect of judgment*
Is oft the cure of fear."

The folio has "*Is oft the* cause *of Feare.*"—Theobald printed,

"*for* th' effect *of judgment*
Is oft the cause *of fear.*"—

I adopt Hanmer's alteration.

P. 309. (93) "(*thank the gods!*)" &c.

The folio has "(thanks *the Gods*)," &c.

P. 310. (94) "*Though his humour,*" &c.

The folio has "*Though his* Honor," &c.—Theobald restored the right word,—to do which, indeed, required no great acuteness.

P. 311. (95) "*how thyself,*" &c.

Capell's correction.—The folio has "thou *thyselfe,*" &c. (The editor of the second folio omitted "thou.")

P. 311. (96) "'*Tis wonder,*" &c.

Has been altered to "'*Tis* wonderful," &c.

P. 311. (97) "*My ingenious instrument!*"

The folio has "*My* ingenuous *Instrument,*"—which (though "*ingenious*" was often used for "ingenuous," and, in rare cases, the latter for the former) Shakespeare would hardly have written here: afterwards in this play, p. 339, we have "torturers *ingenious.*"

P. 312. (98) "*thy sluggish crare*
Might easiliest," &c.

The folio has,—

"*thy sluggish* care
Might'st *easilist,*" &c.,—

and so the second folio, except that it alters "Might'st" to "*Might.*"—Simpson substituted "*crare*" for "care."

P. 312. (99) "*With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,*
And worms will not come to thee."

See note (4).

P. 313. ([100]) "*sing him to the ground,*
As once our mother," &c.

The folio has "*As once* to *our Mother*," &c.,—"the compositor having probably caught the word 'to' from the preceding line. The correction was made by Mr. Pope." MALONE.

P. 315. ([101]) "*so is their pain.*"

The folio has "*so* are *their pain.*"

P. 315. ([102]) "*For so I thought,*" &c.

Pope printed "*For* sure *I thought,*" &c.; and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*For*, lo, *I thought,*" &c.

P. 316. ([103]) "*And left this head on.*"

Was altered in the third folio to "*And left* his *head on.*"—Hanmer substituted "*And left* thy *head on,*"—which (though "*this*" may be defended as not repugnant to old phraseology) is rendered a very probable reading by "Where is *thy* head?" in the preceding line but one.

P. 316. ([104]) "*and Cloten's,*" &c.

The folio has "*and* Cloten," &c.

P. 316. ([105]) "*You here at Milford-Haven with your ships:*
They are in readiness."

So the second folio.—The first folio has,

"*You heere at Milford-Hauen, with your Shippes:*
They are heere *in readinesse,*"—

the transcriber or compositor having repeated "heere" by mistake.

P. 317. ([106]) "*There is no more such masters,*" &c.

The modern editors print, with the second folio, "*There* are *no more,*" &c.: yet earlier in this play (p. 283) they are content to give, "there *is* no more such Cæsars," &c. (which, by the by, is not altered in the second folio).

P. 317. ([107]) "*Try many, all good, serve truly,*" &c.

Has been amended to "*Try many, all good, serve* them *truly,*" &c.; and to "*Try many*, and *all good, serve truly,*" &c.

P. 319. ([108]) "*I heard no letter*," &c.

"This might have been a phrase in Shakespeare's time. We yet say—'I have not *heard a syllable* from him'." MALONE.—Hanmer printed "*I've had no letter*," &c.; Capell, "*I* have had *no letter*," &c.; and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives "*I* had *no letter*," &c. (see Mr. Collier's one-volume *Shakespeare*).

P. 320. ([109]) "*find we in life*," &c.

The folio has "we finde *in life*," &c.—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 320. ([110]) "*the Roman horses*," &c.

The folio has "their *Roman horses*," &c.

P. 321. ([111]) "*what thing is it that I never*
Did see man die! scarce ever," &c.

The modern editors (misled by the folio, which sometimes, as here, puts the interrogation-point for the exclamation-point) very improperly make this passage interrogative. By "what thing is it," &c., Arviragus means "what *a* thing is it," &c.,—the "*a*" in such exclamations being frequently omitted by our early writers: see vol. v. p. 368, note ([10]).

P. 322. ([112]) "*for I am wish'd*," &c.

Altered by Pope to "*for I wish'd*," &c.; and by Mr. Singer, *Shakespeare*, 1856, to "*for I* e'en *wish'd*," &c. (which weakens the sense not a little).

P. 322. ([113]) "*you some permit*
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift."

Various alterations (and all equally unsatisfactory) have been proposed and made in this passage. But, hough obscure, it is not necessarily corrupt. As to "*elder*," I agree with Malone that Shakespeare here "considered the later evil deed as the elder."

P. 325. ([114]) "*they stoop'd eagles; slaves,*
The strides they victors," &c.

The folio has,

"*they* stopt *Eagles, slaues*
The strides the *victors*," &c.

P. 329. ([115]) "*look out*," &c.

The folio has "*looke*, looke *out*," &c.—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 332. ([116]) "*or take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know; or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.*"

The folio has, "*or* to *take vpon your selfe*," &c.: it also has a blur (occasioned by the sticking up of what is technically termed a *space*) before the next "*or*;" which blur Mr. Knight considers to be an *f*, and prints, "for, *jump the after-inquiry on your own peril, and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.*"

P. 333. ([117]) "*Stepp'd before targes of proof*," &c.

Here "*targes*" has been altered to "targe:" see p. 227, note ([54]).

P. 334. ([118]) "*and in time*," &c.

The second folio has "yes, *and in time*," &c.

P. 334. ([119]) "*that heard her flattery*," &c.

The folio has "*that* heare *her*," &c.—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 335. ([120]) "*I have surely seen him:*
His favour is familiar to me.—Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own.—I know not why, nor wherefore," &c.

In the last line the folio omits "*nor*:"—and, from the halting metre of the third line, we may gather that the passage is otherwise slightly mutilated. It has been arranged as follows (contrary, I believe, to the author's intention),—

"*I have surely seen him:*
His favour is familiar to me.—
Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace," &c.

P. 336. ([121]) "*One sand another*
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad
Who died, and was Fidele."

Imperfectly as this is expressed, I nevertheless agree with Mr. Knight in thinking that we have here what Shakespeare wrote.—It has been tortured into

"*One sand another*

Not more resembles, than he th' *sweet rosy lad,*
Who died, and was Fidele."

and into

" *One sand*
Another not resembles more, than he
That sweet and *rosy lad, who died, and was*
Fidele."

while the more recent editors merely alter the old punctuation thus,

" *One sand another*
Not more resembles: that sweet rosy lad,
Who died, and was Fidele."

P. 336. (121) " *But we saw him dead.*"

The folio has " *But we* see *him dead.*"

P. 337. (123) " *I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that*
Which torments me to conceal. By villany," &c.

Here the "*which*" (though we have "*that which*" in Iachimo's preceding speech) would seem to be an addition by the transcriber or printer.—The arrangement of the more recent editors is,

" *I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that which*
Torments me," &c.;

and Boswell says, "If we lay an emphasis on *that*, it will be an hypermetrical line of eleven syllables. *There is scarcely a page in Fletcher's plays where this sort of versification is not to be found,*"—Fletcher's versification being (except in some scenes of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, which I am strongly inclined to believe are by Shakespeare) essentially different from our author's!

P. 339. (124) " *how I got it!*"

Here the "*it*" was added in the second folio.

P. 339. (125) " *help!*"

Has been amended to "*help*, help," for the metre.

P. 342. (126) " *I am sorry for thee,*" &c.

The folio has " *I am* sorrow *for thee,*" &c.,—which no one, I presume, will attempt to defend who recollects that the expression " *I am sorry*" occurs more than fifty times in our author's other plays.

P. 342. (127) " *and hath*
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for."

I can see no reason to question this passage; nor has it, I believe, been questioned by any critic, except Mr. Singer, who in his *Shakespeare*, 1856, prints "*Had ever* score *for*," which he explains "Had ever *credit* for, or than could be *scored* to their account."

P. 343. ([128]) "*my mere offence*," &c.

The folio has "*my* neere *offence*," &c.

P. 344. ([129]) "*Bless'd pray you be*," &c.

Is usually altered to "*Bless'd* may *you be*," &c.

P. 344. ([130]) "*When you were*," &c.

The folio has "*When* we *were*," &c.

P. 344. ([131]) "*your brothers?*"

The folio has "*your* Brother ?"

P. 345. ([132]) "*inter'gatories.*"

Here the folio has "Interrogatories:" but in *All's well that ends well*, act iv. sc. 3, and (twice) towards the close of *The Merchant of Venice*, it has the old contracted form of the word.

P. 347. ([133]) "*My peace*," &c.

Johnson would read "By *peace*," &c.,—which Capell printed.

P. 347. ([134]) "*Of this yet scarce-cold battle*," &c.

The folio has "*Of* yet this *scarse-cold-Battaile*," &c.—Corrected in the third folio.

PERICLES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANTIOCHUS, king of Antioch.
PERICLES, prince of Tyre.
HELICANUS, } two lords of Tyre.
ESCANES, }
SIMONIDES, king of Pentapolis.
CLEON, governor of Tharsus.
LYSIMACHUS, governor of Mytilene.
CERIMON, a lord of Ephesus.
THALIARD, a lord of Antioch.
PHILEMON, servant to Cerimon.
LEONINE, servant to Dionyza.
Marshal.
A Pander.
BOULT, his servant.

The Daughter of Antiochus.
DIONYZA, wife to Cleon.
THAISA, daughter to Simonides.
MARINA, daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.
LYCHORIDA, nurse to Marina.
A Bawd.

Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers.

DIANA.

GOWER, as Chorus.

SCENE—*dispersedly in various countries.*

PERICLES.

ACT I.

Enter GOWER.

Before the palace of Antioch.

To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come;
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves and holy-ales;(1)
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives:
The purchase(2) is to make men glorious;
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.—
This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great
Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat;
The fairest in all Syria,—

I tell you what mine authors say:
This king unto him took a fere,(3)
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke:—
Bad child; worse father! to entice his own
To evil should be done by none:
But(4) custom what they did begin
Was with long use account no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:
Which to prevent he made a law,—
To keep her still, and men in awe,—
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testify.
What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. *Antioch. A room in the palace.*

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, *and* Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large receiv'd
The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard in this enterprise.

Ant. Bring(5) in our daughter, clothèd like a bride,
For the(6) embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.

Music. Enter the Daughter of Antiochus.

Per. See where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men!
Her face the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever raz'd, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild(7) companion.
You gods that made me man, and sway in love,
That have inflam'd desire in my breast
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless(8) happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,—

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
Her countless glory, which desert must gain;
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy(9) whole heap must die.
Yon sometime famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance pale,
That, without covering, save yon field of stars,
Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
For going on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must;
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
Who tells us life 's but breath, to trust it error.
I'll make my will, then; and, as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but, feeling woe,

Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came;—
But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[*To the Daughter of Antiochus.*

Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow.(10)

Ant. Scorning advice,—read the conclusion, then:
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all say'd yet,(11) mayst thou prove prosperous!
Of all say'd yet, I wish thee happiness!

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness and courage.

[*Reads the riddle.*

"I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh which did me breed.
I sought a husband, in which labour
I found that kindness in a father:
He's father, son, and husband mild;
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you."

Sharp physic is the last: but, O you powers
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?—
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,

[*Takes hold of the hand of the Princess.*

Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill:
But I must tell you,—now my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You are a fair viol, and your sense the strings;
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods, to hearken;
But being play'd upon before your time,

Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd:
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut than shown:
For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for't.
Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law's their will;
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. [*aside*] Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found the meaning:
But I will gloze with him.—Young prince of Tyre,
Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
Forty days longer we do respite you;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son:
And until then your entertain shall be
As doth befit our honour and your worth.

[*Exeunt all except Pericles.*

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin,

When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight!
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you are both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspings with your child
(Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father);
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun[12] no course to keep them from the light.
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to lust as flame to smoke:
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the[13] which we mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathèd manner;
And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.—
Who attends us there?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call?

Ant. Thaliard,
You are of our chamber, and our mind partakes
Her private actions to your secrecy:
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him:

It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?
Thal. My lord,
'Tis done.
Ant. Enough.

Enter a Messenger.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.
Mess. My lord, prince Pericles is fled. [*Exit.*
Ant. As thou
Wilt live, fly after: and, as an arrow shot
From a well-experienc'd archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return
Unless thou say, "Prince Pericles is dead."
Thal. My lord,
If I can get him(14) within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure enough: so, farewell to your highness.
Ant. Thaliard, adieu! [*Exit Thal.*] Till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Tyre. A room in the palace.*

Enter PERICLES.

Per. [*to those without*] Let none disturb us.—Why should this change(15) of thoughts,
The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
Be my so us'd a guest as not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night
(The tomb where grief should sleep), can breed me quiet?
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch,
Whose aim(16) seems far too short to hit me here:
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,

Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me:—the great Antiochus,—
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great can make his will his act,—
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
Nor boots it me to say I honour him,(17)
If he suspect I may dishonour him:
And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be known;
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with the ostent(18) of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state;
Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myself,—
Who am(19) no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them,—
Makes both my body pine and soul to languish,
And punish that before that he would punish.

Enter HELICANUS, *and other* Lords.(20)

First Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!

Sec. Lord. And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable!

Hel. Peace, peace,(21) and give experience tongue.
They do abuse the king that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that blast(22) gives heat and stronger glowing;
Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a(23) peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Helicanus, thou
Hast movèd us: what seest thou in our looks?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.
Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?
Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment?
Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life from thee.
Hel. [*kneeling*] I have ground the axe myself;
Do you but strike the blow.
Per. Rise, prithee, rise.
Sit down:(24) thou art no flatterer:
I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid
That kings should let their ears hear their faults chid!(25)
Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me do?
Hel. To bear with patience
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.(26)
Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,
That minister'st a potion unto me
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me, then: I went to Antioch,
Whereas,(27) thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest (hark in thine ear) as black as incest:
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but thou know'st this,
'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector; and, being here,
Bethought me(28) what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears(29)
Decrease not, but grow faster than their years:
And should he doubt it(30),—as no doubt he doth,—
That I should open to the listening air

How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;
When all, for mine, if I may call(31) offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
Which love to all,—of which thyself art one,
Who now reprov'st(32) me for it,—

Hel. Alas, sir!

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,
Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest, ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,
Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war or private treason
Will take away your life.
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

Hel. We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee, then, and to Tharsus
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath:
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both:
But in our orbs we'll(33) live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Tyre. An ante-chamber in the palace.*

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this the court. Here must I kill King Pericles; and if I do it not, I am sure to be hanged at home: 'tis dangerous.—Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets: now do I see he had some reason for 't; for if a king bid a man be a villain, he's bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.—Hush! here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, *and other* Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Further to question me of your king's departure:
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently he's gone to travel.

Thal. [*aside*] How! the king gone!

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch—

Thal. [*aside*] What from Antioch?

Hel. Royal Antiochus,—on what cause I know not,—
Took some displeasure at him; at least he judg'd so:
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, he'd correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. [*aside*] Well, I perceive
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;
But since he's gone, the king's seas[34] must please:
He scap'd the land, to perish at the sea.—
I'll present myself.—Peace to the lords of Tyre!

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Thal. From him I come
With message unto princely Pericles;
But since my landing[35] I have understood

Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.
Hel. We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Tharsus. A room in the* Governor's *house.*

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, *and* Attendants.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?
Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressèd lord, even such our griefs are;
Here they're but felt, and seen[36] with mischief's eyes,
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.
Cle. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues[37] and sorrows do sound deep
Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them louder;
That, if heaven slumber while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps[38] to comfort them.
I'll, then, discourse our woes, felt several years,
And, wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.
Dio. I'll do my best, sir.
Cle. This Tharsus, o'er which I have the government,
A city on whom plenty held full hand,
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets;[39]
Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by:

Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this our change,
These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defil'd for want of use,
They are now starv'd for want of exercise:
Those palates who, not us'd to savour hunger,(40)
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:
Those mothers who, to nousle up their babes,
Thought naught too curious, are ready now
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life:
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities that of Plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor?

Cle. Here.
Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.
One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;

And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath(41) stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are down already;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,(42)
Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear; for, by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat:
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.
But bring they what they will and what they can,
What need we fear?
The ground's the lowest, and we are half way there.
Go tell their general we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES *with* Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men
Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets:
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships, you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse was(43) stuff'd within
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow,
Are stor'd with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life whom hunger starv'd half dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we'll pray for you.

Per. Rise, I pray you, rise:(44)
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when,—the which I hope shall ne'er be seen,—
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here awhile,
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring;
A better prince, and benign lord,
That will prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet, then, as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I'll show you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation,—
To whom I give my benison,—
Is still at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can;
And, to remember what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious:(45)
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

DUMB SHOW.

Enter, from one side, PERICLES, *talking with* CLEON; *their trains with them. Enter, from the other side, a* Gentleman, *with a letter to* PERICLES; *who shows the letter to* CLEON; *then gives the* Messenger *a reward, and knights him. Exeunt severally* PERICLES *and* CLEON, *with their trains.*

Good Helicane, that(46) stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey like a drone
From others' labours; for though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive;
And to fulfil his prince' desire,
Sends word(47) of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with sin
And hid intent to murder him;
And that in Tharsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest.
He, doing(48) so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there's seldom ease;
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above, and deeps below,
Make such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe is wreck'd and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost:
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen(49) but himself;
Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
And here he comes. What shall be next,
Pardon old Gower,—this longs the text. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. *Pentapolis. An open place by the sea-side.*

Enter PERICLES, *wet.*

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you:
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me(50) breath
Nothing to think on but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;

And having thrown him from your watery grave,
Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

First Fish. What, ho, Pilch![51]

Sec. Fish. Ho, come and bring away the nets!

First Fish. What, Patch-breech, I say!

Third Fish. What say you, master?

First Fish. Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wanion.

Third Fish. Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now.

First Fish. Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

Third Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled? they say they're half fish, half flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

First Fish. Why, as men do a-land,—the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful: such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they've[52] swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

Per. [*aside*] A pretty moral.

Third Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

Sec. Fish. Why, man?

Third Fish. Because he should have swallowed me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind,—

Per. [*aside*] Simonides!

Third Fish. We[53] would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. [*aside*] How from the finny[54] subject of the sea

These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve or men detect!—
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

Sec. Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.

Per. May see the sea hath cast upon your coast.(55)

Sec. Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

First Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? Here's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working.

Sec. Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes, then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

Sec. Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on:
A man throng'd up with cold: my veins are chill,
And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

First Fish. Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays,(56) fish for fasting-days, and more-o'er puddings and flap-jacks; and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

Sec. Fish. Hark you, my friend,—you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

Sec. Fish. But crave! Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped, then?

Sec. Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be beadle.—But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

[*Exit with Third Fisherman.*

Per. [*aside*] How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

First Fish. Hark you, sir,—do you know where ye are?

Per. Not well.

First Fish. Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides.

Per. The good King Simonides, do you call him?

First Fish. Ay, sir; and he deserves so to be called for his peaceable reign and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

First Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey: and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

First Fish. O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.(57)

Re-enter Second *and* Third Fishermen, *drawing up a net.*

Sec. Fish. Help, master, help! here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.—
Thanks, fortune, yet, that, after all(58) crosses,
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself;
And though it was mine own, part of my heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge, even as he left his life,
"Keep it, my Pericles; it hath been a shield
'Twixt me and death;"—and pointed to this brace;—

"For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity
(The which the gods protect thee from![59]) may defend thee."
It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it;
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd have given 't again:
I thank thee for't: my shipwreck now's no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift in 's will.

First Fish. What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly,
And for his sake I wish the having of it;
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,
Where with it I may appear a gentleman;
And if that ever my low fortunes better,
I'll pay your bounties; till then rest your debtor.

First Fish. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

First Fish. Why, do ye take it, and the gods give thee good on't!

Sec. Fish. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolements, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.[60]

Per. Believe 't, I will.
By your furtherance I am cloth'd in steel;
And, spite of all the rapture[61] of the sea,
This jewel holds his building on my arm:
Unto thy value I will mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—
Only, my friends,[62] I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.

Sec. Fish. We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will,
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A public way or platform leading to the lists. A pavilion by the side of it for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, &c.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?
First Lord. They are, my liege;
And stay your coming to present themselves.
Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,(63)
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at. [*Exit a Lord.*
Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less.
Sim. It's fit it should be so; for princes are
A model, which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renown(64) if not respected.
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain(65)
The labour of each knight in his device.
Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

Enter a Knight; *he passes over, and his* Squire *presents his shield to the* Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?
Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renownèd father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop reaching at the sun;
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*
Sim. He loves you well that holds his life of you.
[*The Second Knight passes over.*
Who is the second that presents himself?
Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight that's conquer'd by a lady;
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu*(66) *por dulzura que por fuerza.*
[*The Third Knight passes over.*
Sim. And what's the third?

Thai. The third of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry;
The word, *Me pompæ provexit apex.*

[*The Fourth Knight passes over.*

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch that's turnèd upside down;
The word, *Quod*(67) *me alit, me extinguit.*

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame as it can kill.

[*The Fifth Knight passes over.*

Thai. The fifth, an hand environèd with clouds,
Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried;
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*

[*The Sixth Knight* (*Pericles*) *passes over.*

Sim. And what's
The sixth and last, the which the knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his present is
A wither'd branch, that's only green at top;
The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

Sim. A pretty moral;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

First Lord. He had need mean better than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend;
For, by his rusty outside, he appears
To have practis'd more the whipstock than the lance.

Sec. Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph strangely furnishèd.

Third Lord. And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming: we will withdraw
Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*

[*Great shouts within, all crying,* "The mean knight!"

SCENE III. *The same. A hall of state: a banquet prepared.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Knights, *and* Attendants.

Sim. Knights,
To say you're welcome were superfluous.
To place(68) upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are princes and my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you are her labour'd scholar.—Come, queen o' the feast,—
For, daughter, so you are,—here take your place:
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days: honour we love;
For who hates honour hates the gods above.

Marshal. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

First Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen
That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes
Envy the great nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sir, sit.

Per. By(69) Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, she but thought upon.

Thai. By Juno, that is queen
Of marriage, all viands that I eat
Do seem unsavoury, wishing him my meat.

Sure, he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but a country gentleman;
Has done no more than other knights have done;
Has broken a staff or so; so let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. Yon king's to me like to my father's picture,
Which tells me in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence;
None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy:
Where now his son's like a glow-worm in the night,(70)
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light:
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,
For he's their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights?

First Knight. Who can be other in this royal presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stor'd(71) unto the brim,—
As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,—
We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause awhile:
Yon knight(72) doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai. What is it
To me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter:
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them:
And princes not doing so are like to gnats,
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.
Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,
Here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:

He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.
Sim. How!
Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.
Thai. [*aside*] Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.
Sim. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him,(73)
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.
Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.
Per. I thank him.
Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.
Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.
Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.
Per. A gentleman of Tyre,—my name, Pericles;
My education been in arts and arms;—
Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.
Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre,
Who only by misfortune of the seas
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.(74)
Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.—
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,
Since they love men in arms as well as beds.
[*The Knights dance.*
So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.—
Come, sir;
Here is a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have(75) heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip;

And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them they are, my lord.

Sim. O, that's as much as you would be denied
Of your fair courtesy. [*The Knights and Ladies dance.*
Unclasp, unclasp:
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
But you the best [*to Pericles*].—Pages and lights, to conduct
These knights unto their several lodgings!—Yours, sir,
We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love;
And that's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow all for speeding do their best. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Tyre. A room in the* Governor's *house.*

Enter HELICANUS *and* ESCANES.

Hel. No, Escanes; know this of me,—
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free:
For which, the most high gods not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated(76) in a chariot
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with him,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up
Their(77) bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,
That all those eyes ador'd them ere their fall
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. 'Twas very strange.

Hel. And yet but justice; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

First Lord. See, not a man in private conference
Or council has respect with him but he.

Sec. Lord. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.
Third Lord. And curs'd be he that will not second it.
First Lord. Follow me, then.—Lord Helicane, a word.
Hel. With me? and welcome:—happy day, my lords.
First Lord. Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.
Hel. Your griefs! for what? wrong not your prince you love.
First Lord. Wrong not yourself, then, noble Helicane;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;
And be resolv'd he lives to govern us,
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us to our free election.
Sec. Lord. Whose death's(78) indeed the strongest in our censure:
And knowing this kingdom is(79) without a head,—
Like goodly buildings left without a roof
Soon fall to ruin,—your noble self,
That best know'st how to rule and how to reign,
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.
All. Live, noble Helicane!
Hel. For(80) honour's cause, forbear your suffrages:
If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,(81)
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you
To forbear(82) the absence of your king;
If in which time expir'd, he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.
First Lord. To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield;
And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,

We with our travels will endeavour it.(83)

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands:
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Pentapolis. A room in the palace.*

Enter SIMONIDES, *reading a letter: the* Knights *meet him.*

First Knight. Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake
A married life.
Her reason to herself is only known,
Which yet from her by no means can I get.

Sec. Knight. May we not get access to her, my lord?

Sim. Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly tied her
To her chamber, that it is impossible.
One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

Third Knight. Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaves.
[*Exeunt Knights.*

Sim. So,
They are well dispatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:
She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'Tis well, mistress; your choice agrees with mine;
I like that well:—nay, how absolute she's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no!
Well, I do commend her choice;
And will no longer have it be delay'd.—
Soft! here he comes: I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!

Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholding to you
For your sweet music this last night: I do
Protest my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.
Sim. Sir, you are music's master.
Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.
Sim. Let me ask you one thing:
What do you think of my daughter, sir?
Per. A most virtuous princess.
Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?
Per. As a fair day in summer,—wondrous fair.
Sim. Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you;
Ay, so well, that you must be her master,
And she will be your scholar: therefore look to it.
Per. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.
Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.
Per. [*aside*] What's here?
A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!
'Tis the king's subtilty to have my life.—
O, seek not to entrap me,(84) gracious lord,
A stranger and distressèd gentleman,
That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.
Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
A villain.
Per. By the gods, I have not:
Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.
Sim. Traitor, thou liest.
Per. Traitor!
Sim. Ay, traitor.
Per. Even in his throat,—unless it be the king,—
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.
Sim. [*aside*] Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.
Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.
I came unto your court for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,

This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

Sim. No?

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you.

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?—
[*Aside*] I am glad on't with all my heart.—
I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection.
Will you, not having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affections
Upon a stranger?—[*aside*] who, for aught I know,
May be (nor can I think the contrary)
As great in blood as I myself.—
Therefore hear you, mistress; either frame
Your will to mine,—and you, sir, hear you,
Either be rul'd by me, or I will make you—
Man and wife:—
Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too:
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;—
And for a(85) further grief,—God give you joy!—
What, are you both pleas'd?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Per. Even as my life, or blood that fosters it.

Sim. What, are you both agreed?

Both. Yes, if't please your majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed;
And then with what haste you can get you to bed. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep yslakèd hath the rout;

No din but snores the house about,(86)
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches fore(87) the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
Aye the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded.—Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent
With your fine fancies quaintly eche:
What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech.

DUMB SHOW.

Enter, from one side, PERICLES *and* SIMONIDES *with* Attendants; *a* Messenger *meets them, kneels, and gives* PERICLES *a letter: he shows it to* SIMONIDES; *the* Lords *kneel to* PERICLES. *Then enter* THAISA *with child, and* LYCHORIDA. SIMONIDES *shows his daughter the letter; she rejoices: she and* PERICLES *take leave of her father, and depart with* LYCHORIDA *and their* Attendants. *Then exeunt* SIMONIDES *and the rest.*

By many a dern and painful perch
Of Pericles the careful search,
By the four opposing coigns(88)
Which the world together joins,
Is made with all due diligence
That horse and sail and high expense
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre,—
Fame answering the most strange inquire,—
To the court of King Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenour these:—
Antiochus and his daughter dead;
The men of Tyrus on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress;
Says to 'em, if King Pericles
Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,

Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Y-ravishèd the regions round,
And every one with claps can[89] sound,
"Our heir-apparent is a king!
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?"
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
His queen with child makes her desire
(Which who shall cross?) along to go:—
Omit we all their dole and woe:—
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea. Their[90] vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut: but fortune's mood[91]
Varies again; the grisly north
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives:
The lady shrieks, and, well-a-near,
Does fall in travail with her fear:
And what ensues in this fell[92] storm
Shall for itself itself perform.
I nill relate, action may
Conveniently the rest convey;
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This stage the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-tost[93] Pericles appears to speak. [Exit.

Scene I.

Enter Pericles, *on shipboard.*

Per. Thou[94] god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O, still
Thy deafening, dreadful thunders; gently quench
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes!—O, how,

How does my queen?—Thou stormest[96] venomously;
Wilt thou spit all thyself?—The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard.—Lychorida!—Lucina, O
Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle[97]
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travail![98]

Enter LYCHORIDA, *with an Infant.*

Now, Lychorida!

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a place,
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I
Am like to do: take in your arms this piece
Of your dead queen.

Per. How, how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Here's all that is left living of your queen,—
A little daughter: for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We here below
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Use[99] honour with you.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blustrous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions! for
Thou art the rudeliest welcome[100] to this world
That ever was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,
With all thou canst find here.—Now, the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon't!

Enter two Sailors.

First Sail. What courage, sir? God save you!

Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.

First Sail. Slack the bolins there!—Thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

Sec. Sail. But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.

First Sail. Sir, your queen must overboard: the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

First Sail. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been still observed; and we are strong in custom.(101) Therefore briefly yield her;(102) for she must overboard straight.

Per. As you think meet.—Most wretched queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;(103)
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining(104) lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells.—O Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffer:(105) lay the babe
Upon the pillow: hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[*Exit Lychorida.*

Sec. Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulked and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee.—Mariner, say what coast is this?

Sec. Sail. We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it?
Sec. Sail. By break of day, if the wind cease.
Per. O, make for Tharsus!—
There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it
At careful nursing.—Go thy ways, good mariner:
I'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Ephesus. A room in* CERIMON'S *house.*

Enter CERIMON, *a Servant, and some Persons who have been shipwrecked.*

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?
Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men:
'T has been a turbulent and stormy night.
Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this,
Till now, I ne'er endur'd.
Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return;
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature
That can recover him.—Give this to the pothecary,
And tell me how it works. [*To Philemon.*

[*Exeunt all except Cerimon.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Good morrow.(106)
Sec. Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.
Cer. Gentlemen,
Why do you stir so early?
First Gent. Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook as the earth did quake;
The very principals did seem to rend,
And all to-topple: pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.

Sec. Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so early;
'Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O, you say well.

First Gent. But I much marvel that your lordship, having
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
'Tis most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I held[107] it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have
(Together with my practice) made familiar
To me and to my aid the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And[108] can speak of the disturbances that nature
Works, and of her cures; which doth give me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure[109] up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.

Sec. Gent. Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd:
And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never raze.[110]

Enter two or three Servants *with a chest.*

First Serv. So; lift there.

Cer. What is that?

First Serv. Sir, even now
Did the sea toss upon[111] our shore this chest:

'Tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set 't down, let's look upon 't.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight:
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,
'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.([112])

Sec. Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd!—([113])
Did the sea cast it up?

First Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open;
Soft!—it smells most sweetly in my sense.

Sec. Gent. A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril.—So, up with it.—
O you most potent gods! what's here? a corse!

First Gent. Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and entreasur'd
With full bags of spices![114] A passport too!—
Apollo, perfect me in the characters!

[*Reads from a scroll.*

"Here I give to understand,—
If e'er this coffin drive a-land,—
I, King Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying;
She was the daughter of a king:
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!"

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe!—This chanc'd to-night.

Sec. Gent. Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look how fresh she looks!—They were too rough
That threw her in the sea.—Make a fire within:
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet. [*Exit a Servant.*
Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again

The o'erpress'd spirits. I heard of an Egyptian
That had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliances recover'd.(115)

Re-enter a Servant, *with boxes, napkins, and fire.*

Well said, well said; the fire and cloths.—(116)
The rough and woful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you.
The viol(117) once more:—how thou stirr'st, thou block!—
The music there!—I pray you, give her air.—
Gentlemen,
This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her:(118) she hath not been entranc'd
Above five hours: see how she gins to blow
Into life's flower again!

First Gent. The heavens,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
The diamonds of a most praisèd water
Do appear, to make the world twice rich.—Live,(119)
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be. [*She moves.*

Thai. O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?

Sec. Gent. Is not this strange?

First Gent. Most rare.

Cer. Hush, my gentle neighbours!
Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen: now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come;
And Æsculapius guide us!

[*Exeunt, carrying out Thaisa.*

SCENE III. *Tharsus. A room in the* Governor's *house.*

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, *and* LYCHORIDA *with* MARINA *in her arms.*

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,
Yet glance full wanderingly on us.(120)

Dion. O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought her hither,
To have bless'd mine eyes with her!

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina,—whom,
For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so,—here
I charge your charity withal, leaving her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,—
For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,—
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me to't,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour, all
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,

Though I show ill in't.[121] So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessèd in your care
In bringing up my child.
Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect
Than yours, my lord.
Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.
Cle. We'll bring your grace e'en to the edge o' the shore,
Then give you up to the mask'd[122] Neptune and
The gentlest winds of heaven.
Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dearest madam.—O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Ephesus. A room in* CERIMON'S *house.*

Enter CERIMON *and* THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer: which are[123]
At your command. Know you the character?
Thai. It is my lord's.
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my eaning[124] time; but whether there
Deliver'd, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.
Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may abide till your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.
Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire.
His woful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there(125) a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music,(126) letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart(127) and place
Of general wonder. But, alack,
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earnèd praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage-rite; (128) this maid
Hight Philoten: and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be:
Be't when she(129) weav'd the sleided silk
With fingers long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp needle wound
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird(130) mute,
That still records with moan; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina: so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow(131)
Vie feathers white. Marina gets

All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead:
And cursèd Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content:
Only I carry(132) wingèd time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
Dionyza does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. *Tharsus. An open place near the sea-shore.*

Enter DIONYZA *and* LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do't:
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflaming(133) love in thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I will do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter, then, the gods should have her.—Here
She comes weeping for her only mistress' death.—(134)
Thou art resolv'd?

Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter MARINA, *with a basket of flowers.*

Mar. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer-days do last.—Ay me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep(135) alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have
A nurse of me. Lord, how your favour 's chang'd
With this unprofitable woe! Come,
Give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.(136)
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach.—Come,
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come;
I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.—
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least:
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while:
Pray, walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have a care of you.
Mar. My thanks, sweet madam.—
[*Exit Dionyza.*
Is this wind westerly that blows?
Leon. South-west.
Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.
Leon. Was't so?
Mar. My father, as nurse said,(137) did never fear,
But cried, "Good seamen!" to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands, haling ropes;(138)
And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea
That almost burst the deck.
Leon. When was this?
Mar. When I was born:
Never was waves nor wind more violent;
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvas-climber. "Ha!" says one, "wilt out?"
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern:(139) the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.
Leon. Come, say your prayers.
Mar. What mean you?
Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it: pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.
Mar. Why will you kill me?
Leon. To satisfy my lady.
Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life:
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,

Or my life imply her any danger?(140)

Leon. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope.
You are well favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so now:
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,
And will dispatch.

Enter Pirates, *whilst* MARINA *is struggling.*

First Pirate. Hold, villain! [*Leonine runs away.*

Sec. Pirate. A prize! a prize!

Third Pirate. Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's have her aboard suddenly. [*Exeunt Pirates with Marina.*

Re-enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roguing thieves serve the great pirate Valdes;
And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go:
There's no hope she will return. I'll swear she's dead,
And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see further:
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Mytilene. A room in a brothel.*

Enter PANDER, Bawd, *and* BOULT.

Pand. Boult,—

Boult. Sir?

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mytilene is full of

gallants. We lost too much money this mart by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou sayest true: 'tis not our bringing up of poor bastards,—as, I think, I have brought up some eleven—

Boult. Ay, to eleven; and brought them down again.—But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou sayest true; they're too(141) unwholesome, o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat for worms.—But I'll go search the market. [*Exit.*

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling. —But here comes Boult.

Re-enter BOULT, *with* MARINA, *and the* Pirates.

Boult [*to Marina*]. Come your ways.—My masters, you say she's a virgin?

First Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone through(142) for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boult, has she any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes: there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boult?

Boult. I cannot be bated(143) one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently.—Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

[*Exeunt Pander and Pirates.*

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her,—the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, "He that will give most shall have her first." Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. [*Exit.*

Mar. Alack that Leonine was so slack, so slow!—
He should have struck, not spoke;—or that these pirates
(Not enough barbarous) had not o'erboard thrown me
For to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are light into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault
To scape his hands where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions: you shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you're a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boult's returned.

Re-enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

Bawd. Who, Monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay: he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly; to[144] despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do makes pity in your lovers: seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these

blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou sayest true, i' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it?—Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Tharsus. A room in the* Governor's *house.*

Enter CLEON *and* DIONYZA.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion. I think
You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,
I'd give it to undo the deed.—O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess

To equal any single crown o' the earth
I' the justice of compare!—O villain Leonine!
Whom thou hast poison'd too:
If thou hadst drunk to him, 't had been a kindness
Becoming well thy fact:(145) what canst thou say
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?
Unless you play the pious(146) innocent,
And for an honest attribute cry out,
"She died by foul play."

Cle. O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that think
The petty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his prime consent,(147) he did not flow
From honourable sources.(148)

Dion. Be it so, then:
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did distain(149) my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,
Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorough;
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles,(150)
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,

And yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.(151)

Dion. You are like one that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies:
But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER, *before the monument of* MARINA *at Tharsus.*

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short;
Sail seas in cockles, have an wish but for't;
Making,—to take your(152) imagination,—
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language in each several clime
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you
To learn of me, who stand i' the(153) gaps to teach you,
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old(154) Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
Old Helicanus goes along behind.
Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought
This king to Tharsus,—think his(155) pilot thought;
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,—(156)
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

DUMB SHOW.

Enter, from one side, PERICLES *with his train; from the other,* CLEON *and* DIONYZA. CLEON *shows* PERICLES *the tomb of* MARINA;

whereat PERICLES *makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then exeunt* CLEON *and* DIONYZA.

See how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'ershow'r'd,
Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs:
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inscription on Marina's monument.*

"The fairest, sweet'st, and best lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year.
She was of Tyrus the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis,(157) being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth:
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
Wherefore she does (and swears she'll never stint)
Make raging battery upon shores of flint."

No visor does become black villany
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be orderèd
By Lady Fortune; while our scene(158) must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day
In her unholy service. Patience, then,
And think you now are all in Mytilen. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Mytilene. A street before the brothel.*

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Did you ever hear the like?

Sec. Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

First Gent. But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

Sec. Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses:—shall 's go hear the vestals sing?

First Gent. I'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. A room in the brothel.*

Enter Pander, Bawd, *and* BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her! she 's able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. Faith, there's no way to be rid on't but by the way to the pox.—Here comes the Lord Lysimachus disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now! How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity! Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mytilene.

Lys. If she'd do the deed(159) of darkness, thou wouldst say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say well enough.

Lys. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

Lys. What, prithee?

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste. [*Exit Boult.*

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk,—never plucked yet, I can assure you.

Re-enter BOULT *with* MARINA.

Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you:—leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man. [*To Marina.*

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Ha' you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not paced yet: you must take some pains to work her to your manage.—Come, we will leave his honour and her together.—Go thy ways.(160)

[*Exeunt Bawd, Pander, and Boult.*

Lys. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. Why, I cannot name't(161) but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. E'er since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to't so young? Were you a gamester at five or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into't? I hear say you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof(162) for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now;
If put upon you, make the judgment good
That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How 's this? how 's this?—Some more;—be sage.

Mar. For me,
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Have plac'd me in this sty, where, since I came,
Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,—
O, that the gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air!

Lys. I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou couldst.
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:
Persever in that clear way thou goest,

And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The good gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.—
Hold, here's more gold for thee.—
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost
Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

Re-enter BOULT.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damnèd door-keeper!
Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,
Would sink, and overwhelm you. Away! [*Exit.*

Boult. How 's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your ways. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what 's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She(163) makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her! Would she had never come within my doors!—Marry, hang you!—She's born to undo us.—Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [*Exit.*

Boult. Come, mistress; come your ways with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Prithee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art,
Since they do better thee in their command.
Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change:
Thou art the damnèd doorkeeper to every
Coistrel that comes inquiring for his Tib;
To the choleric fisting of every rogue
Thy ear is liable; thy food is such
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty
Old receptacles, or common sewers, of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman:
Any of these ways are yet better than this;(164)
For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,
Would own a name too dear.—O, that the gods
Would safely deliver me from this place!—
Here, here's gold for thee.

If that thy master would gain by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women.

Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admirèd lays;
Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her needle composes
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,
That even her art sisters the natural roses;
Her inkle, silk, twin(165) with the rubied cherry:
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain
She gives the cursèd bawd. Here we her place;
And to her father turn our thoughts again,

Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost;(166)
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast
Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd
God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;
And to him in his barge with fervour hies.
In your supposing once more put your sight(167)
Of heavy Pericles; think this his bark:
Where what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. *On board* PERICLES' *ship, off Mytilene. A pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it;* PERICLES *within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.*

Enter two Sailors, *one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them* HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. Where is Lord Helicanus?(168) he can resolve you. [*To the Sailor of Mytilene.*
O, here he is.—
Sir, there's a barge put off from Mytilene,
And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

First Gent. Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen,
There is some of worth would come aboard; I pray,
Greet them(169) fairly.
[*The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.*

Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS *and* Lords; *with the* Gentlemen *and the two* Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, sir,(170) to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, what is your place?

Lys. I am the governor
Of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance
But to prorogue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. 'Twould be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief(171) springs from the loss
Of a belovèd daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him?

Hel. You may;
But bootless is your sight,—he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him [*Pericles discovered*]. This was a goodly person,
Till the disaster that, one mortal night,(172)
Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!
Hail, royal sir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

First Lord. Sir,
We have a maid in Mytilen, I durst wager,

Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other chosen attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd[173] parts,
Which now are midway stopp'd:
She is all happy as the fairest of all,
And, with her fellow maids, is now upon[174]
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side. [*Whispers First Lord; who goes off in the barge of Lysimachus.*

Hel. Sure, all's[175] effectless; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, sir, a courtesy
Which if we should deny, the most just gods[176]
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so afflict[177] our province.—Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you:—
But, see, I am prevented.

Re-enter, from the barge, First Lord, *with* MARINA, *and a young* Lady.

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for.—Welcome, fair one!—
Is't not a goodly presence?[178]

Hel. She's a gallant lady.

Lys. She's such a one,[179] that, were I well assur'd
Came of a gentle kind and noble stock,
I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.—
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty[180]
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat[181]
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay

As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided(182)
That none but I and my companion maid
Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her;
And the gods make her prosperous! [*Marina sings.*(183)

Lys. Mark'd he your music?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.

Per. Hum, ha!

Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on like a comet: she speaks
My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude.—[*Aside*] I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, "Go not till he speak."

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so.(184)—Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.
You are like something that—What countrywoman?
Here of these shores?

Mar. No, nor of any shores:(185)
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;

Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cas'd as richly; in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech.—Where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I should tell my history, it would seem
Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.(186)

Per. Prithee, speak:
Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou look'st
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in: I will believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say,(187) when I did push thee back
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee), that thou cam'st
From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them?(188) Thy name, my most kind virgin?
Recount, I do beseech thee: come, sit by me.

Mar. My name is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensèd god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.
Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.
Per. Nay, I'll be patient.
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.
Mar. The name
Was given me by one that had some power,—
My father, and a king.
Per. How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?
Mar. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.
Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
Motion![189]—Well; speak on. Where were you born?
And wherefore call'd Marina?
Mar. Call'd Marina
For I was born at sea.
Per. At sea! what mother?
Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the[190] minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.
Per. O, stop there a little!—
[*Aside*] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be:
My daughter 's[191] buried.—Well:—where were you bred?
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.
Mar. You scorn:[192] believe me, 'twere best I did give o'er.
Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:—
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?
Mar. The king my father did in Tharsus leave me;

ll cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
d seek to murder me: and having woo'd
villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do't,
crew of pirates came and rescu'd me;
ought me to Mytilene. But, good sir,
hither will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be,
ou think me an impostor: no, good faith;
am the daughter to King Pericles,
good King Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
ost wise in general: tell me, if thou canst,
'hat this maid is, or what is like to be,
hat thus hath made me weep?

Hel. I know not; but
ere is the regent, sir, of Mytilene
peaks nobly of her.

Lys. She never would tell(193)
er parentage; being demanded that,
ie would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;
ive me a gash, put me to present pain;
est this great sea of joys rushing upon me
'erbear the shores of my mortality,
nd drown me with their sweetness.—O, come hither,
hou that begett'st him that did thee beget;
hou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
nd found at sea again!—O Helicanus,
own on thy knees, thank the holy gods as loud
s thunder threatens us: this is Marina.—
'hat was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
or truth can never be confirm'd enough,
hough doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray,
'hat is your title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
y drown'd queen's name,—as in the rest you said
hou'st been godlike perfect,—thou'rt the heir of kingdoms,

And another life to Pericles thy father.(194)

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter than
To say my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art my child.—
Give me fresh garments.—Mine own, Helicanus,—
She is not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mytilene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you.—
Give me my robes.—I am wild in my beholding.—
O heavens bless my girl!—But, hark, what music?—
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter.—But, what music?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None!
The music of the spheres!—List, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?

Lys. My lord, I hear.(195)

[*Music.*

Per. Most heavenly music!
It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes: let me rest. [*Sleeps.*

Lys. A pillow for his head:—
So, leave him all.—Well, my companion friends,(196)
If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you. [*Exeunt all except Pericles.*

DIANA *appears.*

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus: hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met together,

efore the people all,
eveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
o mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
nd give them repetition to the life.(197)
r perform(198) my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe;
o it, and happy; by my silver bow!
wake, and tell thy dream. [*Disappears.*

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
will obey thee.—Helicanus!

Re-enter HELICANUS, LYSIMACHUS, MARINA, *&c.*

Hel. Sir?

Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike
he inhospitable Cleon; but I am
or other service first: toward Ephesus
urn our blown sails; eftsoons I'll tell thee why.—
hall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore, [*To Lysimachus.*
nd give you gold for such provision
s our intents will need?

Lys. Sir,
With all my heart; and, when you come ashore,
I have another suit.(199)

Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend me your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER, *before the temple of* DIANA *at Ephesus.*

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then dumb.(200)
This,(201) my last boon, give me,—
For such kindness must relieve me,—
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mytilin,
To greet the king. So he thriv'd,
That he is promis'd to be wiv'd

To fair Marina; but in no wise
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king, and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancy's thankful doom.(202) [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The temple of* DIANA *at Ephesus;* THAISA *standing near the altar, as high priestess; a number of Virgins on each side;* CERIMON *and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.*

Enter PERICLES, *with his train;* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, *and a* Lady.

Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.(203)
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child call'd Marina; who,(204) O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tharsus
Was nurs'd with Cleon; who at fourteen years
He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mytilene; 'gainst whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.
Thai. Voice and favour!—
You are, you are—O royal Pericles!— [*Faints.*
Per. What means the woman?(205) she dies! help, gentlemen!
Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.
Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.
Per. 'Tis most certain.
Cer. Look to the lady;—O, she's but o'erjoy'd.—
Early in blustering morn this lady was
Thrown upon this shore. I op'd the coffin,
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and plac'd her
Here in Diana's temple.
Per. May we see them?
Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you.—Look, Thaisa is
Recover'd.
Thai. O, let me look!
If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing.—O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
Like him you are: did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?
Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!
Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposèd dead
And drown'd.
Per. Immortal Dian!
Thai. Now I know you better.—
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king my father gave you such a ring. [*Shows a ring.*
Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness
Makes my past miseries sport: you shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen.—O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms.
Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.
[*Kneels to Thaisa.*
Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Bless'd, and mine own!
Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!
Thai. I know you not.
Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute:
Can you remember what I call'd the man?
I have nam'd him oft.
Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.
Per. Still confirmation:
Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserv'd; and who to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.
Thai. Lord Cerimon,[206] my lord; this man,
Through whom the gods have shown their power; that can
From first to last resolve you.
Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?
Cer. I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placèd here in the temple;
No needful thing omitted.
Per. Pure Dian,[207] bless thee for thy vision! I
Will offer night-oblations to thee.—Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothèd of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis.—And now,
This ornament
Makes me look dismal will I clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.
Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit, sir,
My father 's dead.
Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days:
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.—

Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay
To hear the rest untold: sir, lead 's the way. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen
(Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen)
Virtue preserv'd(208) from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last:
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears
The worth that learnèd charity aye wears:
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursèd deed, and(209) honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city burn,
That him and his they in his palace burn;
The gods for murder seemèd so content
To punish them,—(210) although not done, but meant.
So, on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.
[*Exit.*

P. 371. (1) "*and holy-ales*," &c.

So Farmer.—The old eds. have "*and holy* dayes," &c.

P. 371. (2) "*The purchase*," &c.

Most improperly altered by Steevens to "*The* purpose," &c.

P. 372. (3) "*a fere*," &c.

The old eds. have "*a* Peere" [and "Peer"], &c., a misprint for "Pheere,"—more correctly written "*fere*." (In *Titus Andronicus*, act iv. sc. 1, the folio has "the wofull *Feere*," &c.)

P. 372. (4) "*But custom what they did begin*
Was with long use account no sin."

Is usually altered to "By *custom*," &c.,—the modern editors not making allowance for the inaccurate style of the unknown author.—The old eds. have "—— account'd ["accounted," and "counted"] *no sinne*."

P. 372. (5) "*Bring in our daughter*," &c.

The old eds. have "Musicke *bring in*," &c.,—a stage-direction having here (as is frequently the case) crept into the text.—This "Music" (a puzzle to the modern editors) was evidently intended to accompany the entrance of the Daughter of Antiochus:—it was set down thus early in the prompter's book that the musicians might be in readiness. See vol. v. p. 185, note (2).

P. 372. (6) "*For the embracements*," &c.

The old eds. omit "*the*."

P. 373. (7) "*her mild companion*."

i.e., as Mason rightly explains it, the companion of her mildness;—which I mention lest any one should suppose that "*mild*" is a misprint for "vild" (vile).

P. 373. (8) "*boundless happiness!*"

The old eds. have "bondlesse," &c.

P. 373. (9) "*all thy whole*," &c.

The old eds. have "*all* the *whole*," &c.

P. 374. ([10]) "*I wait the sharpest blow.*
Ant. *Scorning advice,—read the conclusion, then:*
Which read," &c.

The quartos have,

"*I wayt the sharpest blow* (Antiochus)
Scorning aduice; read the conclusion then:
Which read," &c.

The third folio partially corrects the error, prefixing "*Ant.*" to the last of these lines.

P. 374. ([11]) "*Of all say'd yet,*" &c.

i.e. of all who have yet assayed, &c.—(Mason would read, both here and in the next line, "In *all* save that," &c.)

P. 376. ([12]) "*Will shun no,*" &c.

So Malone.—The old eds. have "*Will* shew *no,*" &c.

P. 376. ([13]) "*for the which,*" &c.

The old eds. omit "*the:*" but the modern editors agree in silently inserting it:—and compare, in the preceding speech, "*The which* is good in nothing," &c., and afterwards, p. 378, "The thing *the which* is flatter'd," &c.

P. 377. ([14]) "*My lord,*
If I can get him within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure enough: so," &c.

Here the modern editors (Mr. Knight excepted) silently print,

"*My lord, if I*
Can get him once *within my pistol's length,*
I'll make him sure: so," &c.

P. 377. ([15]) "*Why should this change of thoughts,*
The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
Be my so us'd a guest as not an hour," &c.

The old eds. have,

"*why shold this chāge* [and "*change*"] *of thoughts,*
The sad companion dull eyde melancholie,
By me *so vsde a guest, as not an houre,*" &c.

The usual modern reading is,—

"*Why should this* charge *of thoughts?*
The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
By me *so us'd a guest* is, *not an hour,*" &c.

P. 377. ([16]) "*Whose aim seems far too short to hit me here*," &c.

The old eds. have "*Whose* arme *seemes*," &c.—Compare *Coriolanus*, act i. sc. 2, "We shall be *shorten'd* in our *aim*," &c.; and *Troilus and Cressida*, act ii. sc. 3, "which *short-aim'd* ignorance," &c. where the old eds. have "*which short-*armd *ignorance*," &c.

P. 378. ([17]) "*I honour him*," &c.

The old eds. omit "*him*."

P. 378. ([18]) "*And with the ostent of war will look so huge,*
Amazement shall drive courage from the state," &c.

Tyrwhitt's correction.—The old eds. have "*And with the* stint *of warre*," &c., which Mr. Knight retains; "*stint*," he says, "is synonymous with *stop* in the old writers" (and I wonder that he did not cite from *Timon of Athens*, act v. sc. 4, "Make war breed peace; make peace *stint war*," &c.): but he takes no notice of the immediately following words, "*will* LOOK SO HUGE," &c., which fully confirm Tyrwhitt's emendation. (Steevens adduces from Chapman's *Homer's Batrachomuomachia*,

"Both heralds bearing *the ostents of war*;"

and from Dekker's *Entertainment of James I.*, 1604,

"And why you bear, alone, *th' ostent of warre*.")

P. 378. ([19]) "*Who am no more*," &c.

Farmer's correction: but qy. if the true reading?—The old eds. have "*Who* once *no more*," &c.

P. 378. ([20]) "Enter HELICANUS, and other Lords."

At the commencement of this scene the quarto of 1609 has "Enter Pericles with his Lords;" and here it has "Enter all the Lords to Pericles."—The other old eds. have the former stage-direction, but they omit the latter one.—Surely, the first speech of Pericles is spoken to himself.

P. 378. ([21]) "*Peace, peace, and give experience tongue.*"

Is usually amended to "*Peace, peace*, my lords, *and give experience tongue.*"

P. 378. ([22])
"*To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing*," &c.

The 4to of 1609 has "*To which that* sparke *gives heate and*," &c.; and so the later eds., except that they corrupt "*heate*" into "heart."—Here the tran-

scriber or compositor by mistake repeated the word "sparke" from the preceding line.—Steevens would substitute "wind:" Malone printed "breath:" Mason proposed "blast,"—which I adopt.

P. 378. (23) "*proclaim a peace*," &c.

The old eds. omit "*a*."

P. 379. (24) "*Sit down: thou art no flatterer:*
I thank thee for it; and heaven," &c.

Is usually amended to,

"*Sit down*, sit down: *thou art no flatterer:*
I thank thee for it; and high *heaven*," &c.

P. 379. (25)
"*That kings should let their ears hear their faults chid?*"

Here, of course, "*let*" means "hinder."—The old eds. have "—— *their faults* hid;" which Malone gravely explains "their secret faults:"—but "hid" is a manifest error for "*chid*."

P. 379. (26) "*To bear with patience*
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself."

The usual modern correction is,

"*With patience bear*
Such griefs as you do lay upon yourself."

P. 379. (27) "*Whereas, thou know'st*," &c.

With Mr. Knight, I have retained "*Whereas*," which is often equivalent to "*Where:*"—but perhaps those modern editors are right who print "Where, as *thou know'st*," &c.; for in a later passage, p. 401, some of the old eds. have "Whereby [a mistake for "*Where by*"] *the losse of maidenhead*," &c.

P. 379. (28) "*Bethought me what*," &c.

The old eds. omit "*me*,"—which the author doubtless wrote. ("I have *bethought me* of another fault." *Measure for Measure*, act v. sc. 1.)

P. 379. (29) "*and tyrants' fears*
Decrease not, but grow faster than their years."

All the old eds. have,

"*and tyrants* feare
Decrease not, but grow faster than the *yeares;*"

except the fourth folio, where "feare" is corrected to "*fears*."

P. 379. (30) "*And should he doubt it,—as,*" &c.

So Malone.—The old eds. have "*And shold he* doo't, *as,*" &c., and "*And shold he* thinke, *as,*" &c.

P. 380. (31) "*if I may call offence,*" &c.

The modern editors alter "*call*" to "*call't*:" but I suspect that the author wrote as in the text:—we have no trace of Shakespeare here.

P. 380. (32) "*Who now reprov'st,*" &c.

The old eds. have "*Who now* reprou'dst," &c.

P. 380. (33) "*we'll live,*" &c.

The old eds. have "will *liue,*" &c., and "we *liue,*" &c.

P. 381. (34) "*But since he's gone, the king's seas must please:*
He scap'd the land, to perish at the sea."

On the words "*the king's seas must please*" Malone (who appears to have thought them uncorrupted) has this note, "i.e. must *do their pleasure;* must treat him as they will."—Percy conjectured "—— *the king* it sure *must please,*" &c.—Qy.

"*But since he's gone, the king's* ears it *must please,—*
He scap'd the land, to perish at the seas"?

P. 381. (35) "*But since my landing I have understood,*" &c.

The usual modern reading is "*But since my landing,* as *I have understood,*" &c.; but the old text has the same meaning.

P. 382. (36) "*and seen with,*" &c.

Malone prints "unseen *with,*" &c.

P. 382. (37) "*Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep*
Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep,
Till tongues fetch breath," &c.

Mr. Collier (note *ad l.*) calls this passage "somewhat obscure:" it is, in fact, corrupted into little better than nonsense.—In the first line the quarto of 1609 alone has "—— to *sound deepe;*" in the second line all the old eds have "—— *our eyes* to *weepe.*"—In the third line Steevens reads "*Till* lungs *fetch breath,*" &c.: but the occurrence of "Our *tongues*" in the first line renders that alteration very doubtful; and in *Richard II.* act i. sc. 3, we find,

"Which robs my *tongue from breathing* native breath."

(The usual modern arrangement is,—

"Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes
Into the air; our eyes do weep, till tongues
Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder, that
If heaven," &c.

But the first line (now mutilated) was surely intended to rhyme with the second.)

P. 382. (39) "*their helps*," &c.

The old eds. have "*their* helpers," &c.

P. 382. (39) "*For riches strew'd herself even in the streets*," &c.

i.e. "For Riches poured herself out even in the streets," &c.—Steevens altogether misunderstood the plain meaning of the line: and Mr. Grant White (*Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c. p. 472), much to my surprise, approves of Jackson's alteration,

"*For riches strew'd her* pelf *even in the streets*," &c.

(I need hardly notice that this speech comes under the head of τὸ ἀνακόλουθον.)

P. 383. (40) "*not us'd to savour hunger*," &c.

The old eds. have "*not* yet too [and "to"] sauers younger," &c.—Malone prints "*not us'd to* hunger's savour," &c.—Steevens and Mr. Collier adopt the conjecture of Mason, "*not* yet two summers younger," &c.,—i.e., says Mason, "less than two years ago:" but Cleon, only a little before, has spoken of "our woes *felt several years*."

P. 384. (41) "*Hath stuff'd these*," &c.

The old eds. have "That *stuff't* the," &c.

P. 384. (42) "*of unhappy me*," &c.

Malone conjectures that "*me*" should be "men;" Steevens that it should be "we" (as in *Coriolanus*, act v. sc. 3, "to poor *we*," &c.); and some critic (I forget who) proposes "O *unhappy me*," &c.

P. 384. (43) "*Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within*
With bloody veins," &c.

i.e. Are like the Trojan horse, which was stuff'd, &c.—Steevens reads,

"*Are, like the Trojan horse*, war-stuff'd *within*,
With bloody views," &c.

P. 384. (44) "*Rise, I pray you, rise,*" &c.

The quarto of 1609 has "Arise, *I pray you, rise,*" &c.—The later old eds. have "Arise, *I pray you,* arise," &c. (Compare, in p. 379, "*Rise,* prithee, *rise.*")

P. 385. (45) "*Build his statue to make him glorious,*" &c.

Is usually altered to "Gild *his statue to make* it *glorious,*" &c.

P. 386. (46) "*that stay'd,*" &c.

Steevens reads "hath *stay'd,*" &c., and perhaps rightly:—but the whole passage is far from intelligible.

P. 386. (47) "*Sends word of all,*" &c.

Steevens's correction.—The old eds. have "Sau'd one *of all,*" &c.

P. 386. (48) "*He, doing so,*" &c.

Means, I believe, "He, acting on the advice of Helicanus," &c.—Steevens reads "*He* knowing *so,*" &c.

P. 386. (49) "*Ne aught escapen,*" &c.

Here the old eds. have "escapend," most probably by the transcriber's or printer's mistake, since our author writes "perishen" in the preceding line.

P. 386. (50) "*and left me breath,*" &c.

The old eds. have "*and left* my *breath,*" &c.

P. 387. (51) "First Fish. *What, ho, Pilch!*
Sec. Fish. *Ho, come,*" &c.

The old eds. have

"1. *What,* to pelch?
2. Ha, *come,*" &c.

P. 387. (52) "*they've swallowed.*"

The old eds. have "*they swallow'd,*" &c.

P. 387. (53) "*We would,*" &c.

Qy. "He *would,*" &c.?

P. 387. (54) "*the finny subject*," &c.

The old eds. have "*the* fenny *subiect*," &c.

P. 388. (55)

"Per. *Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.*

Sec. Fish. *Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.*

Per. *May see the sea hath cast upon your coast.*"

That this is sadly mutilated, admits of no doubt.—"It should seem that the prince had made some remark on the badness of the day. Perhaps the dialogue originally ran thus:

'*Per.* Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen;
The day is rough and thwarts your occupation.

2 *Fish.* Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be *not* a day fits you, *scratch it* out of the calendar, and nobody *will* look after it.'

The following speech of Pericles is equally abrupt and inconsistent:

'*May* see the sea hath cast upon your coast.'

The folio [1664] reads:

'*Y'* may see the sea hath cast *me* upon your coast.'

I would rather suppose the poet wrote:

'*Nay*, see the sea hath cast upon your coast—'

Here the *fisherman* interposes. The prince then goes on:

'A man,' &c." STEEVENS.

As to the words, "*May see the sea hath cast upon your coast*," they are only unintelligible because the rest of the speech has dropped out: the reading of the third folio is an arbitrary attempt, in disregard of metre (for Pericles is now speaking in blank verse), to make the line convey a complete sense.

P. 388. (56) "*flesh for holidays*," &c.

The old eds. have "*flesh for* all day," &c.

P. 389. (57)

"*and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.*"

More mutilation.—Nothing can well be more ridiculous than Steevens's supposition that "*his wife's soul*" is the commencement of a new sentence, which the return of the two fishermen interrupts.

P. 389. (58) "*after all crosses*," &c.

Malone prints "*after all* my *crosses*," &c.

P. 390. (59)

"(*The which the gods protect thee from!*) *may defend thee.*"

The old eds. have "*The which the Gods protect thee*, Fame *may defend thee.*"—In adopting Malone's correction, I leave out the "it" before "*may defend thee:*"—so in the third line after this the author has omitted the pronoun before "*have*" (which Mr. Knight silently alters to "they've").

P. 390. (60) "*it.*"

The old eds. have "them,"—which perhaps might be retained as meaning the various pieces which compose the armour, if we had not had above "An armour,"—"this coat of worth,"—"this garment,"—and "it" repeatedly applied to the said armour.

P. 390. (61) "*And, spite of all the rapture of the sea,*
This jewel holds his building on my arm," &c.

The old eds. have "—— *all the* rupture *of the sea,*" &c.—Here "*building*" is usually altered to "biding." (Mr. Collier remarks *ad l.*: "The novel founded upon 'Pericles' shows that the two words, which in our text vary from the original copies, have been rightly changed by the commentators: Pericles, we are informed in the novel, got to land 'with a jewel, whom all the *raptures* of the sea could not bereave from his arm.' Sewel recommended 'rapture' for *rupture*, and Malone substituted 'biding' for *building*." How the passage cited from the novel proves that "*building*" should be altered to "biding," I am unable to discover. It is, in fact, a wanton and unnecessary change: "his *building* on my arm" is "his station on my arm.")

P. 390. (62) "*my friends,*" &c.

The old eds. have "*my* friend," &c.: but compare the words of Pericles above; "An armour, *friends!*"—"To beg of you, kind *friends,*" &c.

P. 391. (63) "*and our daughter,*

. . . . . .

Sits here," &c.

The old eds. have

"*and our daughter* heere,

. . . . . .

Sits heere," &c.

P. 391. (64) "—— *their glory* ——
—— *their renown,*" &c.

The old eds. have "—— *their* Renownes," &c.

P. 391. (65) "*to explain*," &c.

So Steevens.—The old eds. have "*to* entertaine," &c. (Qy. if in this passage two words have been accidentally transposed?

"'*Tis now your* labour, *daughter, to explain*
The honour *of each knight in his device.*"?)

P. 391. (66) "Piu," &c.

That the author should commence his *Spanish* motto with an *Italian* word will appear strange only to such readers as are not aware how frequently our early writers jumble those languages together.

P. 392. (67) "Quod me," &c.

The old eds. have "*Qui* me," &c.: but see (among other works which might be referred to) Daniel's translation of P. Jovius's *Discourse of Impreses*, 1585, sig. H 7.

P. 393. (68) "*To place*," &c.

So the fourth folio.—The earlier eds. have "I *place*," &c.

P. 393. (69)

"Sim. *Sit, sir, sit.*
Per. *By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,*
These cates resist me, she but thought upon."

The old eds. have

"*King. Sit, sir, sit.*
By Ioue (*I wonder*) *that is King of thoughts,*
These Cates resist mee, hee not *thought upon.*"

and their arrangement of the lines is almost alone sufficient to prove that a prefix has dropt out: if the whole of this had belonged to a single speaker, the words "*Sit, sir, sit*" would not have been placed apart from the rest: see the old copies *passim*.—Malone, restoring to Pericles what so evidently belongs to him, reads "*These cates resist me,* she not *thought upon*:" but I adopt, as far preferable, the emendation proposed by Mason (who truly observes that "there are no two words more frequently mistaken for each other, in the old plays, than *not* and *but*"); nor must I omit to add that the same correction occurred to Mr. Robson, while the present edition was passing through his press. (Let the whole be left in the mouth of Simonides, and the old text retained,—what is the meaning of

"*These cates resist me,* he not *thought upon*"?

According to Steevens, "Simonides wonders why his appetite fails him, *unless he is thinking of Pericles*"! according to Mr. Knight, "Simonides wonders that he cannot eat, *although Pericles is* '*not thought upon*' "!)

P. 394. (70)

"*Where now his son's like a glow-worm in the night,*" &c.

The old eds. have "*Where now his* sonne *like a,*" &c. (See notes (72), (175), (191). —This is usually altered to "*Where now his son's a glow-worm in the night,*" &c.

P. 394. (71) "*stor'd,*" &c.

The old eds. have "stur'd," &c. and "stirr'd," &c.

P. 394. (72) "*Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,*" &c.

Has been altered to "*Yon knight,* methinks, *doth sit too melancholy,*" &c.

P. 395. (73) "*And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him,*
Of whence," &c.

The modern editors (even Mr. Collier) silently print,

"*And further tell him we desire to know*
Of whence," &c.,—

which most probably the author wrote.

P. 395. (74) "*A gentleman of Tyre,*
Who only by misfortune of the seas
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore."

So all the old eds., except that those subsequent to the first quarto have "*cast on* the *shore.*"—"This speech," says Mr. Collier (note *ad l.*), "is perfectly intelligible;" which is true enough: but it is also manifestly mutilated.—The usual modern reading is,—

"*A gentleman of Tyre, who only by*
Misfortune of the seas has been *bereft*
Of ships and men, and *cast* upon *this shore.*"

P. 395. (75) "*And I have heard, you knights of Tyre,*" &c.

Has been amended, for the metre's sake, to "*And I have* often *heard,*" &c.

P. 396. (76) "*When he was seated in a chariot*
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with him,
A fire," &c.

This corrupt passage is usually altered to

"*When he was seated,* and his daughter with him,
In a chariot of inestimable value,
A fire," &c.,—

which refiction is silently given even by Mr. Collier.

P. 396. (77) "*Their bodies*," &c.

The old eds. have "Those *bodies*," &c.,—a mistake occasioned by "those" in the next line.

P. 397. (78) "*Whose death's indeed*," &c.

The old eds. have "*Whose* death *indeed*," &c.

P. 397. (79) "*And knowing this kingdom is without a head,—*
Like goodly buildings left without a roof
Soon fall to ruin,—your noble self," &c.

Has been amended to

"*And knowing this kingdom*, if *without a head*,
Like goodly buildings left without a roof,
Will soon to ruin fall, *your noble self*," &c.

P. 397. (80) "*For honour's cause, forbear your suffrages*," &c.

The old eds. have "Try *honours cause*," &c.—Steevens suggested "Try *honour's* course," &c.: but the error does not lie in the word "*cause*." The right reading is evidently "*For honour's cause*," &c.: the letter *r* was frequently written *below the line*, and scarcely to be distinguished from *y*; hence the mistake of the compositor here. (Afterwards, p. 399, we find, "I came unto your court *for honour's cause*," &c.)

P. 397. (81) "*Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,*
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease."

Malone reads "—— *I leap into the* seat," &c.; but he allows "that a line in *Hamlet*, 'Or to take arms against a *sea of troubles*,' as well as the rhyme, add some support to the old reading,"—which I have no doubt is the true one. (We have had before, p. 386,

"He, doing so, put forth to *seas*,
Where when men been, there's seldom *ease*," &c.)

P. 397. (82) "*To forbear the absence of your king*," &c.

Would seem to mean—To endure, put up with, the absence of your king.—"Some word," says Steevens, "being omitted in this line, I read,

'To forbear *choice i'* the absence of your king,'"—

which the context plainly shows cannot be right.

P. 398. (83) "*endeavour it.*"

The "*it*" is not in the old eds.

P. 399. (84) "*O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,*" &c.

Malone prints "*O, seek not to entrap,* my *gracious lord,*" &c.

P. 400. (86) "*And for a further grief,*" &c.

The old eds. omit "*a.*"

P. 401. (86) "*the house about,*" &c.

The old eds. have "about the house," &c.

P. 401. (87) "*Now couches fore the mouse's hole;*
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
Aye the blither for their drouth."

The old eds. have,

"*Now couches* from *the Mouses hole;*
And Cricket *sing at the ouens mouth,*
Are *the blyther for their drouth.*"

Malone says that "from *the mouse's hole*" may mean "at some little distance from the mouse's hole;" which it could hardly do.—The author, I presume, would not have used "cricket" as a plural, though earlier in this play he has written (if indeed he did write) "the finny *subject* [i.e. subjects] of the sea." —According to Boswell, "Are *the blither*" is equivalent to "Which are *the blither,*" &c.: but I believe that no such ellipsis was intended here, and that "Are" is a misprint for "*Aye.*" (Afterwards, p. 404, the old eds. have "ayre *remaining*" instead of "*aye-remaining.*")

P. 401. (88) "*opposing coigns,*" &c.

The old eds. have "*opposing* Crignes," &c.

P. 402. (89) "*can sound,*" &c.

Altered by the modern editors to "'gan *sound,*" &c.,—wrongly: see Richardson's *Dict.* in v. "Can."

P. 402. (90) "*Their vessel,*" &c.

So the copy of the quarto of 1609 in the Brit. Museum; which copy differs in several readings from the other copies I have seen (alterations having been introduced as the edition was passing through the press).—The subsequent old eds. have "then *vessell,*" &c.

P. 402. (91) "*but fortune's mood,*" &c.

The correction of Steevens (who cites from *All's well that ends well,* act v. sc. 3.

"muddied in *fortune's mood*").—The old eds. have "*but fortune* mou'd" (and "moou'd"), &c.

P. 402. (92) "*this fell storm*," &c.

According to Mr. Collier (note *ad l.*), "all modern editors corrupt the ancient text of the quartos and folios to '*fell* storm'." But so reads the copy of the quarto of 1609, in the Brit. Museum (see note (90)).—The other old eds. have "selfe" instead of "*fell.*"

P. 402. (93) "*The sea-tost*," &c.

The old eds. have "*The* seas *tost*," &c.

P. 402. (94) "*Thou god*," &c.

The old eds. have "The *God*," &c.

P. 402. (95) "*Having call'd them from the deep! O, still*
Thy deafening, dreadful thunders; gently quench," &c.

Here, I have little doubt, the author wrote "*Having* recall'd *them*," &c.—Mr. Collier prints "duly *quench*," &c., and observes (note *ad l.*), "'*Daily* quench' in the old copies: modern editors, without notice, alter it to '*gently* quench.'" But the copy of the quarto 1609 in the Brit. Museum (see note (90)) has "*gently quench*," &c.

P. 403. (96) "*Thou stormest venomously;*
Wilt thou spit all thyself?"

The old eds. have

"Then storme *venomously*,
Wilt thou," &c.—

Malone prints

"Thou storm, thou! *venomously*
Wilt thou," &c.

which is bad enough; and certainly not improved when altered by Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier to

"Thou storm, *venomously*
Wilt thou," &c.

P. 403. (97) "*and midwife gentle*," &c.

Steevens's correction.—The old eds. have "*and* my wife, *gentle*," &c.

P. 403. (98) "*make swift the pangs*
Of my queen's travail!"

The old eds. have "trauayles."

P. 403. (99) "*Use honour with you.*"

Steevens conjectures "Vie *honour*," &c.

P. 403. (100) "*the rudeliest welcome*," &c.

Here Malone altered "*welcome*" to "welcom'd." But the novel founded on this play (see Mr. Collier's note *ad l.*) has "thou art as rudely *welcome* to the world," &c.

P. 404. (101) "*and we are strong in custom.*"

Boswell's correction, and an obvious one.—The old eds. have "—— *in* easterne."

P. 404. (102)

"*Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard straight.*
Per. *As you think meet.—Most wretched queen!*"

The old eds. have

"*therefore briefly yeeld 'er* [and "*her*"].
Per. *As you thinke meet;* for she must ouer [and "o're"] board straight;
Most wretched Queene."

P. 404. (103) "*in the ooze*," &c.

The old eds. have "*in* oare," &c.—The correction was made by Steevens (who compares "my son *i' the ooze* is bedded," &c. *Tempest*, act iii. sc. 3).

P. 404. (104) "*And aye-remaining lamps*," &c.

Malone's emendation.—The old eds. have "The ayre *remayning lampes*," &c. (I may notice that Florio in his *Dict.* renders "*Eternale*" by "aie-during.")

P. 404. (105) "*the satin coffer*," &c.

The old eds. have "*the sattin* Coffin," &c., which is retained by Mr. Knight, who observes, "*Coffin* and *coffer* are words of the same original meaning. Subsequently [p. 410] Cerimon says to Thaisa,

'Madam, this letter and some certain jewels
Lay with you in your *coffer*.'"

But here at least (where Pericles is not speaking of the chest in which his queen was to be buried) I feel confident that the author wrote "*coffers*," and I strongly suspect that in the passage cited by Mr. Knight "*coffer*" should be "coffin," since we find, p. 407,

"If e'er this *coffin* drive a-land," &c.

and, p. 439,

"I op'd the *coffin*," &c.

P. 405. ([106]) "*Good morrow.*"

To this speech is usually added in the modern editions "sir."

P. 406. ([107]) "*I held it ever*," &c.

The old eds. have "*I* hold *it*," &c.

P. 406. ([108]) "*And can speak of the disturbances that nature*
Works, and of her cures; which doth give me
A more content," &c.

The usual modern alteration, for the sake of the metre, is,

"*And* I *can speak of the disturbances*
That nature works, and of her cures; which give me
A more content," &c.

P. 406. ([109]) "*treasure*," &c.

Steevens's correction.—"The old copies have *pleasure;* but no doubt a misprint, the compositor having caught the commencement of the word from ['*please*' in] the next line." COLLIER.

P. 406. ([110]) "*Such strong renown as time shall never raze.*"

The quarto of 1609 has "*Such strong renowne as time shall neuer.*" (a reading usually given in the modern editions, with a break after "*never*," as if the entrance of the Servants prevented the Gentleman from adding *the one little word necessary to complete the sentence*:—which word, it is quite plain, has been accidentally omitted in the first quarto).—The other old eds. have "*Such strong renowne as* never shall decay."

P. 406. ([111]) "*Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest*," &c.

The old eds. have "—— *tosse* vp *vpon our shore*," &c.:—but the same speaker presently says "As *toss'd* it *upon shore.*"

P. 407. ([112])

"*'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.*"

Corrupted.—The modern emendation is,

"It is *a good constraint of fortune*, that
It belches upon us."

P. 407. ([113]) "*bitum'd.*"

The old eds. have "bottomed."

P. 407. ([114]) "*With bags full of spices! A passport too!*"

The usual modern alteration, "*With bags* of spices full!" &c., is most probably what the author wrote.

P. 408. ([115]) "*And yet the fire of life kindle again*
The o'erpress'd spirits. I heard of an Egyptian
That had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliances recover'd."

So the old copies, except that in the last line they have "appliance."—Mr. Collier observes, note *ad l.*, "The words of the novel founded upon 'Pericles' tend to show that this passage is corrupt, and that Cerimon means, that he has heard of an Egyptian who had the power of restoring those who had for nine hours lain in a state of apparent death. The words are:—'I have read of some Egyptians, who after four hours' death (if a man may call it so) have raised impoverished bodies, like to this, unto their former health'."—The usual modern refiction of the passage is,—

"*And yet the fire of life kindle again*
The over-pressed *spirits. I* have *heard*
Of an Egyptian, had nine hours lien dead,
By good appliance was *recovered.*"

P. 408. ([116]) "*and cloths.*"

The modern editors print silently for the metre "*and* the *cloths.*"

P. 408. ([117]) "*The viol,*" &c.

The first quarto has "*The Violl,*" &c.; the other old eds. have "*The* Viall," &c.; hence it has been disputed whether Cerimon is speaking here of a small bottle or of a musical instrument. From the context I think he means the latter.

P. 408. ([118]) "*nature awakes; a warmth*
Breathes out of her," &c.

Mr. Collier says, note *ad l.*, "Malone states that 'the old copies read—*a warmth* breath out of her.' This should seem to be a mistake: the text is simply, 'nature awakes a warm breath out of her'." But the copy of the first quarto in the British Museum (see note ([90])) has distinctly "*Nature awakes a warmth* breath *out of her,*"—which Steevens altered, and I believe rightly, as above.

P. 408. ([119])

"*Do appear, to make the world twice rich.—Live,*
And," &c.

The usual modern emendation is,

"*Appear, to make the world twice rich.*—O *live,*
And," &c.

P. 409. ([120])

"*Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,*
Yet glance full wanderingly on us."

Steevens's correction.—The old eds. have

"*Your* shakes *of fortune, though they* hant [and "haunt" and "hate"]
you mortally,
Yet glaunce full wondringly *on vs.*"

P. 409. ([121]) "*By bright Diana, whom we honour, all*
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill in't."

The old eds. have

"*by bright Diana, whom we honour,*
All vnsisterd *shall this hayre* [and "*shall* his heyres"] *of*
mine remayne,
Though I shew will *in't.*"

Here the modern editors wrongly point,—

"*By bright Diana, whom we honour all,*
Unscissar'd," &c.,

and retain the old corruption "*shew* will" (the original compositor having by mistake repeated the *w*), though a passage towards the close of the play, p. 440, so clearly proves what the true reading is ;

"and now
This ornament
Makes me look dismal will I clip to form," &c.

P. 410. ([122]) "*Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and*
The gentlest winds of heaven."

According to Steevens, "*the mask'd Neptune*" means "insidious waves that wear a treacherous smile:" but would Cleon couple *the insidious waves* with "the gentlest winds of heaven"? or would he, on such an occasion, allude at all to *the insidiousness of the waves*?—Is not the right reading, "*the* vast *Neptune*"? Compare *Timon of Athens*, act v. sc. 4, "Taught thee to make *vast Neptune* weep for aye," &c.

P. 410. ([123]) "*Lay with you in your coffer: which are,*" &c.

See note ([105]).—The line being imperfect, "now" is usually added to it.

P. 410. (124) "*Even on my eaning time; but whether there*
Deliver'd, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say," &c.

The quartos have "—— *my* learning *time*," &c., which was amended in the third folio to "—— *my* eaning *time*," &c.,—the true word doubtless; though Steevens asserted that "*eaning* is a term applicable only to sheep," and devised the ridiculous reading (which is usually adopted), "—— *my* yearning *time*," &c.—The second line ought perhaps to stand,—

"I was *deliver'd, by the holy gods*," &c.

The modern editors print silently,—

"*Delivered* or no, *by the holy gods*," &c.

P. 411. (125) "*there a*," &c.

The old eds. have "ther's [and "there's"] *a*," &c.

P. 411. (126) "*In music, letters*," &c.

The old eds. have "*In* musicks [and "musickes"] *letters*," &c.

P. 411. (127) "*Which makes her both the heart and place.*"

Steevens's correction.—The old eds. have "*Which makes* hie [and "high] *both the* art *and place*," &c.

P. 411. (128) "*And in this kind hath our Cleon*
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage-rite; this maid," &c.

The old eds. have

"*And in this kinde*, our Cleon hath
One daughter and a full growne wench,
Euen right [and "*ripe*"] *for marriage* sight: *this Maid*," &c.

The necessary transpositions were made by Steevens.—He, Malone, and Mr. Knight agree in printing "*marriage* fight;" which they explain "Cupid's wars" and the "combats of Venus" (though, if it meant any thing, it would mean "*matrimonial quarrels*").—Mr. Collier retains "*marriage* sight," i.e., he says, "the sight of marriage,—*a very clear reading!*" he adds, however, that probably "in the manuscript *rite* was spelt *right* and misprinted '*sight*',"—which I hold for certain.

P. 411. (129) "*she weav'd*," &c.

The old eds. have "they *weaude*," &c.

P. 411. (130) "*the night-bird*," &c.

The old eds. have "*the night* bed," &c.

P. 411. (131) "*With the dove of Paphos might the crow*," &c.

Mason's correction.—The old eds. have "The Doue of Paphos might with *the crow*," &c.

P. 412. (132) "*I carry*," &c.

The old eds. have "*I* carried," &c. (the Ms. perhaps having had "*I carrie*," &c.).

P. 412. (133) "*Let not conscience,*
Which is but cold, inflaming love in thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely," &c.

The old eds. (giving this speech, and nearly the whole of the present scene, as prose) have "*let not conscience, which is but cold*, in flaming, thy loue *bosome*" [and "*inflaming* thy love bosome"], &c.—The passage is evidently so mutilated as to defy any satisfactory restoration. ("The sentiment originally expressed," says Malone, "probably was this. 'Let not conscience, which is but a cold monitor'," &c.—"Let not conscience," says Steevens, "which in itself is of a cold nature," &c.—CONSCIENCE *a cold monitor, and of a cold nature!!*)

P. 412. (134) "*Here*
She comes weeping for her only mistress' death."

Corrupted.—Percy conjectured "*Here* comes she *weeping for her* old nurse's *death*:" which has been further amended to

"*Here*
Weeping she comes *for her* old nurse's *death.*"

P. 413. (135) "*keep alone?*"

Mr. Collier observes, note *ad l.*, "Malone tells us that the earliest copies read *keep* for 'weep.' Such is not the case with the quarto, 1609, the property of the Duke of Devonshire, which, like all the subsequent impressions, has '*weep* alone'."—The copy of the first quarto in the Brit. Museum (see note (92)) has "*keep alone.*"

P. 413. (136) "*Come,*
Give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it."

Has been altered to

"*Come*, come,
Give me your wreath of *flowers, ere the sea mar it.*"

and more recently by Mr. Knight to

"*Come, give me your flowers, ere the sea mar* them."—

That there is no mutilation here, I do not assert: but see p. 224, note (29), and vol. v. p. 284, note (64).

P. 414. (137) "*as nurse said*," &c.

The old eds. have "*as Nurse* ses" [and "saith"], &c.

P. 414. (138) "*His kingly hands, haling ropes*," &c.

Amended by Malone to "*His kingly hands* with *hauling* of the *ropes*," &c.

P. 414. (139) "*From stem to stern*," &c.

Malone's correction.—The old eds. have "*from* sterne *to sterne*," &c.

P. 415. (140) "*Wherein my death might yield her any profit,*
Or my life imply her any danger?"

The usual modern reading, and probably the right one, is—

"*Wherein my death might yield her profit, or*
My life imply her danger?"

P. 416. (141) "*they're too*," &c.

The old eds. have "ther's [and "there's"] two," &c.

P. 417. (142) "*gone through*," &c.

Usually altered by the modern editors to "*gone* thorough," &c.

P. 417. (143) "*I cannot be bated*," &c.

"This speech should seem to suit the *Pirate*. However, it may belong to Boult:—I cannot *get them to bate me* one doit of a thousand pieces." MALONE. The preceding speech proves that Boult is the speaker here: but qy. "It *cannot be bated*," &c.?

P. 418. (144) "*to despise*," &c.

The old eds. omit "*to*."

P. 420. (145) "*thy fact*," &c.

The old eds. have "*thy* face,"—which Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight retain.—The usual modern reading (Mason's) is "*thy* feat," &c. But here surely "face" is an error for "*fact*:"

"and a fouler *fact*
Did never traitor in the land commit."
Sec. Part of Henry VI. act i. sc. 3.

"damnèd *fact*." *Macbeth*, act iii. sc. 6.

P. 420. (146) "*pious innocent*," &c.

"It stands '*impious* innocent' in the quarto, 1609: all the later impressions omit the incongruous epithet. Monck Mason proposed to read '*pious* innocent,' and his conjecture is fully confirmed by the novel founded upon the play, for there Dionyza says to her husband, 'If such a *pious innocent* as yourself do not reveal it unto him'." COLLIER.

P. 420. (147) "*his prime consent*," &c.

The quarto of 1609 has "*his* prince *consent*," &c.; the other old eds. have "*his* whole *consent*," &c.—The usual modern reading (Steevens's) is "*his* pre-*consent*," &c.

P. 420. (148) "*sources*."

The old eds. have "courses;" which the modern editors do not even question. (In *All's well that ends well*, act ii. sc. 1, we find

"great floods have *flown*
From simple *sources*," &c.)

P. 420. (149) "*She did distain my child*," &c.

The old eds. have "—— disdaine *my childe*," &c.; which the modern editors retain, though Steevens had suggested the true reading,—though Marina is so far from *disdaining* any one that she is represented as meekness itself,—though our old writers so frequently use *distain* in the sense (absolutely required here) of *sullying by contrast*,—and though in the Induction to this act Gower has said,—

"Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so *darks*
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife," &c.

P. 420. (150) "*And as for Pericles,*
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,

And yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express," &c.

In the third line the modern editors (Mr. Collier not excepted) print silently, for the metre, "*And* even *yet we mourn*," &c.—The quarto of 1619 alters "*epitaphs*" to "epitaph" (but in *Much ado about Nothing*, act iv. sc. 1, the Friar, speaking of Hero, says,

"Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed;
Maintain a mourning ostentation,
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful *epitaphs*," &c.).—

The third folio (giving, like the other old eds., this speech in prose) has

"*And as for Pericles, what should he say?*
We wept after her hearse, and yet we mourn:
Her monument almost finished, and her Epitaph
In glittering golden characters, express," &c.

P. 421. ([151]) "*talons.*"

The old eds. have "talents."—See vol. iii. p. 449, note ([17]).

P. 421. ([152]) "*your imagination*," &c.

The old eds. have "our *imagination*," &c.

P. 421. ([153]) "*i' the gaps*," &c.

The quarto of 1609 has "with *gappes*," &c.: the other old eds. substitute "in" for "with."

P. 421. ([154]) "*Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late*
. . . . . .
Well-sailing ships," &c.

So Steevens.—The old eds. have

"Old Helicanus goes along behind,
Is left to gouerne it, you beare in mind.
Old Escenes, whom Hellicanus late
Aduancde in time to great and hie estate.
Well sayling ships," &c.

P. 421. ([155]) "*his pilot*," &c.

The old eds. have "this *pilot*," &c.

P. 421. ([156]) "*grow on*," &c.

The old eds. have "grone," &c.

P. 422. ([157]) "*Thetis, being*," &c.

"Every old copy," says Mr. Collier, note *ad l.*, "corruptly reads '*That is* being proud'." Not so: the copy of the quarto of 1609 in the Brit. Museum (see note ([90])) has the true reading.

P. 422. ([158]) "*our scene*," &c.

The old eds. have "*our* steare," &c. (Mr. Knight substitutes "*our* tears," &c.,—without any regard to the sense.)

P. 424. ([159]) "*the deed of darkness*," &c.

So the quarto of 1630.—The other old eds. have "*the* deedes [and "deeds"] *of*," &c.

P. 424. ([160]) "*Go thy ways.*"

These words are only in the quarto of 1609.—Malone made them the commencement of the next speech.—Steevens observes that they "may signify only 'Go back again,' and might have been addressed by the Bawd to Marina, who had offered to quit the room with her." (The Bawd, p. 419, says to Marina, "Come your ways," &c.)

P. 425. ([161]) "*Why, I cannot name't but I shall offend.*"

So the third folio.—The earlier eds. have "*Why, I cannot* name *but*," &c.—Steevens reads "What *I cannot* name *but I shall offend.*"

P. 425. ([162]) "*stand aloof*," &c.

The old eds. have "*stand* aloft," &c.

P. 426. ([163]) "*She makes*," &c.

The old eds. have "He *makes*," &c.

P. 427. ([164]) "*Any of these ways are yet better than this*," &c.

I give this speech as the old eds. exhibit it, except that in the last line but two I print "*And I will*," &c., instead of "*And will*," &c.—The author probably wrote,—

"*Any of these ways are* better yet *than this*:
For that which *thou professest, a baboon*,

Could he but *speak, would own a name too dear.—*
O, that the gods would safely from this place
Deliver me!—*Here,* here is *gold for thee.*
If that thy master would gain aught *by me,*" &c.

P. 428. ([165]) "*twin with,*" &c.

The old eds. have "Twine, *with,*" &c.

P. 429. ([166])

"*Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost;*
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd," &c.

So Malone.—The quarto of 1609 has

"*Where wee left him on the Sea, wee there him* left,
Where *driuen before the windes, he is arriude,*" &c.

The second quarto and all the subsequent old eds. have

"*Where we left him at sea,* tumbled and tost,
And *driuen before the* winde, *he is arriude,*" &c.

P. 429. ([167]) "*In your supposing once more put your sight*
Of heavy Pericles; think this his bark," &c.

So all the old eds., except the third folio, which has "On *heavy Pericles,*" &c.: but here the "*Of*" of the earlier eds. is (as in some other passages of these plays) equivalent to "On;" and the meaning is,—"In your imagination once more fix your eyes on heavy Pericles," &c.—The usual modern alteration is,

"*In your supposing once more put your sight;*
Of heavy Pericles think this the *bark,*" &c.

P. 429. ([168]) "*Where is Lord Helicanus?*"

So the quarto of 1609. (But qy. "—— *Lord* Helicane?" Compare, p. 397, "And since *Lord Helicane* enjoineth us," &c.)—The other old eds. have "*Where is* the *Lord Hellicanus?*"

P. 429. ([169])

"*There is some of worth would come aboard: I pray,*
Greet them fairly."

The quarto of 1609 alone has "*greet* him *fairely;*" which Mr. Collier retains, understanding "*some of worth*" in the preceding line to mean "some person of worth:" but the reading of the later old eds. is the more natural one:—Lysimachus comes accompanied by his *Lords* (as is proved by the prefix "*Lord.*" to one of the speeches in this scene). (Here Mr. Knight unscrupulously prints "*some* one *of worth* . . . him *fairly.*")

P. 430. ([170]) "*And you, sir, to*," &c.

The old eds. omit "*sir*."

P. 430. ([171]) "*But the main grief springs from the loss*," &c.

Corrupted.—The modern editors (even Mr. Collier) silently print "*But the main grief* of all *springs*," &c.

P. 430. ([172]) "*mortal night*," &c.

The old eds. have "*mortal* wight," &c.

P. 431. ([173]) "*deafen'd parts*," &c.

Mr. Collier is mistaken in saying, note *ad l.*, that "the old copies all read '*defended* parts':"—the copy of the quarto of 1609 in the Brit. Museum (see note ([90])) has "defend *parts*," &c.

P. 431. ([174]) "*She is all happy as the fairest of all,*
And, with her fellow maids, is now upon," &c.

The first of these lines is sufficiently obscure: Steevens altered it to "*She*, all as *happy as* of all the fairest," &c. In the second line the old eds. omit "*with*" and "*is*."

P. 431. ([175]) "*all's effectless*," &c.

The old eds. have "all *effectless*," &c. See notes ([76]), ([78]), ([191]).

P. 431. ([176]) "*the most just gods*," &c.

The old eds. have "*the most iust* God," &c., which the modern editors retain. But (though Simonides, p. 400, uses the common expression, "*God* give you joy!" and again, p. 404, the Sailor says, "*God* save you!") there are numerous passages in the play which prove that here the old eds. are in error.

P. 431. ([177]) "*afflict*," &c.

The old eds. have "inflict;" which, though the modern editors retain it, I believe to be one of the host of errors which vitiate the text of this unfortunate drama.

P. 431. ([178]) "*presence?*"

The old eds. have "present?"

P. 431. (179) "*She's such a one,*" &c.

Usually altered to

"*She's such, that were I well assur'd* she *came*
Of gentle kind and noble stock, I'd wish
No better choice, and think me rarely wed."

P. 431. (180) "*in bounty,*" &c.

The old eds. have "*in* beauty," &c.

P. 431. (181) "*artificial feat,*" &c.

Percy's correction.—The old eds. have "*artificial* fate," &c.

P. 432. (182) "*Provided*
That none but I and my companion maid
Be suffer'd to come near him."

This can hardly be what the author wrote; but it is what I find in all the old eds.—The modern editors (even Mr. Collier) silently cut it down to

"*Provided none but I and my companion*
Be suffer'd to come near him."—

See note (186).

P. 432. (183) "[Marina sings."

In the printed copies of early dramas the songs are frequently omitted; and here the old eds. have merely a stage-direction, "*The Song.*" (Marina, it would seem, sung an adaptation of the lines, if not the very lines, "Amongst the harlots foul I walk," &c., translated from the *Gesta Romanorum* by Twine in his *Patterne of Painefull Adventures*, &c., on which the present play is mainly founded. See the notes of Malone, Steevens, and Mr. Collier *ad l.*)

P. 432. (184)

"*I do think so.—Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.*"

The usual modern alteration (which even Mr. Collier silently adopts) is,

"*I do think so.*
I *pray you, turn your eyes* again *upon me.*"

P. 432. (185) "*What countrywoman?*
Here of these shores?
Mar. *No, nor of any shores,*" &c.

Lord Charlemont's correction.—The old eds. have

"—— *what Country*-women heare *of these shewes?*
Mar. No, nor of any shewes," &c.

P. 433. ([186]) "*If I should tell my history, it would seem*
Like lies disdain'd in the reporting."

The author's text was perhaps something like this,

"*If I should tell*
My history, 'twould seem to you *like lies*
Disdain'd in the reporting."

P. 433. ([187]) "*not say,*" &c.

The old eds. have "*not* stay," &c.

P. 433. ([188]) "*How lost thou them? Thy name,*" &c.

The old eds. have "*how lost thou thy name,*" &c.—Malone inserted "*them.*"

P. 434. ([189])
"*Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?*
Motion!—Well; speak on," &c.

The various punctuation of the old eds. is,

"—— *and are no Fairie?*
Motion well, speake on," &c.

"—— *and are no Fairy?*
Motion well speake on," &c.

"—— *and are no Fairy?*
Motion? well, speak on," &c.

Steevens reads

"No *motion?*" &c,

i.e. "no puppet dressed up to deceive me:" Mr. Knight adopts Mason's conjecture,

"*Have you a working pulse? and are no* fairy-motion?
Well; speak on."

and Mr. Collier gives,

"*Have you a working pulse? and are no* fairy
Motion? *Well; speak on.*"—

But all the commentators, I believe, have misunderstood the passage. "*Motion!*" is the exclamation of Pericles, after he has felt Marina's pulse, and has ascertained by its beating that she really is a creature of flesh and blood.

P. 435. ([190]) "*the minute,*" &c.

Malone reads, for the metre, "*the* very *minute,*" &c.

P. 434. ([191]) "*this cannot be:*
My daughter 's buried."

Here the old eds. omit "*'s*", see notes ([70]), ([76]), ([175]).

P. 434. ([192])
"*You scorn: believe me, 'twere best I did give o'er.*"

In consequence of what immediately follows, Malone altered this to "You'll scarce *believe me; 'twere best I did give o'er.*"

P. 435. ([193]) "*She never would tell,*" &c.

The usual modern alteration, for the metre, is "*She* would never *tell,*" &c.

P. 436. ([194])
"*Thou'st been godlike perfect,—thou'rt the heir of kingdoms,*
And another life to Pericles thy father."

The old eds. have

"*Thou hast beene God-like perfit, the heir of kingdomes,*
And another like *to Pericles thy father,*"

which cannot be right.—Malone prints,

"*Thou hast been godlike perfect,—the heir of kingdoms,*
And a mother *like to Pericles thy father.*"—

I adopt, with a slight variation, the conjectural emendation of Mason,—

"*Thou hast been godlike perfect,—thou'rt heir of kingdoms,*
And another life to Pericles thy father."

(In his preceding speech Pericles addresses Marina as

"Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget;"

and afterwards,—see note ([197]),—the old eds. have, by mistake, "like" for "*life*").—Still the passage, as it now stands, is not Shakesperian in metre;—and here the hand of Shakespeare is visible;—nor does the regulation of the old eds. go for any thing: qy.

"*Thou hast been godlike perfect,*—thou art then
The heir of kingdoms, and another life
To Pericles thy father"?

P. 436. ([196]) "*My lord, I hear.* [Music."

The old eds. have "Musicke *my Lord, I heare.*" But in this speech, as in the

earlier one (see note (5)), "Musicke" is a stage-direction crept into the text. The author evidently intended that the *Music* (a prelude to the appearance of Diana), which had already been ringing in the ears of Pericles, should now be heard by the audience, though those on the stage with Pericles were supposed not to hear it. (The modern editors print, strangely enough,

"Music? My lord, I hear—")

P. 436. (196) "*Well, my companion friends,*" &c.

Malone would read "*Well, my companion* friend," &c., making this a speech of Marina to her female companion; or else, retaining the old text here with the prefix *Marina*, he would read in a former speech, p. 432, "*my companion* maids,"—since we have been told, p. 431, that Marina was "with her fellow *maids*," &c.

P. 437. (197) "*to the life.*"

The old eds. have "*to the* like;"—which Mr. Knight retains! and which Mr. Collier (though he prints "*life*") says "was *most probably* an error of the press,"—as if there could be any doubt of it, a rhyme being required to "wife."—The earlier part of this speech is mutilated; the whole having been originally in rhyme.

P. 437. (198) "*Or perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe;*
Do it, and happy; by my silver bow!
Awake, and tell thy dream."

In the first line the usual modern reading is "*Perform my bidding,*" &c.; in the second "*Do't, and* be *happy,*" &c.,—quite wrong, for the context shows that "*and happy*" is equivalent to "*and* thou liv'st *happy.*"—Mr. Knight's punctuation,

"*by my silver bow*
Awake, and tell thy dream."

destroys all meaning. Diana declares "*by her silver bow*" that Pericles shall be either wretched or happy, as he disobeys or obeys her bidding.

P. 437. (199) "*another suit.*"

So Malone.—The old eds. have "*another* sleight."

P. 437. (200) "*then dumb.*"

Rowe printed "*then* done."—"There are many as imperfect rhymes in this play [and in the much earlier writers who are imitated in Gower's speeches] as that of the present couplet. So, in a former chorus, *moons* and *dooms*. Again, at the end of this, *soon* and *doom*" [but see note (202)]. MALONE.

P. 437. ([201]) "*This, my last boon, give me,—*
For such kindness must relieve me,—" &c.

Steevens reads "*This*, as *my last*," &c. ;—an addition which, as he himself confesses, only partially assists the metre. (What the author wrote was perhaps not unlike—"*This, my last boon*, deign to *give me*,—")

P. 438. ([202]) "*thankful doom.*"

Steevens, for the rhyme, gives "*thankful* boon," and cites in support of the change the third line of this speech: see, however, note ([200]).

P. 438. ([203]) "*At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.*"

Usually altered by the modern editors to "The fair Thaisa at Pentapolis."

P. 438. ([204]) "*who, O goddess*," &c.

With the exception of the fourth folio, the old eds. have "whom, *O Goddesse*," &c. (See vol. iv. p. 528, note ([43]). "Whom" as a nominative is much less endurable in a modern edition than "*who*" (see the next line but one) as an accusative.)

P. 438. ([205]) "*What means the woman?*"

So the quarto of 1619 and the later old eds.—The first quarto has "*What meanes* the mum?" from which perhaps we might elicit "*What means* she? mum!"

P. 440. ([206]) "*Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man*," &c.

The author, I should suppose, wrote here,

"*Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man, through whom*
The gods have shown their power; 'tis he that can
From first to last resolve you."

P. 440. ([207]) "*Pure Dian*," &c.

A speech so corrupted that it admits of no tolerable arrangement.—I follow here the quarto of 1609, except that in the second line I have added the pronoun "I."—The usual modern refiction is,—

"*Pure* Diana,
I *bless thee for thy vision*, and [so the sec. quarto] *will offer*
My *night oblations to thee. Thaisa,*
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now
This ornament, that [so the sec. quarto] *makes me look* so *dismal,*
Will I, my lov'd Marina, *clip to form*," &c.

P. 441. ([illegible]) "*Virtue* [illegible]

The old eds. have "*Vertue* preferd," &c.

P. 441. ([illegible]) "*and honour'd name*," &c.

So the third folio.—The earlier eds. have "*the honor'd name*," &c.

P. 441. ([illegible]) "*To punish them*," &c.

Here Malone added "*them*."

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua. [OVID.]

TO THE

[GHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

[GHT HONOURABLE,

I KNOW not how I shall offend in dedicating my ished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure r choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden: if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly d, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have ıred you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my tion prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a god-; and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me o bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always r your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Even as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn:
  Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
  And like a bold-fac'd suitor gins to woo him.

"Thrice-fairer than myself," thus she began,
"The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are;
  Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
  Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

"Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:
  Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
  And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses;

"And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh variety,—
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport."

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good:
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimbly she fastens (O, how quick is love!):
The steed is stallèd up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove:
Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips;
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
"If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open."

He burns with bashful shame; she with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;
Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:
He saith she is immodest, blames her miss;
What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone;
Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Forc'd to content, but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face;
She feedeth on the steam as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace;
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Look, how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes:
Rain added to a river that is rank
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;
Still is he sullen, still he lowers and frets,
'Twixt crimson shame and anger ashy-pale;
Being red, she loves him best; and being white,
Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears,
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
  Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;
  And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;
So offers he to give what she did crave;
  But when her lips were ready for his pay,
  He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat
More thirst for drink than she for this good turn.
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn:
  "O, pity," gan she cry, "flint-hearted boy!
  'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

"I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in every jar;
  Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
  And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have.

"Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batter'd shield, his uncontrollèd crest,
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest;
  Scorning his churlish drum and ensign red,
  Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

"Thus he that overrul'd I oversway'd,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain:
Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obey'd,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mastering her that foil'd the god of fight!

"Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,—
Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red,—
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine:—
What see'st thou in the ground? hold up thy head:
Look in mine eyeballs, there thy beauty lies;
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

"Art thou asham'd to kiss? then wink again,
And I will wink; so shall the day seem night;
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:
These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

"The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shows thee unripe; yet mayst thou well be tasted:
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted:
Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

"Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
Ill-nurtur'd, crookèd, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'erworn, despisèd, rheumatic, and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for thee;
But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

"Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are gray, and bright, and quick in turning;
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

"Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me:
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

"Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain on theft.
Narcissus so himself himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

"Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse:
Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth beauty;
Thou wast begot,—to get it is thy duty.

"Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live when thou thyself art dead;
And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive."

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook them,
And Titan, tirèd in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them;
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him, and by Venus' side.

•

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His lowering brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours when they blot the sky,—
Souring his cheeks, cries, "Fie, no more of love!
The sun doth burn my face; I must remove."

"Ay me," quoth Venus, "young, and so unkind?
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone!
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun:
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

"The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,
And, lo, I lie between that sun and thee:
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me;
And were I not immortal, life were done
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

"Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth?
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?
O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

"What am I, that thou shouldst contemn me this?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute:
Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

"Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred!
Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
For men will kiss even by their own direction."

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:
And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
And now her sobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band:
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lily fingers one in one.

"Fondling," she saith, "since I have hemm'd thee here
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:
  Graze on my lips; and if those hills be dry,
  Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

"Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain:
  Then be my deer, since I am such a park;
  No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark."

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;
  Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
  Why, there Love liv'd, and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking.
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?
  Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
  To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing;
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.
  "Pity," she cries, "some favour, some remorse!"
  Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud:
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder;
The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controllèd with.

His ears up-prick'd; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stand(1) on end;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send:
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say, Lo, thus my strength is tried;
And this I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering "Holla" or his "Stand, I say"?
What cares he now for curb or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons or trapping gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And whêr he run or fly they know not whether;
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her;
She answers him, as if she knew his mind:
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind;
Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
He vails his tail, that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent:
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume.
His love, perceiving how he is enrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy master goeth about;
When, lo, the unback'd breeder,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forth,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there as they.
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
Out-stripping crows that strive to overfly them.

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits,
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast;
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage;
So of concealèd sorrow may be said;
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brows,
Looks on the dull earth with disturbèd mind,
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O, what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward
To note the fighting conflict of her
How white and red each other did
But now her cheek was pale,
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
  His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,
  As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing;
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:
  And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
  With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe:
  This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
  Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:
"O fairest mover on this mortal round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;
  For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
  Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee."

"Give me my hand," saith he; "why dost thou feel it?"
"Give me my heart," saith she, "and thou shalt have it;
O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:
  Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
  Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard."

"For shame," he cries, "let go, and let me go;
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so:
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone;
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare."

Thus she replies: "Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire:
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire:
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none;
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

"How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held such petty bondage in disdain;
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

"Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight?
Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

"Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy;
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee:
O, learn to love; the lesson is but plain,
And once made perfect, never lost again."

"I know not love," quoth he, "nor will not know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it;
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

"Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:
The colt that's back'd and burden'd being young
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

"You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;
To love's alarms it will not ope the gate:
Dismiss your vows, your feignèd tears, your flattery;
For where a heart is hard they make no battery."

"What! canst thou talk?" quoth she, "hast thou a tongue?
O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong;
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing:
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,
Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore wounding.

"Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible;
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but sensible:
Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

"Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;
For from the still'tory of thy face excelling
Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth love by smelling.

"But, O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four!
Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
And bid Suspicion double-lock the door,
Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast?"

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh:
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:
A smile recures the wounding of a frown;
But blessèd bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!
The silly boy, believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red;

And all-amaz'd brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!
For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips; a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd:
He kisses her; and she, by her good will,
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the earth relieveth:
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumin'd with her eye;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brows' repine;
But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

"O, where am I?" quoth she; "in earth or heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?
Do I delight to die, or life desire?
But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy;
But now I died, and death was lively joy.

"O, thou didst kill me;—kill me once again:
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

"Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!
O, never let their crimson liveries wear!
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year!
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

"Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

"A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred touches unto thee?
Are they not quickly told and quickly gone?
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?"

"Fair queen," quoth he, "if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years:
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

"Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west;
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, 'tis very late;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

"Now let me say 'Good night,' and so say you;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss."
"Good night," quoth she; and, ere he says "Adieu,"
The honey fee of parting tender'd is:
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face.

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drought:
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
(Their lips together glu'd,) fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter willeth;
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high,
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blindfold fury she begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
Forgetting shame's pure blush and honour's wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tir'd with chasing,
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

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What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,
And yields at last to every light impression?
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing,
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission:
Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
But then woos best when most his choice is froward.

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When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis pluck'd:
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;
The poor fool prays her that he may depart:
She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him;
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
He carries thence incagèd in his breast.

"Sweet boy," she says, "this night I'll waste in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, Love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the match?"
He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

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"The boar!" quoth she; whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheek; she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:
  She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
  He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount her;
  That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
  To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw,
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.
  The warm effects which she in him finds missing
  She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:
She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd;
Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee;
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.
  "Fie, fie," he says, "you crush me; let me go;
  You have no reason to withhold me so."

"Thou hadst been gone," quoth she, "sweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt the boar.
O, be advis'd: thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
  Whose tushes never-sheath'd he whetteth still,
  Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

"On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret;
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;
Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes his cruel tushes slay.

"His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harm'd;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture:
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes.

"Alas, he naught esteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;
But having thee at vantage,—wondrous dread!—
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

"O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still;
Beauty hath naught to do with such foul fiends:
Come not within his danger by thy will;
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

"Didst thou not mark my face? was it not white?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? and fell I not downright?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

"For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel;
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, 'Kill, kill!'
Distempering gentle Love in his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire.

"This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,
This canker that eats up Love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear:

"And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed
Doth make them droop with grief and hang the head.

"What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at the imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination:
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

"But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox which lives by subtlety,
Or at the roe which no encounter dare:
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.

" And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot(2) his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles:
The many musets through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

" Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer:
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:

" For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

" By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still:
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

" Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low never reliev'd by any.

"Lie quietly, and hear a little more;
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so;
For love can comment upon every woe.

"Where did I leave?" "No matter where," quoth he;
"Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:
The night is spent." "Why, what of that?" quoth she.
"I am," quoth he, "expected of my friends;
And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall."
"In night," quoth she, "desire sees best of all.

"But if thou fall, O, then imagine this,
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make true men thieves; so do thy lips
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

"Now of this dark night I perceive the reason:
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason,
For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine;
Wherein she fram'd thee, in high heaven's despite,
To shame the sun by day, and her by night.

"And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies
To cross the curious workmanship of nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature;
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of mad mischances and much misery;

"As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood,
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:
Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd despair,
Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

"And not the least of all these maladies
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under:
Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,
Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and done,
As mountain-snow melts with the midday sun.

"Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

"What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

"So in thyself thyself art made away;
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life.
Foul-cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that's put to use more gold begets."

"Nay, then," quoth Adon, "you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme:
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream;
For, by this black-fac'd night, desire's foul nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

"If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
For know, my heart stands armèd in mine ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there;

"Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

"What have you urg'd that I cannot reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger:
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase: O strange excuse,
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse!

"Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

"Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;
Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies;
Love is all truth, Lust full of forgèd lies.

"More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen:
Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended."

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark laund runs apace;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarkèd friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend:
So did the merciless and pitchy night
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood;
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour-caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:
"Ay me!" she cries, and twenty times, "Woe, woe!"
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She, marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemp'rally a woeful ditty;
How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote;
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the choir of echoes answer(3) so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short:
If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, delight
In such-like circumstance, with such-like sport:
Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
But idle sounds resembling parasites;
Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits?
She says, "'Tis so:" they answer all, "'Tis so;"
And would say after her, if she said, "No."

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:
"O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other."

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,
And yet she hears no tidings of her love:
She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn:
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twin'd about her thigh to make her stay:
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay;
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wreath'd up in fatal folds just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder;
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her senses and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all strain courtesy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart;
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part:
  Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
  They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy;
Till, cheering up her senses all dismay'd,
She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy,
And childish error, that they are afraid;
  Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more:—
  And with that word she spied the hunted boar;

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:
  This way she runs, and now she will no further,
  But back retires to rate the boar for murther.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;
She treads the path that she untreads again;
Her more than haste is mated with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
  Full of respects, yet naught at all respecting:
  In hand with all things, naught at all effecting.

Here kennell'd in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary caitiff for his master;
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;
  And here she meets another sadly scowling,
  To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceas'd his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin volleys out his voice;
Another and another answer him,
  Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
  Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amaz'd
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gaz'd,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;
  So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
  And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

"Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love,—thus chides she Death,—
"Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean
To stifle beauty and to steal his breath,
  Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set
  Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

"If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it;—
O yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
  Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart
  Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

"Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And, hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower:
  Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
  And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

"Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour."

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She vail'd her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopp'd
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd;
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
And with his strong course opens them again.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow,—
Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving who should best become her grief;
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
But none is best: then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman hollo;
A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well:
The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labour to expel;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye like pearls in glass;
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes;
Despair and hope makes thee ridiculous:
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought;
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;
It was not she that call'd him all to-naught:
Now she adds honours to his hateful name;
She clepes him king of graves, and grave for kings,
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

"No, no," quoth she, "sweet Death, I did but jest;
Yet pardon me I felt a kind of fear
Whenas I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe;
Then, gentle shadow,—truth I must confess,—
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

"'Tis not my fault: the boar provok'd my tongue;
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
I did but act, he's author of thy slander:
Grief hath two tongues; and never woman yet
Could rule them both without ten women's wit."

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With Death she humbly doth insinuate;
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

"O Jove," quoth she, "how much a fool was I
To be of such a weak and silly mind
To wail his death who lives, and must not die
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

"Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves;
Trifles, unwitnessèd with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves."
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcon(4) to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew;

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep-dark cabins of her head:

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
  Who, like a king perplexèd in his throne,
  By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.
  This mutiny each part doth so surprise,
  That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd:
  No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
  But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
Dumbly she passions, franticly she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead:
  Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow;
  Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be:
  His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled;
  For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

"My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet," quoth she, "behold two Adons dead!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:
Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire!
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

"Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim;
But true-sweet beauty liv'd and died with him.

"Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear;
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you:
But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair:

"And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
Play with his locks: then would Adonis weep;
And straight, in pity of his tender years,
They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

"To see his face the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him;
To recreate himself, when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame, and gently hear him;
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

"When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills;
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

"But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave:
If he did see his face, why then I know
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

"'Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain:
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheath'd, unaware, the tusk in his soft groin.

"Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his,—the more am I accurst."
With this, she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealèd blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woeful words she told;
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies;

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect:
"Wonder of time," quoth she, "this is my spite,
That, thou being dead, the day should yet be light.

"Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy,
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend:
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end;
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low;
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

"It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud;
Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while;
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile:
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

"It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures;
It shall be raging-mad, and silly-mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

"It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful, and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just;
Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

"It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire:
Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy,
They that love best their loves shall not enjoy."

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd
Was melted like a vapour from her sight;
And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white,
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by death:
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

"Poor flower," quoth she, "this was thy father's guise,—
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire,—
For every little grief to wet his eyes:
To grow unto himself was his desire,
And so 'tis thine; but know, it is as good
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

"Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right:
Lo, in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night:
There shall not be one minute in an hour
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower."

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid
Their mistress, mounted, through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herself and not be seen.

P. 488. (1) "*his braided hanging mane*
. . . . . *stand on end*," &c.

"Our author uses *mane*, as composed of many hairs, as plural. So *army*, *fleet*, &c." MALONE.—Perhaps so.

P. 502. (2) "*to overshoot his troubles*," &c.

Here the old eds. have "ouershut,"—a manifest misprint; which, however, Malone retained, because "to *shut up* in Shakespeare's age signified to *conclude*"!

P. 507. (3) "*the choir of echoes answer so.*"

See vol. ii. p. 169, note (48).

P. 513. (4) "*As falcon to the lure, away she flies*," &c.

So ed. 1600.—The earlier eds. have "*As* falcons *to*," &c.; which Mr. Collier is singular in preferring.

LUCRECE.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

THE love I dedicate to your lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater; meantime, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your lordship's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE ARGUMENT.

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS,—for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus, —after he had caused his own father-in-law Servius Tullius to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece' beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was (according to his estate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his

dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king: wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

LUCRECE.

From the besiegèd Ardea[1] all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathèd Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire
And girdle with embracing flames the waist
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of "chaste" unhappily set
This bateless edge on his keen appetite;
When Collatine unwisely did not let
To praise the clear unmatchèd red and white
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,
Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,
With pure aspécts did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state;
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent
In the possession of his beauteous mate;
Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,
That kings might be espousèd to more fame,
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done
As is the morning's silver-melting dew
Against the golden splendour of the sun!
An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun:
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator;
What needeth, then, apologies be made,
To set forth that which is so singular?
Or why is Collatine the publisher
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
From thievish ears, because it is his own?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
Suggested this proud issue of a king;
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be:
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should vaunt
That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those:
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
To quench the coal which in his liver glows.
O rash-false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old!

When at Collatium this false lord arriv'd,
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue striv'd
Which of them both should underprop her fame:
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame;
When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
Virtue would stain that o'er(2) with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intitulèd,
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field:
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age to gild
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,—
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
Argu'd by beauty's red and virtue's white:
Of either's colour was the other queen,
Proving from world's minority their right:
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight;
The sovereignty of either being so great,
That oft they interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses,
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;
Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,
The coward captive vanquishèd doth yield
To those two armies that would let him go,
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue,—
The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so,—
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show:
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adorèd by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper;
For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil;
Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear:
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd:

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty;
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not satisfy;
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies
Writ in the glassy margents of such books:
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks;
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry
With bruisèd arms and wreaths of victory:
Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth express,
And, wordless, so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming hither,
He makes excuses for his being there:
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear;
Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison stows the Day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending weariness with heavy spright;
For, after supper, long he questionèd
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight;
And every one to rest themselves betake,
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining:
Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining;
And when great treasure is the meed propos'd,
Though death be adjunct, there 's no death suppos'd.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,
That what they have not, that which they possess,
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage;
As life for honour in fell battle's rage;
Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in venturing ill we leave to be
The things we are for that which we expect;
And this ambitious foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have: so then we do neglect
The thing we have; and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust;
And for himself himself he must forsake:
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust?
When shall he think to find a stranger just,
When he himself himself confounds, betrays
To slanderous tongues and wretched hateful days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes:
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries;
Now serves the season that they may surprise
The silly lambs: pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and murder wake to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm;
But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,
Doth too-too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly;
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye;
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly,
"As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire."

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise:
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust:

"Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine:
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine;
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
Let fair humanity abhor the deed
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed.

"O shame to knighthood and to shining arms!
O foul dishonour to my household's grave!
O impious act, including all foul harms!
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave!
True valour still a true respect should have;
Then my digression is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

"Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat;
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,
To cipher me how fondly I did dote;
That my posterity, sham'd with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
To wish that I their father had not bin.

"What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week?
Or sells eternity to get a toy?
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the sceptre straight be strucken down?

"If Collatinus dream of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?

"O, what excuse can my invention make,
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake,
Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed?
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

"Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife,
As in revenge or quittal of such strife:
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

"Shameful it is;—ay, if the fact be known:
Hateful it is;—there is no hate in loving:
I'll beg her love;—but she is not her own:
The worst is but denial and reproving:
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.
Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe."

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worser sense for vantage still;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, "She took me kindly by the hand,
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band,
Where her belovèd Collatinus lies.
O, how her fear did make her colour rise!
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

"And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,
Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear!
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
Until her husband's welfare she did hear;
Whereat she smilèd with so sweet a cheer,
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

"Why hunt I, then, for colour or excuses?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth:
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

"Then, childish fear, avaunt! debating, die!
Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age!
My heart shall never countermand mine eye:
Sad pause and deep regard beseem the sage;
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage:
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies?"

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost chok'd by unresisted lust.
Alway he steals with open listening ear,
Full of foul hope and full of fond mistrust;
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the self-same seat sits Collatine:
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits;
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline;
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted takes the worser part;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
By reprobate desire thus madly led,
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforc'd, retires his ward;
But, as they open, they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard:
The threshold grates the door to have him heard;
Night-wandering weasels shriek to see him there;
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct in this case;
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

And being lighted, by the light he spies
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks:
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
And griping it, the needle his finger pricks;
As who should say, This glove to wanton tricks
Is not inur'd; return again in haste;
Thou see'st our mistress' ornaments are chaste.

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;
He in the worst sense construes their denial:
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,
He takes for accidental things of trial;
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,
Who with a lingering stay his course doth let,
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

"So, so," quoth he, "these lets attend the time,
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
And give the sneapèd birds more cause to sing.
Pain pays the income of each precious thing;
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and sands,
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands."

Now is he come unto the chamber-door,
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessèd thing he sought.
So from himself impiety hath wrought,
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited th' eternal power
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,
Even there he starts:—quoth he, "I must deflower:
The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,
How can they, then, assist me in the act?

"Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
My will is back'd with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried;
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight."

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide.
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch:
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
And gazeth on her yet-unstainèd bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head:
By their high treason is his heart misled;
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with a greater light:
Whether it is that she reflects so bright,
That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposèd;
But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosèd.

O, had they in that darksome prison died!
Then had they seen the period of their ill;
Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,
In his clear bed might have reposèd still:
But they must ope, this blessèd league to kill;
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side to want his bliss;
Between whose hills her head entombèd is:
Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,
To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath;
O modest wantons! wanton modesty!
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality:
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
As if between them twain there were no strife,
But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquerèd,
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honourèd.
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred;
Who, like a foul usurper, went about
From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see but mightily he noted?
What did he note but strongly he desir'd?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wilful eye he tir'd.
With more than admiration he admir'd
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
His rage of lust by gazing qualified;
Slack'd, not suppress'd; for standing by her side,
His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins:

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
Nor children's tears nor mothers' groans respecting,
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting:
Anon his beating heart, alarum striking,
Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand;
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land;
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries:
She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,
Whose grim aspéct sets every joint a-shaking;
What terror 'tis! but she, in wòrser taking,
From sleep disturbèd, heedfully doth view
The sight which makes supposèd terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;
She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears
Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes:
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries;
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,—
Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall!—
May feel her heart (poor citizen!) distress'd,
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.
This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,
To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
To sound a parley to his heartless foe;
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
The reason of this rash alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: "The colour in thy face,—
That even for anger makes the lily pale,
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,—
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale:
Under that colour am I come to scale
Thy never-conquer'd fort: the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

"Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:
Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide;
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might;
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

"I see what crosses my attempt will bring;
I know what thorns the growing rose defends;
I think the honey guarded with a sting;
All this beforehand counsel comprehends:
But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends;
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

"I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed;
But nothing can affection's course control,
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity;
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy."

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,
Whose crookèd beak threats if he mount he dies:
So under his insulting falchion lies
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.

"Lucrece," quoth he,
If thou deny, then
For in thy bed I
That done, some
To kill thine honour
And in thy dead
Swearing I slew him,

"So thy surviving husband
The scornful mark of every
Thy kinsmen hang their
Thy issue blurr'd with
And thou, the author of
Shalt have thy trespass cited
And sung by children in

"But if thou yield, I rest
The fault unknown is as a
A little harm done to a great
For lawful policy remains
The poisonous simple sometimes
In a pure compound; being
His venom in effect is

"Then, for thy husband and
Tender my suit: bequeath
The shame that from them
The blemish that will never
Worse than a slavish wipe or
For marks descried in men's
Are nature's faults, not

Here with a cockatrice' dead
He rouseth up himself, and
While she, the picture of
Like a white hind under the
Pleads, in a wilderness
To the rough beast that
Nor aught obeys but his

But(3) when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat,
In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their biding,
Hindering their present fall by this dividing;
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth:
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth:
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining:
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place;
And midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She cónjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
By holy human law, and common troth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, "Reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast pretended;
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;
End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended;
He is no woodman that doth bend his bow
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

"My husband is thy friend,—for his sake spare me;
Thyself art mighty,—for thine own sake leave me;
Myself a weakling,—do not, then, ensnare me;
Thou look'st not like deceit,—do not deceive me.
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave thee:
If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,
Be movèd with my tears, my sighs, my groans:

"All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,
To soften it with their continual motion;
For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears, and be compassionate!
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

"In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee:
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
To all the host of heaven I complain me,
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely name.
Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;
For kings like gods should govern every thing.

"How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring!
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,
What dar'st thou not when once thou art a king?
O, be remember'd, no outrageous thing
From vassal actors can be wip'd away;
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

"This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear;
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love:
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove:
If but for fear of this, thy will remove;
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

"And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall learn?
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
Wilt thou be glass wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,
To privilege dishonour in thy name?
Thou back'st reproach against long-living laud,
And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

"Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul sin may say,
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way?

"Think but how vile a spectacle it were,
To view thy present trespass in another.
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;
Their own transgressions partially they smother:
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.
O, how are they wrapp'd in with infamies
That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes!

"To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier:
I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal;
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire:
His true respect will prison false desire,
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne,
That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine."

"Have done," quoth he: "my uncontrollèd tide
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the wind in greater fury fret:
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste."

"Thou art," quoth
And, lo, there falls
Black lust, dishonour,
Who seek to stain the
If all these petty ills shall
Thy sea within a puddle
And not the puddle in thy

"So shall these slaves be kings,
Thou nobly base, they basely
Thou their fair life, and they
Thou loathèd in their shame, they
The lesser thing should not the
The cedar stoops not to the
But low shrubs wither at the

"So let thy thoughts, low vassals to
"No more," quoth he; "by heaven
Yield to my love; if not, enforced
Instead of love's coy touch, shall
That done, despitefully I mean to
Unto the base bed of some rascal
To be thy partner in this

This said, he sets his foot upon the
For light and lust are deadly
Shame folded up in blind
When most unseen, then most doth
The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the
Till with her own white fleece
Entombs her outcry in her lips

For with the nightly linen that
He pens her piteous clamours
Cooling his hot face in the
That ever modest eyes with
O, that prone lust should
The spots whereof could
Her tears should drop

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would lose again:
This forcèd league doth force a further strife;
This momentary joy breeds months of pain;
This hot desire converts to cold disdain:
  Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,
  And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorgèd hawk,
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
The prey wherein by nature they delight;
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:
  His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
  Devours his will, that liv'd by foul devouring.

O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination!
Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,
Ere he can see his own abomination.
While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation
  Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,
  Till, like a jade, Self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:
The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with Grace,
  For there it revels; and when that decays,
  The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chas'd;
For now against himself he sounds this doom,—
That through the length of times he stands disgrac'd:
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defac'd;
  To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
  To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death and pain perpetual:
  Which in her prescience she controllèd still,
  But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Even in this thought through the dark night he stealeth,
A captive victor that hath lost in gain;
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain;
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
  She bears the load of lust he left behind,
  And he the burden of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence;
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there;
He scowls, and hates himself for his offence;
She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear;
  She stays, exclaiming on the direful night;
  He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite;
She there remains a hopeless cast-away;
He in his speed looks for the morning light;
She prays she never may behold the day,
"For day," quoth she, "night's scapes doth open lay,
  And my true eyes have never practis'd how
  To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

"They think not but that every eye can see
The same disgrace which they themselves behold;
And therefore would they still in darkness be,
To have their unseen sin remain untold;
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
  And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
  Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel."

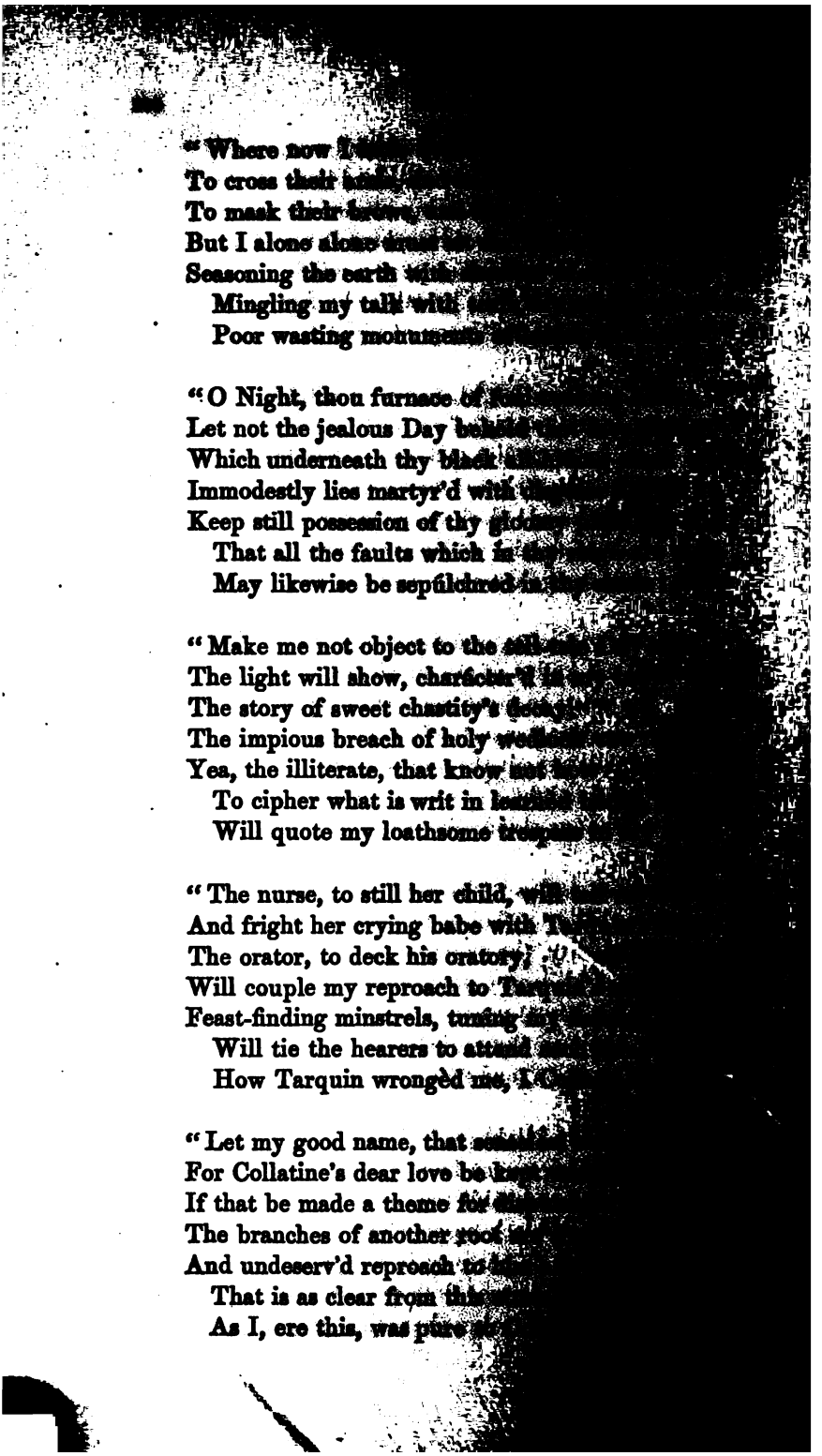
Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer chest to close so pure a mind.
  Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her spite
  Against the unseen secrecy of night:

"O comfort-killing Night, image of hell!
Dim register and notary of shame!
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!
Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour for defame!
  Grim cave of death! whispering conspirator
  With close-tongu'd treason and the ravisher!

"O hateful, vaporous, and foggy Night!
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
Make war against proportion'd course of time;
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
  His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
  Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

"With rotten damps ravish the morning air;
Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick
The life of purity, the supreme fair,
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick;
And let thy misty(4) vapours march so thick,
  That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light
  May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

"Were Tarquin Night (as he is but Night's child),
The silver-shining queen he would distain;
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defil'd,
Through Night's black bosom should not peep again:
So should I have co-partners in my pain;
  And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
  As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.



"O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
  Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,
  Which not themselves, but he that gives them knows!

"If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft.
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft:
  In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,
  And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

"Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wrack,—
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonour to disdain him:
Besides, of weariness he did complain him,
  And talk'd of virtue:—O unlook'd-for evil,
  When virtue is profan'd in such a devil!

Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?
  But no perfection is so absolute,
  That some impurity doth not pollute.

"The aged man that coffers-up his gold
Is plagu'd with cramps and gouts and painful fits;
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
And useless barns the harvest of his wits;
  Having no other pleasure of his gain
  But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

"So then he hath it when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young;
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their cursèd-blessèd fortune long.
The sweets we wish for turn to loathèd sours
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

"Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers;
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;
What virtue breeds iniquity devours:
We have no good that we can say is ours,
But ill-annexèd Opportunity
Or kills his life or else his quality.

"O Opportunity, thy guilt is great!
'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason;
Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season;
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

"Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud:
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

"Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a public fast,
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:
Thy violent vanities can never last.
How comes it, then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

"When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end?
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chain'd?
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

"The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds:
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds:
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

"When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid:
They buy thy help; but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
He gratis comes; and thou art well appaid
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
My Collatine would else have come to me
When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

"Guilty thou art of murder and of theft,
Guilty of perjury and subornation,
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift,
Guilty of incest, that abomination;
An accessary by thine inclination
To all sins past, and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.

"Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night,
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care,
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare;
Thou nursest all, and murder'st all that are:
O, hear me, then, injurious, shifting Time!
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

"Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,
Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose,
Cancell'd my fortunes, and enchainèd me
To endless date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is to fine the hate of foes;
To eat up errors by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

"Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in agèd things,
To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers;

"To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs,
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel;

"To show the beldam daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild,
To mock the subtle in themselves beguil'd,
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

"Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou couldst return to make amends?
One poor retiring minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends:
O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come back,
I could prevent this storm, and shun thy wrack!

"Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight:
Devise extremes beyond extremity,
To make him curse this cursèd crimeful night:
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright;
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

"Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
To make him moan; but pity not his moans:
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones;
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

"Let him have time to tear his curlèd hair,
Let him have time against himself to rave,
Let him have time of Time's help to despair,
Let him have time to live a loathèd slave,
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,
And time to see one that by alms doth live
Disdain to him disdainèd scraps to give.

"Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort;
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of folly and his time of sport;
And ever let his unrecalling crime
Have time to wail th' abusing of his time.

"O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill!
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself himself seek every hour to kill!
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill;
For who so base would such an office have
As slanderous death's-man to so base a slave?

"The baser is he,
To shame his
The mightier man,
That makes him
For greatest scandal
The moon being clo
But little stars may

"The crow may bathe his
And unperceiv'd fly with
But if the like the snow-
The stain upon his silver
Poor grooms are sightless
Gnats are unnoted wherever
But eagles gaz'd upon

"Out, idle words, servants to
Unprofitable sounds, weak
Busy yourselves in skill-
Debate where leisure serves
To trembling clients be you
For me, I force not
Since that my case is past

"In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and
In vain I cavil with mine
In vain I spurn at my
This helpless smoke of words
The remedy indeed to do
Is to let forth my foul-

"Poor hand, why quiver'st
Honour thyself to rid me of
For if I die, my honour
But if I live, thou liv'st in
Since thou couldst not
And wast afeard to
Kill both thyself and

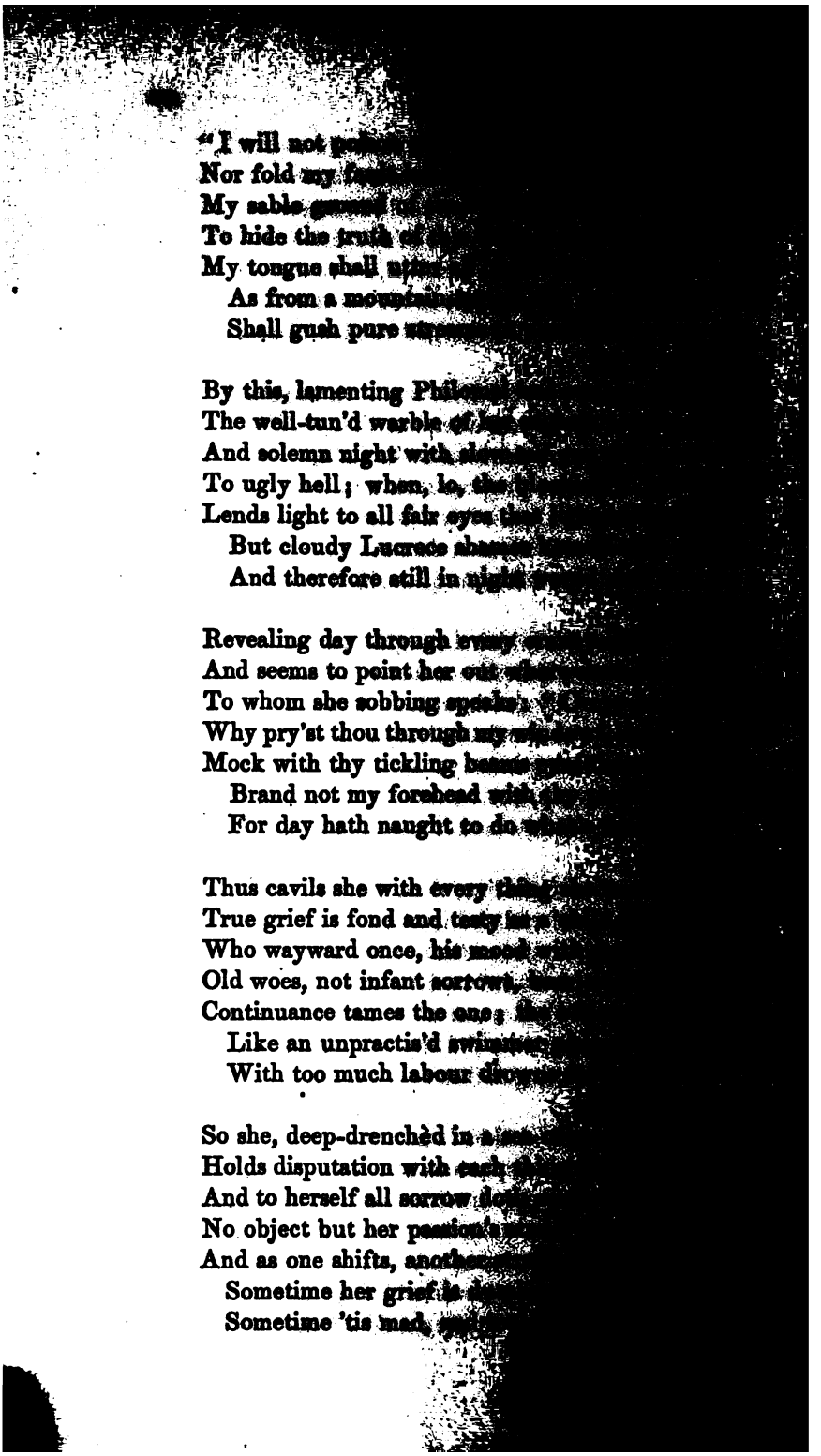
This said, from her be-tumbled couch she starteth,
To find some desperate instrument of death:
But this no slaughterhouse no tool imparteth
To make more vent for passage of her breath;
Which, thronging through her lips, so vanisheth
As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes,
Or that which from dischargèd cannon fumes.

"In vain," quoth she, "I live, and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife:
But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife:
So am I now:—O no, that cannot be;
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

"O, that is gone for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this spot by death, at least I give
A badge of fame to slander's livery;
A dying life to living infamy:
Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n away,
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

"Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
The stainèd taste of violated troth;
I will not wrong thy true affection so,
To flatter thee with an infringèd oath;
This bastard graff shall never come to growth:
He shall not boast who did thy stock pollute
That thou art doting father of his fruit.

"Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
Basely with gold, but stol'n from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,
And with my trespass never will dispense,
Till life to death acquit my forc'd offence.



The little birds that tune their morning's joy
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody:
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;
Sad souls are slain in merry company;
Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society:
  True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd
  When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore;
He ten times pines that pines beholding food;
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more;
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good;
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
  Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows;
  Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

"You mocking birds," quoth she, "your tunes entomb
Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb:
My restless discord loves no stops nor rests;
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests:
  Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;
  Distress likes dumps when time is kept with tears.

"Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair:
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the diapason bear;
  For burden-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
  While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill.

"And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye;
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
  These means, as frets upon an instrument,
  Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

"And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold,
Some dark-deep desert, seated from the way,
That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,
Will we find out; and there we will unfold
To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds:
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds."

As the poor frighted deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly,
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily;
So with herself is she in mutiny,
To live or die which of the twain were better,
When life is sham'd, and death reproach's debtor.

"To kill myself," quoth she, "alack, what were it,
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?
They that lose half with greater patience bear it
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.
That mother tries a merciless conclusion
Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one,
Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

"My body or my soul, which was the dearer,
When the one pure, the other made divine?
Whose love of either to myself was nearer,
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine?
Ay me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
His leaves will wither, and his sap decay;
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

"Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy;
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grossly engirt with daring infamy:
Then let it not be call'd impiety,
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

"Yet die I will not till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death;
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
My stainèd blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,
Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,
And as his due writ in my testament.

"My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonourèd.
'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life;
The one will live, the other being dead:
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred;
For in my death I murder shameful scorn:
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

"Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou reveng'd mayst be.
How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me:
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so.

"This brief abridgment of my will I make:—
My soul and body to the skies and ground;
My resolution, husband, do thou take;
Mine honour be the knife's that makes my wound;
My shame be his that did my fame confound;
And all my fame that lives disbursèd be
To those that live, and think no shame of me.

"Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will;
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it!
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, 'So be it:'
Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer thee:
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be."

This plot of death [illegible]
And wip'd the brinish [illegible]
With untun'd tongue she [illegible]
Whose swift obedience to [illegible]
For fleet-wing'd duty with [illegible]
  Poor Lucrece' cheeks [illegible]
  As winter meads when sun doth [illegible]

Her mistress she doth give demure [illegible]
With soft-slow tongue, true mark of [illegible]
And sorts a sad look to her lady's [illegible]
For why her face wore sorrow's livery [illegible]
But durst not ask of her audaciously [illegible]
  Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed [illegible]
  Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd [illegible]

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being [illegible]
Each flower moisten'd like a melting [illegible]
Even so the maid with swelling drops [illegible]
Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy [illegible]
Of those fair suns set in her mistress [illegible]
  Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench [illegible]
  Which makes the maid weep like the [illegible]

A pretty while these pretty creatures [illegible]
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns [illegible]
One justly weeps; the other takes in [illegible]
No cause, but company, of her drops [illegible]
Their gentle sex to weep are often [illegible]
  Grieving themselves to guess at [illegible]
  And then they drown their eyes, [illegible]

For men have marble, women [illegible]
And therefore are they form'd [illegible]
The weak oppress'd, the impr[illegible]
Is form'd in them by force, by [illegible]
Then call them not the authors [illegible]
  No more than wax shall be [illegible]
  Wherein is stamp'd the [illegible]

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep:
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep:
  Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
  Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,
But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd:
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild(5)
Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd
  With men's abuses: those proud lords, to blame,
  Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue
By that her death, to do her husband wrong:
Such danger to resistance did belong,
  That dying fear through all her body spread;
  And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining:
"My girl," quoth she, "on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are raining?
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
  Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:
  If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

"But tell me, girl, when went"—and there she stay'd
Till after a deep groan—"Tarquin from hence?"
"Madam, ere I was up," replied the maid,
"The more to blame my sluggard negligence:
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense,—
  Myself was stirring ere the break of day,
  And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

"But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness."
"O, peace!" quoth Lucrece: "if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it less;
For more it is than I can well express:
And that deep torture may be call'd a hell
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

"Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen,—
Yet save that labour, for I have them here.
What should I say?—One of my husband's men
Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear:
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it;
The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ."

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill:
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;
What wit sets down is blotted straight with will;
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill:
Much like a press of people at a door,
Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: "Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person! next vouchsafe t' afford
(If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see,)
Some present speed to come and visit me.
So, I commend me from our house in grief:
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe,
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
By this short schedule Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality:
She dares not thereof make discovery,
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her;
When sighs and groans and tears may grace the fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
From that suspicion which the world might bear her.
To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told;
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold,
When every part a part of woe doth bear.
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear:
Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,
"At Ardea to my lord with more than haste."
The post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sour-fac'd groom to hie as fast
As lagging fowls before the northern blast:
Speed more than speed but dull and slow she deems:
Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain court'sies to her low;
And, blushing on her, with a steadfast eye
Receives the scroll without or yea or no,
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie
Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame:

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a true respect
To talk in deeds, while others saucily
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:
Even so this pattern of the worn-out age
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blaz'd;
She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,
And, blushing with him, wistly on him gaz'd;
Her earnest eye did make him more amaz'd:
The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.
The weary time she cannot entertain,
For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan:
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tirèd moan,
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy;
Which the conceited painter drew so proud,
As heaven, it seem'd, to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life:
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife:
The red blood reek'd, to show the painter's strife;
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioner
Begrim'd with sweat, and smearèd all with dust;
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:
Such sweet observance in this work was had,
That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold, triúmphing in their faces;
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;
And here and there the painter interlaces
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces;
  Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,
  That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art
Of physiognomy might one behold!
The face of either cipher'd either's heart;
Their face their manners most expressly told:
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;
  But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent
  Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight;
Making such sober action with his hand,
That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the sight:
In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,
  Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
  Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;
All jointly listening, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid did their ears entice,
Some high, some low,—the painter was so nice;
  The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
  To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear;
Here one, being throng'd, bears back, all boll'n and red;
Another, smother'd, seems to pelt and swear;
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
  As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
  It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
Grip'd in an armèd hand; himself, behind,
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imaginèd.

And from the walls of strong-besiegèd Troy
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;
And to their hope they such odd action yield,
That through their light joy seemèd to appear
(Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy fear.

And from the strand of Dardan, where they fought,
To Simoïs' reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the gallèd shore, and than
Retire again, till, meeting greater ranks,
They join, and shoot their foam at Simoïs' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is stell'd.
Many she sees where cares have carvèd some,
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign:
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguis'd;
Of what she was no semblance did remain:
Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes:
The painter was no god to lend her those;
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,
To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

"Poor instrument," quoth she, "without a sound,
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue;
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong;
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long;
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

"Show me the strumpet that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear:
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here;
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter die.

"Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many mo?
Let sin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath transgressèd so;
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:
For one's offence why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general?

"Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swounds,
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvisèd wounds,
And one man's lust these many lives confounds:
Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire."

Here feelingly she
For sorrow, like a
Once set on ringing,
Then little strength
So Lucrece, set a-
To pencill'd
She lends them words,

She throws her eyes about
And whom she finds forlorn
At last she sees a wretched
That piteous looks to Phrygian
His face, though full of cares,
Onward to Troy with the
So mild, that Patience

In him the painter labour'd with
To hide deceit, and give the
An humble gait, calm looks,
A brow unbent, that seem'd to
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but
That blushing red no guilty
Nor ashy pale the fear that

But, like a constant and
He entertain'd a show so
And therein so enscone'd his
That jealousy itself could not
False-creeping craft and perjury
Into so bright a day such
Or blot with hell-born sin

The well-skill'd workman this
For perjur'd Sinon, whose
The credulous old Priam
Whose words, like wildfire,
Of rich-built Ilion, that
And little stars shot from
When their glass fell

This picture she advisedly perus'd,
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill,
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd;
So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill:
And still on him she gaz'd; and gazing still,
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,
That she concludes the picture was belied.

"It cannot be," quoth she, "that so much guile"—
She would have said "can lurk in such a look;"
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue "can lurk" from "cannot" took:
"It cannot be" she in that sense forsook,
And turn'd it thus, "It cannot be, I find,
But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

"For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild
(As if with grief or travail he had fainted),
To me came Tarquin armèd; so(6) beguil'd
With outward honesty, but yet defil'd
With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

"Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds!
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise?
For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds:
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds;
Those round clear pearls of his, that move thy pity,
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

"Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell;
These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold:
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water."

Here, all enrag'd, such
That patience is quite
She tears the senseless
Comparing him to that
Whose deed hath made
At last she smilingly with
"Fool, fool!" quoth she,

Thus ebbs and flows the
And time doth weary time with
She looks for night, and then
And both she thinks too long with
Short time seems long in sorrow's
Though woe be heavy, yet it
And they that watch see time

Which all this time hath overslipp'd
That she with painted images hath
Being from the feeling of her own
By deep surmise of others' detriment
Losing her woes in shows of discontent
It easeth some, though none it ever
To think their dolour others have

But now the mindful messenger, come
Brings home his lord and other company
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning
And round about her tear-distained
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows
These water-galls in her dim
Foretell new storms to those already

Which when her sad-beholding husband
Amazedly in her sad face he stares
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look
Her lively colour kill'd with deep
He hath no power to ask her
Both stood, like old acquaintance
Met far from home, wonder

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: "What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost trembling stand?
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress."

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:
At length address'd to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;
While Collatine and his consorted lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending:
"Few words," quoth she, "shall fit the trespass best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending:
In me more woes than words are now depending;
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tirèd tongue.

"Then be this all the task it hath to say:
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;
And what wrong else may be imaginèd
By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas, thy Lucrece is not free.

"For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cried, 'Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love; else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

"'For some hard-favour'd groom of thine,' quoth he,
'Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,
And swear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
The lechers in their deed: this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.'

"With this, I did begin to start and cry;
And then against my heart he set his sword,
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
I should not live to speak another word;
So should my shame still rest upon record,
And never be forgot in mighty Rome
Th' adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

"Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear:
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there:
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes;
And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner dies.

"O, teach me how to make mine own excuse!
Or, at the least, this refuge let me find,—
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind;
That was not forc'd; that never was inclin'd
To accessary yieldings, but still pure
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure."

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,
With head declin'd, and voice damm'd up with woe,
With sad-set eyes, and wretched arms across,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away that stops his answer so:
But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain;
What he breathes out his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste,
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
Back to the strait that forc'd him on so fast;
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past:
Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,
To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth,
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:
"Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power; no flood by raining slaketh.
My woe too sensible thy passion maketh
More feeling-painful: let it, then, suffice
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

"And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,
For she that was thy Lucrece,—now attend me:
Be suddenly revengèd on my foe,
Thine, mine, his own: suppose thou dost defend me
From what is past: the help that thou shalt lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die;
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

"But ere I name him, you fair lords," quoth she,
Speaking to those that came with Collatine,
"Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine;
For 'tis a meritorious fair design
To chase injustice with revengeful arms:
Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies' harms."

At this request, with noble disposition
Each present lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.
But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,
The protestation stops. "O, speak," quoth she,
"How may this forcèd stain be wip'd from me?

"What is the quality of mine offence,
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
My low-declinèd honour to advance?
May any terms acquit me from this chance?
The poison'd fountain clears itself again;
And why not I from this compellèd stain?"

With this, they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;
While with a joyless smile she turns away
The face, that map which deep impression bears
Of hard misfortune, carv'd in it with tears.
"No, no," quoth she, "no dame, hereafter living,
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving."

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name: "He, he," she says,
But more than "he" her poor tongue could not speak;
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
She utters this, "He, he, fair lords, 'tis he,
That guides this hand to give this wound to me."

Even here she sheathèd in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheath'd:
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breath'd:
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeath'd
Her wingèd spright, and through her wounds doth fly
Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw;
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
The murderous knife, and, as it left the place,
Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,
Who, like a late-sack'd island, vastly stood
Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.
Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealèd face
Of that black blood a watery rigol goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows;
And blood untainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrified.

"Daughter, dear daughter," old Lucretius cries,
"That life was mine which thou hast here depriv'd.
If in the child the father's image lies,
Where shall I live now Lucrece is unliv'd?
Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.
If children pre-decease progenitors,
We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

"Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;
But now that fresh fair mirror, dim and old,
Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time outworn:
O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,
And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
That I no more can see what once I was!

"O time, cease thou thy course, and last no longer,
If they surcease to be that should survive.
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?
The old bees die, the young possess their hive:
Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and see
Thy father die, and not thy father thee!"

By this, starts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;
And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a space;
  Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,
  And live to be revengèd on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue;
Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng
  Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's aid,
  That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime "Tarquin" was pronouncèd plain,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:
  Then son and father weep with equal strife
  Who should weep most, for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
The father says, "She's mine." "O, mine she is,"
Replies her husband: "do not take away
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say
  He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
  And only must be wail'd by Collatine."

"O," quoth Lucretius, "I did give that life
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd."
"Woe, woe," quoth Collatine, "she was my wife,
I ow'd her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd."
"My daughter" and "my wife" with clamours fill'd
  The dispers'd air, who, holding Lucrece' life,
  Answer'd their cries, "my daughter" and "my wife."

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.
He with the Romans was esteemèd so
As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words and uttering foolish things:

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him disguise;
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
"Thou wrongèd lord of Rome," quoth he, "arise:
Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,
Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school.

"Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds:
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

"Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations;
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
That they will suffer these abominations,
Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgrac'd,
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chas'd.

"Now, by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd,
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's store,
By all our country rights in Rome maintain'd,
And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complain'd
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife."

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife, to end his vow;
And to his protestation urg'd the rest,
Who, wondering at him, did his words allow:
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow;
And that deep vow, which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advisèd doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence;
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:
Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

P. 527. (1) "*From the besiegèd Ardea all in post*," &c.

This line is usually printed,

"*From the* besieg'd *Ardea all in post*," &c.

But Shakespeare was acquainted with the proper quantity of the name,—*Ardĕa*:—afterwards, p. 565, we find,

"At *Ardea* to my lord with more than haste."

P. 528. (2) "*Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.*"

Mr. Knight prints,

"*Virtue would stain that* or *with silver white*;"

and observes, "The original has *ore* [the later old eds. "o're," i.e. *o'er*"]. Malone has suggested, but he does not act upon the suggestion, that 'the word intended was perhaps *or*, i.e. gold, to which the poet compares the deep colour of a blush.' We have no doubt whatever of the matter."—For my own part, I have the greatest doubt of it. Malone's remark that, with the old reading, "the passage is not reducible to grammar,—Virtue would stain *that*, i.e. *blushes*, o'er with silver white," goes for nothing.

P. 543. (3) "*But when a black-fac'd cloud*," &c.

Malone substitutes "Look, *when a black-fac'd cloud*," &c.

P. 549. (4) "*thy misty vapours*," &c.

"The quarto, by an evident error of the press, reads—*musty*. The subsequent copies have—*misty*. So, before:

'Muster thy *mists* to meet the eastern light.'

Again:

'—— *misty* night
Covers the shame that follows such delight.'" MALONE,—

who might have cited from *Venus and Adonis*, see p. 485,

"Like *misty vapours* when they blot the sky,"—

a line which had escaped Mr. Collier's recollection, when, defending the earliest reading here, he observed, "'Misty vapours' is mere tautology, since vapours are necessarily misty. Of all authors, perhaps, Shakespeare is least guilty of this fault."

P. 563. (5) "*O, let it not be hild*," &c.

Here Shakespeare uses "*hild*" (i.e. *held*) for the sake of the rhyme,—as other early writers sometimes do: e.g.,

"But now (made free from them) next her, before,
Peacefull and young, Herculean silence bore
His craggie club; which vp aloft hee *hild*;
With which and his forefingers charme hee stild
All sounds in ayre," &c.

Chapman's *Euthymiæ Raptus, or The Teares of Peace*, &c., 1609, sig. E 4.

But we not unfrequently find "*hild*" employed when no rhyme is in question: e.g.,

"—— I *hild* such valiantnes but vaine."

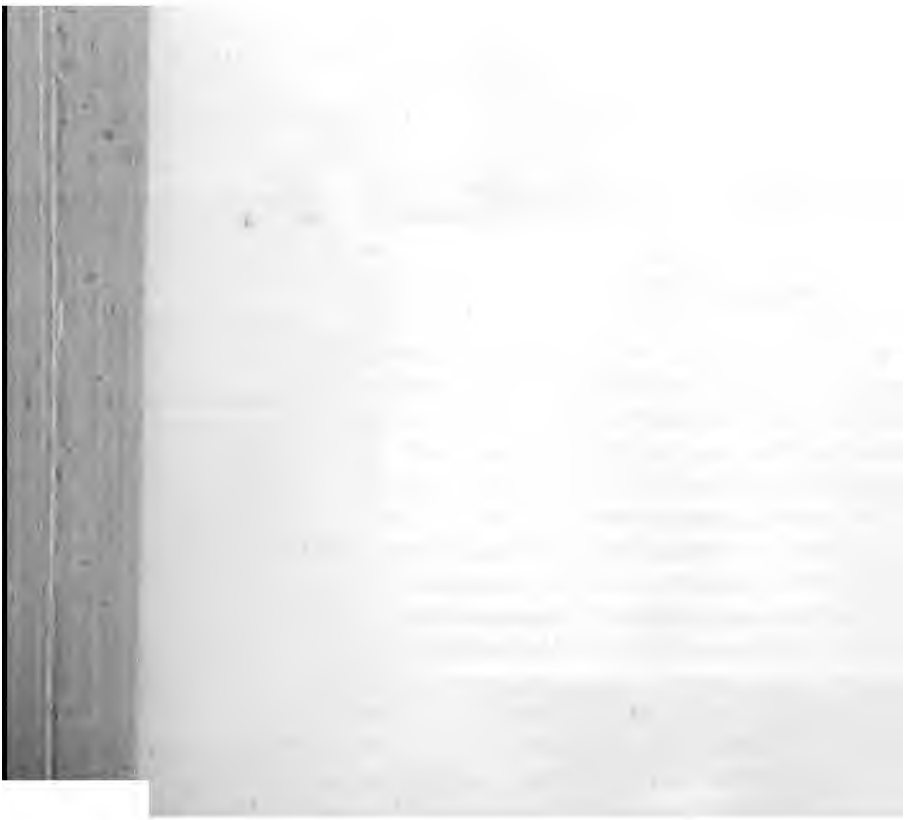
Warner's *Albions England*, p. 83, ed. 1596.

"Some *hild* with Phœbus, some with her," &c. *Id.* p. 151.

P. 571. (6) "*so beguil'd*," &c.

Malone's alteration; which the context seems to confirm.—The old eds. have "to *beguild*," &c.

SONNETS.



TO THE ONLY BEGETTER

OF THESE ENSUING SONNETS,

MR. W. H.

ALL HAPPINESS,

AND THAT ETERNITY PROMISED

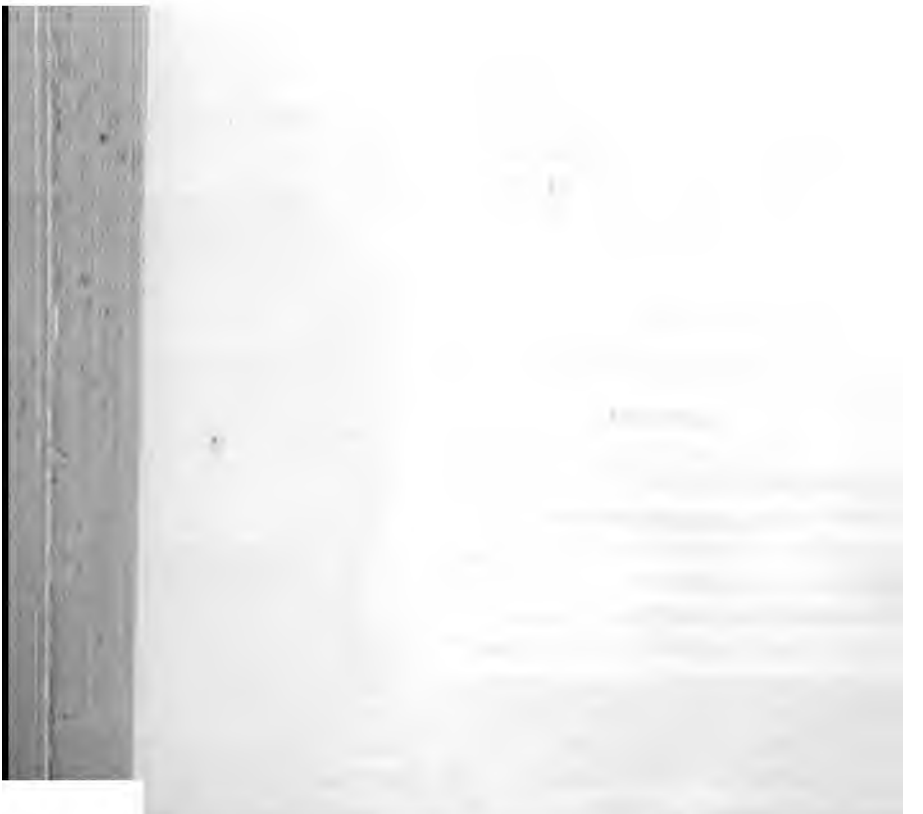
BY OUR EVER-LIVING POET,

WISHETH

THE WELL-WISHING ADVENTURER

IN SETTING FORTH,

T. T.(1)



SONNETS.

I.

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.
  Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
  To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,—
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer—"This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,"—
Proving his beauty by succession thine!
This were to be new made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.
For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend;
And, being frank, she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, usèd, lives th' executor to be.(2)

V.

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same,
And that unfair which fairly doth excel;
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnow'd, and bareness every where:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was:
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

Then let not winter's ir
In thee thy summer,
Make sweet some vial;
With beauty's treasure,
That use is not forbidden
Which happies those that pay
That's for thyself to breed
Or ten times happier, be it ten
Ten times thyself were happier
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd
Then what could death do, if
Leaving thee living in posterity?
Be not self-will'd, for thou art
To be death's conquest, and

VII.

Lo, in the orient when the gracious
Lifts up his burning head, each
Doth homage to his new-appearing
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb'd the steep-up
Resembling strong youth in his
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from high-most pitch,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from
The eyes, fore duteous, now
From his low tract, and look
So thou, thyself out-going in
Unlook'd on diest, unless

VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly,
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tunèd sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee, "thou single wilt prove none."

IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye
That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;
The world will be thy widow, and still weep
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep,
By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.
No love toward others in that bosom sits
That on himself such murderous shame commits.

X.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
But that thou none lov'st is most evident;
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove:
Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou growest
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestowest
Thou mayst call thine when thou from youth convertest.
Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:
If all were minded so, the times should cease,
And threescore year would make the world away.
Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:
Look, whom she best endow'd she gave the(3) more;
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish:
She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby
Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all(4) silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green, all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

XIII.

O, that you were yourself! but, love, you are
No longer yours than you yourself here live:
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination; then you were
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O, none but unthrifts:—dear my love, you know
You had a father; let your son say so.

Not from the stars do I
And yet methinks I
But not to tell of good
Of plagues, of dearths,
Nor can I fortune to
Pointing to each his
Or say with princes if it
By oft predict that I in
But from thine eyes my
And, constant stars, in them
As truth and beauty shall
If from thyself to store
Or else of thee this I
Thy end is truth's and

XX.

When I consider every thing
Holds in perfection but a
That this huge stage
Whereon the stars in secret
When I perceive that men
Cheerèd and check'd even
Vaunt in their youthful
And wear their brave state
Then the conceit of this
Sets you most rich in youth
Where wasteful Time
To change your day of
And, all in war with
As he takes from you,

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessèd than my barren rhyme?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours;
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
With virtuous wish would bear your(5) living flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
To give away yourself keeps yourself still;
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, "This poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces."
So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue;
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And stretchèd metre of an antique song:
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice,—in it, and in my rhyme.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
  So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
  So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-liv'd phœnix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,(6)
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
  Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
  My love shall in my verse ever live young.

XX.

A woman's face, with Nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue all hues in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth.
And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

XXI.

So is it not with me as with that Muse
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;
Making a couplement of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
O, let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:
Let them say more that like of hearsay well;
I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

My glass shall not persuade
So long as youth and
But when in thee time's
Then look I death my days
For all that beauty that
Is but the seemly raiment
Which in thy breast doth
How can I, then, be elder
O, therefore, love, be of thyself
As I, not for myself, but for
Bearing thy heart, which I will
As tender nurse her babe from
Presume not on thy heart
Thou gav'st me thine, not to

XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the
Who with his fear is put
Or some fierce thing replete with
Whose strength's abundance
So I, for fear of trust, forget to
The perfect ceremony of love's
And in mine own love's
O'ercharg'd with burden of
O, let my books be, then,
And dumb presagers of my
Who plead for love, and
More than that tongue that
O, learn to read what
To hear with eyes

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stell'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And pérspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictur'd lies;
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazèd with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye;
And in themselves their pride lies burièd,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famousèd for fight,(7)
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razèd quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:
Then happy I, that love and am belov'd
Where I may not remove nor be remov'd.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written embassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit:
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it;
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
To show me worthy of thy(8) sweet respect:
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
Till then not show my head where thou mayst prove me.

XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tir'd;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work 's expir'd:
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy(9) shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee and for myself no quiet find.

XXVIII.

How can I, then, return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me;
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night;
When sparkling stars twire not, thou gild'st the even.
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem stronger.(10)

XXIX.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
And moan th' expense of many a vanish'd sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy bosom is endearèd with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposèd dead;
And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought burièd.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee(11) lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceasèd lover,—
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought,—
"Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love."

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;
But, out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace:
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
Th' offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.[12]
Ah, but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV.

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done:
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authórizing thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are;[13]
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,—
Thy adverse party is thy advocate,—
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence:
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an accessary needs must be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one:
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailèd guilt should do thee shame;
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name:
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy(14) parts do crownèd sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store:
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee:
This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

XXXVIII.

How can my Muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rhymers invocate;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is't but mine own when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee which thou deserv'st alone.
O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,—
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth[15] deceive,—
And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
By praising him here who doth hence remain!

XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call;
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.
Then, if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest;
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself([16]) deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty;
And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

XLI.

Those petty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd;
And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she([17]) have prevail'd?
Ay me! but yet thou mightst my seat([18]) forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forc'd to break a twofold truth,—
Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:—
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her;
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
  But here's the joy,—my friend and I are one;
  Sweet flattery!—then she loves but me alone.

XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessèd made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy(19) fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay!
  All days are nights to see till I see thee,
  And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me.

XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way;
For then, despite of space, I would be brought,
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee;
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But, ah, thought kills me, that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan;
Receiving naught by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe:

XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;
Until life's composition be recur'd
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assur'd
Of thy(21) fair health, recounting it to me:
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye my heart thy(22) picture's sight would bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,—
A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes,—
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To cide this title is impannelèd
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
And by their verdict is determinèd
The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's part:
As thus,—mine eye's due is thine outward part,
And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other:
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart;
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them, and they with thee;
Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVIII.

How careful was I, when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That to my use it might unusèd stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part;
And even thence thou wilt be stol'n I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects;
Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity,—
Against that time do I ensconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
Since why to love I can allege no cause.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek,—my weary travel's end,—
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
"Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend!"
The beast that bears me, tirèd with my woe,
Plods dully(23) on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee:
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide;
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind,—
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed:
From where thou art why should I haste me thence?
Till I return, of posting is no need.
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind,
In wingèd speed no motion shall I know:
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;
Therefore desire, of perfect'st(24) love being made,
Shall neigh,—no dull flesh,—in his fiery race;
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade,—
Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessèd key
Can bring him to his sweet up-lockèd treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placèd are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special-blest,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
Blessèd are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speak of the spring, and foison of the year;
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear;
And you in every blessèd shape we know.
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LIV.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumèd tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their maskèd buds discloses:
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall vade, by(25) verse distills your truth.

LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:
So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with fullness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view;
Or(26) call it winter, which, being full of care,
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more rare.

LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
Save, where you are how happy you make those.
So true a fool is love, that in your will,
Though you do any thing, he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

That god forbid that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand th' account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!
O, let me suffer, being at your beck,
Th' imprison'd absence of your liberty;
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,
Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list, your charter is so strong,
That you yourself may privilege your time
To what(27) you will; to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell;
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
The second burden of a former child!
O, that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done!
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composèd wonder of your frame;
Whether we are mended, or whêr better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
O, sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crookèd eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
  And yet, to times in hope my verse shall stand,
  Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI.

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home into my deeds to pry,
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?
O, no! thy love, though much, is not so great:
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
  For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
  From me far off, with others all too near.

LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
And all my soul, and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chapp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
Self so self-loving were iniquity.
'Tis thee myself that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night;
And all those beauties whereof now he's king
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-raz'd,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,—
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of(28) beauty can forbid?
O, none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI.

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry,—
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:—
Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVII.

Ah, wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve,
And lace itself with his society?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
And steal dead seeing of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had
In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were born,[29]
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself, and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth Nature store,
To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend;
All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that due,[30]
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
Thine[31] outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;
But those same tongues, that give thee so thine own,
In other accents do this praise confound
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;
Then, churls, their thoughts, although their eyes were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
The solve[32] is this,—that thou dost common grow.

That thou art [illegible]
For slander's [illegible]
The ornament of [illegible]
A crow that flies in [illegible]
So thou be good, [illegible]
Thy(**) [illegible]
For canker vice the sweetest [illegible]
And thou presentst a pure [illegible]
Thou hast pass'd by the [illegible]
Either not assail'd, or victor [illegible]
Yet this thy praise cannot be [illegible]
To tie up envy evermore [illegible]
If some suspect of ill [illegible]
Then thou alone kingdoms [illegible]

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I [illegible]
Than you shall hear the surly [illegible]
Give warning to the world that I [illegible]
From this vile world, with vilest [illegible]
Nay, if you read this line, remember [illegible]
The hand that writ it; for I love you [illegible]
That I in your sweet thoughts would [illegible]
If thinking on me then should [illegible]
O, if, I say, you look upon this [illegible]
When I perhaps compounded am [illegible]
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse [illegible]
But let your love even with my life decay [illegible]
Lest the wise world should look into your moan [illegible]
And mock you with me after I am gone [illegible]

LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite
What merit liv'd in me, that you should love
After my death,—dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceasèd I
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII.

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd(34) choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long:

LXXIV.

But be contented: when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee:
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
So, then, thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV.

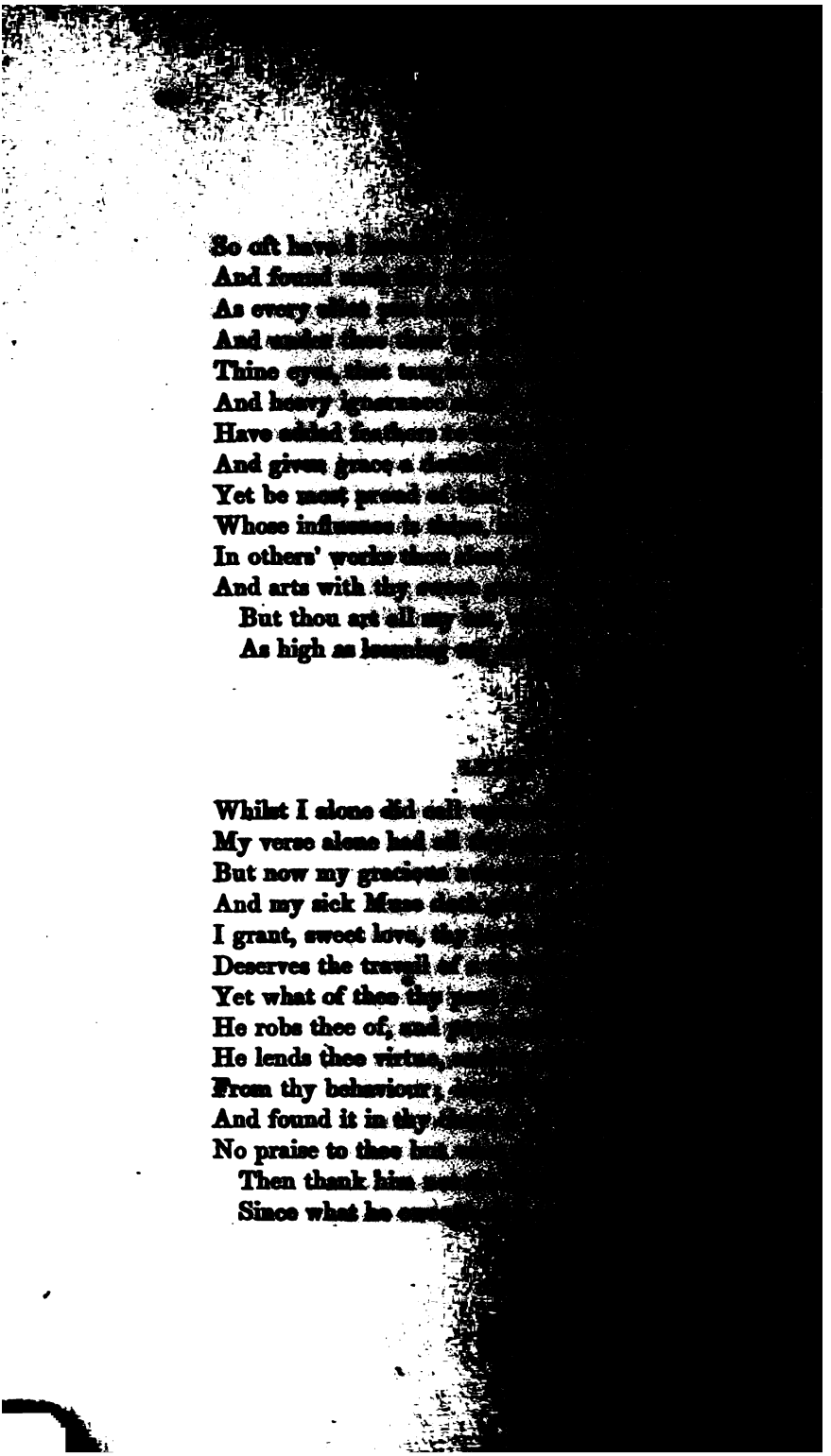
So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure:
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
So far from variation or quick change?
Why, with the time, do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell[35] my name,
Showing their birth, and where they did proceed?
O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent:
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXVII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
Of mouthèd graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory can not contain,
Commit to these waste blanks,[36] and thou shalt find
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.



LXXX.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!
But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building and of goodly pride:
Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
The worst was this,—my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombèd in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live,—such virtue hath my pen,—
Where breath most breathes—even in the mouths of men.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
And therefore mayst without attaint o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;
And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
And do so, love; yet when they have devis'd
What strainèd touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathiz'd
In true plain words by thy true-telling friend;
And their gross painting might be better us'd
Where cheeks need blood,—in thee it is abus'd.

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set;
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt:
And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you yourself, being extant, well might show
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty, being mute,
When others would give life, and bring a tomb.
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say more
Than this rich praise—that you alone are you?
In whose cónfine immurèd is the store
Which should example where your equal grew.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell
That to his subject lends not some small glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story,
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
Making his style admirèd every where.
You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

LXXXV.

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,
Reserve their character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the Muses fil'd.
I think good thoughts, whilst other write good words,
And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry "Amen"
To every hymn that able spirit affords,
In polish'd form of well-refinèd pen.
Hearing you prais'd, I say, "'Tis so, 'tis true,"
And to the most of praise add something more;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.
Then others for the breath of words respect,—
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonishèd.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors, of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence:
But when your countenance fil'd(38) up his line,
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted;
That thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence:
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desirèd change,
As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange;
Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue
Thy sweet-belovèd name no more shall dwell,
Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss:
Ah, do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come: so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might;
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compar'd with loss of thee will not seem so.

XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:
But these particulars are not my measure;
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast:
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
All this away, and me most wretched make.

XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assurèd mine;
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end.
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend:
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O, what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
But what's so blessèd-fair that fears no blot?
Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not:

XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceivèd husband; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though alter'd new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange;
But heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmovèd, cold, and to temptation slow;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O, what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardest knife ill-us'd doth lose his edge.

XCVI.

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
Some say, thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less:
Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a thronèd queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,
So are those errors that in thee are seen
To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness every where!
And yet this time remov'd was summer's time;
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you,—you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play:

XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide:—
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd.
The lily I condemnèd for thy hand;
And buds of majoram had stol'n thy hair:
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One(39) blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forgett'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despisèd every where.
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crookèd knife.

CI.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,
"Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermix'd"?
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so; for 't lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming;
I love not less, though less the show appear:
That love is merchandiz'd whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops her(40) pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burdens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII.

Alack, what poverty my Muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth
Than when it hath my added praise beside!
O, blame me not, if I no more can write!
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful, then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?
For to no other pass my verses tend
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,
Your own glass shows you when you look in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I ey'd,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters' cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah, yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd:
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,—
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my belovèd as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confin'd,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,—
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,
Which three till now never kept seat in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptiôns of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill([41]) enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a cónfin'd doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIII.

What's in the brain, that ink may character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?
What's new to speak, what new(42) to register,
That may express my love, or thy dear merit?
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same;
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page;
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form would show it dead.

CIX.

O, never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:
That is my home of love: if I have rang'd,
Like him that travels, I return again;
Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,—
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

CX.

Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new;
Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely: but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.
Now all is done, have[43] what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confin'd.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

CXI.

O, for my sake do you with[44] Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me, then, and wish I were renew'd;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
Pity me, then, dear friend, and I assure ye
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII.

Your love and pity doth th' impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?
You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense' or changes right or wrong.(45)
In so profound abysm I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense'
To critic and to flatterer stoppèd are.
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:—
  You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
  That all the world besides methinks they're dead.(46)

CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind;
And that which governs me to go about
Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out;
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch:(47)
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour or deformed'st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature:
  Incapable of more, replete with you,
  My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.(48)

CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?
Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchemy,
To make of monsters and things indigest
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
O, 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is greeing,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer:
Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But reckoning Time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;
Alas, why, fearing of Time's tyranny,
Might I not then say, "Now I love you best,"
When I was certain o'er incertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixèd mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

CXVII.

Accuse me thus:—that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay;
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear-purchas'd right;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
And on just proof surmise accumulate;
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate;
Since my appeal says I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge;
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge;
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding;
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, to anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assur'd,
And brought to medicine a healthful state,
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cur'd:
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessèd never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,[49]
In the distraction of this madding fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
So I return rebuk'd to my content,
And gain by ill[50] thrice more than I have spent.

CXX.

That you were once unkind befriends me now,
And for that sorrow which I then did feel
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by yours, you've pass'd a hell of time;
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
O, that our night of woe might have remember'd
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!
But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteem'd,
When not to be receives reproach of being;
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing:
For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No,—I am that I am; and they that level
At my abuses reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain,—
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity:
Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist;
Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more:
To keep an adjunct to remember thee
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII.

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old;
And rather make them born to our desire
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present nor the past;
For thy records and what we see do lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste.
This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
No, it was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thrallèd discontent,
Whereto th' inviting time our fashion calls:
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with showers.
To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime.

CXXV.

Were 't aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring,
Or laid great bases for eternity,
Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound sweet forgoing simple savour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul
When most impeach'd stands least in thy control.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st;
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.([51])
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!
She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure:
Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame:
For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's false-borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black;
Her eyes so suited, as([52]) they mourners seem
At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem:
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says beauty should look so.

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessèd wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envý those jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy(53) fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXIX.

Th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner but despisèd straight;
Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a(54) very woe;
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream.
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound:
I grant I never saw a goddess go,—
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground.
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know'st to my dear doting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:
To say they err I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck, do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.
In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments(55) me with disdain,
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
O, let it, then, as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd:
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
A torment thrice threefold thus to be cross'd.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol:
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

So, now I [illegible]
And I myself [illegible]
Myself I'll forfeit, [illegible]
Thou wilt restore, to be [illegible]
But thou wilt not, nor [illegible]
For thou art coveteous, and [illegible]
He learn'd but, surety-like, [illegible]
Under that bond that him [illegible]
The statute of thy beauty [illegible]
Thou usurer, that putt'st [illegible]
And sue a friend came debtor [illegible]
So him I lose through my [illegible]
  Him have I lost; thou [illegible]
  He pays the whole, and [illegible]

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, [illegible]
And will to boot, and will [illegible]
More than enough am I [illegible]
To thy sweet will making [illegible]
Wilt thou, whose will is [illegible]
Not once vouchsafe to [illegible]
Shall will in others seem [illegible]
And in my will no fair [illegible]
The sea, all water, yet [illegible]
And in abundance addeth [illegible]
So thou, being rich in will, [illegible]
One will of mine, to make [illegible]
  Let no unkind, no fair [illegible]
  Think all but one, and [illegible]

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
In things of great receipt with ease we prove
Among a number one is reckon'd none:
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy stores' account I one must be;
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is *Will*.

CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
That they behold, and see not what they see?
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
Yet what the best is take the worst to be.
If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forgèd hooks,
Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?
Why should my heart think that a several plot
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd,
And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

When my
I do believe
That she
Unlearnèd in the
Thus vainly thinking
Although she knows my
Simply I credit her
On both sides thus is
But wherefore says she
And wherefore say not I
O, love's best habit is in
And age in love loves not
Therefore I lie with her
And in our faults by

CXXXIX.

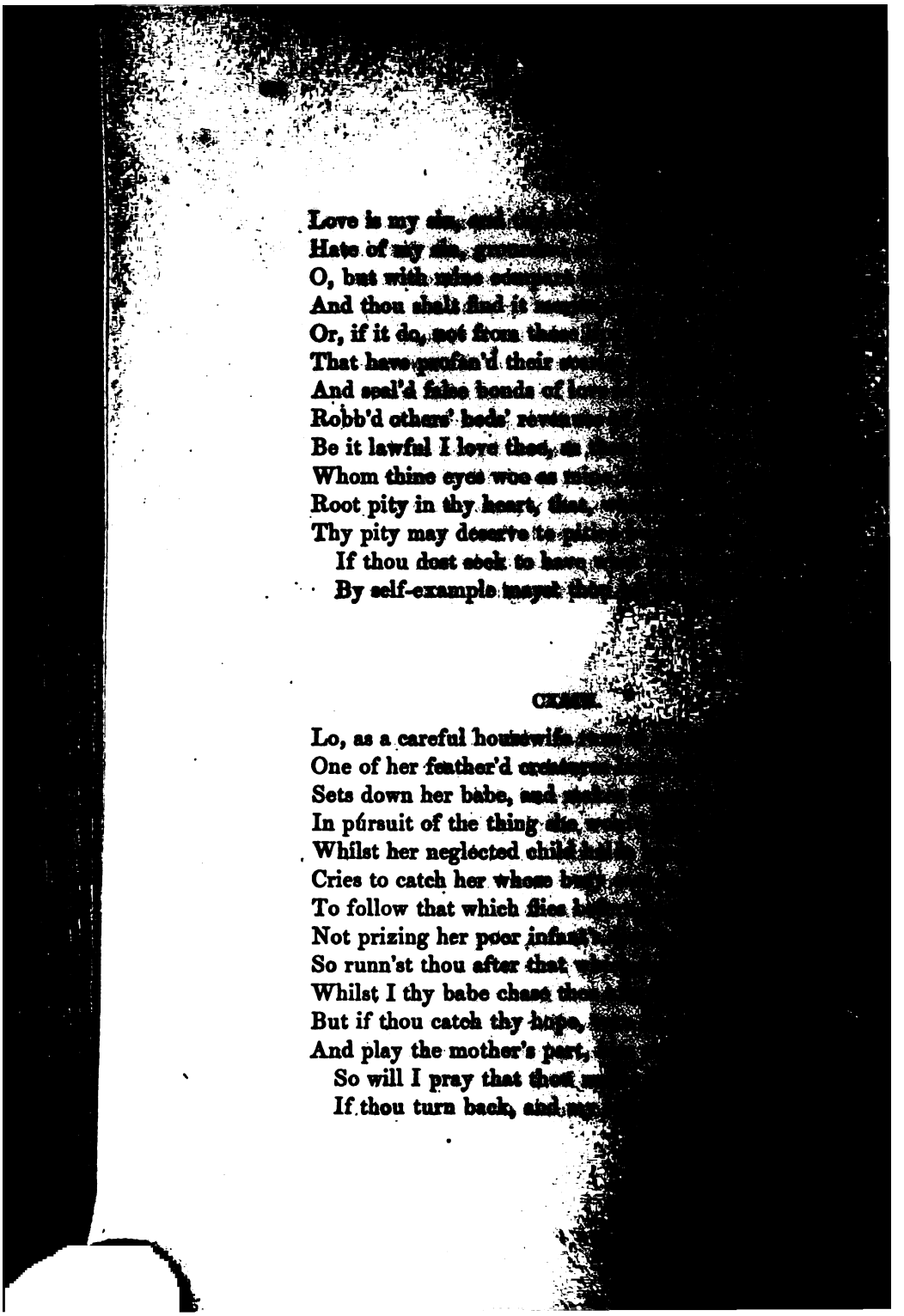
O, call not me to justify the
That thy unkindness lays
Wound me not with thine
Use power with power, and
Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere
Dear heart, forbear to
What need'st thou wound
Is more than my o'er-pressed
Let me excuse thee; ah,
Her pretty looks have
And therefore from my
That they elsewhere
Yet do not so; but
Kill me outright with

CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;—
As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know;—
For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believèd be.
That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

CXLI.

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who, in despite of view, is pleas'd to dote;
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone:
But my five wits nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.



CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still:
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,(56)
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell:
  Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
  Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make
Breath'd forth the sound that said, "I hate,"
To me that languish'd for her sake:
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue that ever sweet
Was us'd in giving gentle doom;
And taught it thus anew to greet;
"I hate" she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who, like a fiend,
From heaven to hell is flown away;
  "I hate" from hate away she threw,
  And sav'd my life, saying—"Not you."

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool'd by these rebel powers that thee array,[57]
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
Th' uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
At random[58] from the truth vainly express'd;
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII.

O me, what eyes hath Love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight!
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,(59)
How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel, then, though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I, against myself, with thee partake?
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay, if thou low'rst on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

O, from what [illegible]
With insufficiency [illegible]
To make me give the [illegible]
And swear that bright[illegible]
Whence hast thou this [illegible]
That in the very refuse [illegible]
There is such strength [illegible]
That, in my mind, thy [illegible]
Who taught thee how to [illegible]
The more I hear and [illegible]
O, though I love what [illegible]
With others thou should[illegible]
  If thy unworthiness [illegible]
  More worthy I to be [illegible]

[illegible]

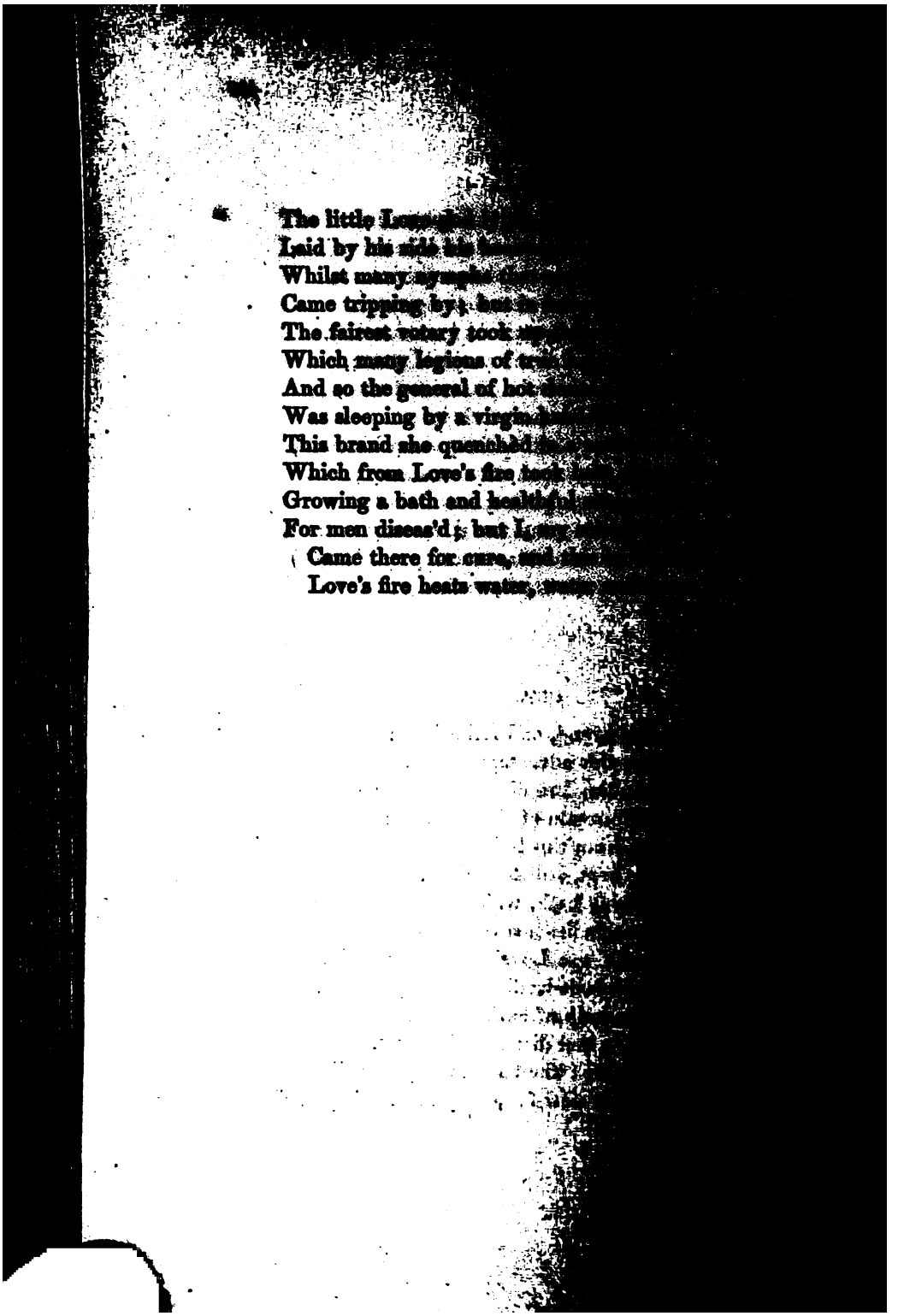
Love is too young to know [illegible]
Yet who knows not conscience [illegible]
Then, gentle cheater, urge [illegible]
Lest guilty of my faults [illegible]
For, thou betraying me, I [illegible]
My nobler part to my gross [illegible]
My soul doth tell my body [illegible]
Triumph in love; flesh [illegible]
But, rising at thy name, [illegible]
As his triumphant prize, [illegible]
He is contented thy poor [illegible]
To stand in thy affairs, fall [illegible]
  No want of conscience [illegible]
  Her "love" for whose [illegible]

CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjur'd most;
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see;
For I have sworn thee fair,—more perjur'd I,(60)
To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie!

CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep:
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fir'd,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
I, sick withal, the help of bath desir'd,
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
But found no cure: the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire,—my mistress' eyes.(61)



P. 585. (1) "T. T."

i.e. Thomas Thorpe, the bookseller, who prefixed this dedication to the original edition of Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, 1609, 4to.

P. 589. (2) "*Which, usèd, lives th' executor to be.*"

Usually altered to "*Which*, us'd, *lives* thy *executor to be.*"

P. 592. (3) "*she gave the more,*" &c.

Altered by Malone to "*she gave* thee *more,*" &c.

P. 593. (4) "*all silver'd o'er,*" &c.

The quarto has "or *siluer'd ore,*" &c. (Tyrwhitt would read "are *silver'd o'er,*" &c.)

P. 595. (5) "*would bear your living flowers,*
Much liker than your painted counterfeit," &c.

Malone prints "*would bear* you *living flowers,*" &c.

P. 596. (6) "*as thou fleets,*" &c.

The quarto has, against the rhyme, "*as thou* fleet'st," &c. (Compare, in *Sonnet* viii., "They do but sweetly chide thee, who *confounds,*" &c.)

P. 599. (7) "*famousèd for fight,*" &c.

"The old copy reads 'famoused for *worth*;' which not rhyming with the concluding word of the corresponding line ('*quite*'), either one or the other must be corrupt. The emendation was suggested by Mr. Theobald, who likewise proposed, if '*worth*' was retained, to read 'razèd *forth*'." MALONE.

P. 600. (8) "*of thy sweet,*" &c.

The quarto has "*of* their *sweet,*" &c.

P. 600. (9) "*thy shadow,*" &c.

The quarto has "their *shaddoe,*" &c.

P. [illegible] ([illegible])

The quarto has "[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible].—The [illegible]
evidently caused by [illegible]
Part of Henry IV. [illegible]

P. 602. ([illegible]) [illegible]

The quarto has "*in there lie.*"

P. 604. ([illegible]) "[illegible]

The quarto has "*offences losse.*"

P. 604. ([illegible]) "*Excusing thy* [illegible]

The quarto has "*Excusing their* [illegible]

P. 605. ([illegible]) "*in thy* [illegible]

The quarto has "*in their parts,*" &c.

P. 606. ([illegible]) "*doth deceive,*" [illegible]

The quarto has "dost *deceive,*" &c.

P. 607. ([illegible]) "*thyself* [illegible]

The quarto has "this *selfe deceauest,*" &c.

P. 607. ([illegible]) "*she have,*" [illegible]

The quarto has "he *have,*" &c.

P. 607. ([illegible]) "*my sent* [illegible]

Altered by Malone to "*my* sweet, [illegible]
the original reading on the strength [illegible]

"For that I do [illegible]
Hath leap'd into my [illegible]

P. 608. ([illegible]) "*thy* [illegible]

The quarto has "their *faire,*" &c.

P. 608. ([20]) "*All days are nights to see till I see thee,*
And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me."

In opposition to Malone's conjecture that "we should perhaps read 'All days are nights to *me*,' &c.," Steevens observes that "'All days *are nights to see*' means, all days *are gloomy to behold*, i.e., *look like nights*."—Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes,—

"*All days are nights to* me *till* thee I see,
And nights bright days when dreams do show me thee."

P. 609. ([21]) "*Of thy fair*," &c.

The quarto has "*Of* their *faire*," &c.

P. 610. ([22]) "*thy picture's*," &c.

The quarto has "their *pictures*," &c. Again, in the present Sonnet, it has, v. 8, "their *faire*," &c.; v. 13, "their *outward*," &c.; and v. 14, "their *inward*," &c.

P. 612. ([23]) "*Plods dully on*," &c.

The quarto has "*Plods* duly *on*," &c.—Malone made the emendation; which Mr. Collier calls a "happy" one:—I should call it a most obvious one.

P. 612. ([24]) "*perfect'st love*," &c.

The quarto has "perfects *loue*," &c.—which is merely an old spelling of the superlative.—The modern editors print "perfect *love*," &c.

P. 614. ([25])
"*When that shall vade, by verse distills your truth.*"

Here Malone unnecessarily alters "*by verse*" to "my *verse*."

P. 615. ([26]) "*Or call*," &c.

Tyrwhitt's correction.—The quarto has "As *cal*," &c.

P. 616. ([27]) "*Be where you list, your charter is so strong,*
That you yourself may privilege your time
To what you will; to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime."

Was altered by Malone (whom the later editors follow here) to

"*Be where you list; your charter is so strong,*
That you yourself may privilege your time:
Do *what you will, to you it doth belong*
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime."

P. 619. (28) "*spoil of beauty*," &c.

The quarto has "*spoile* or *beautie*," &c.

P. 621. (29)

"*Before these bastard signs of fair were born*," &c.

In this line the modern editors follow the spelling of the quarto "borne usual old spelling of the word, whatever be its signification): but, sure meaning is—Before these bastard signs of fair were produced,—can fashion.

P. 621. (30) "*that due*," &c.

Tyrwhitt's correction.—The quarto has "*that* end," &c.

P. 621. (31) "*Thine outward*," &c.

The quarto has "Their *outward*," &c.

P. 621. (32) "*The solve is this*," &c.

So Malone.—The quarto has "*The* solye *is this*," &c.

P. 622. (33) "*Thy worth*," &c.

The quarto has "Their *worth*," &c.

P. 623. (34) "*Bare ruin'd choirs*," &c.

So ed. 1640.—The quarto has "*Bare* rn'wd *quiers*," &c.

P. 625. (35) "*tell my name*," &c.

The quarto has "fel *my name*," &c.

P. 625. (36) "*waste blanks*," &c.

The quarto has "*waste* blacks," &c. (the Ms. having had "blācks").

P. 626. (37) "*the learned's wing*," &c.

In Sonnet LI. the quarto has "perfects" for "*perfect'st*" (see note (24)); here the "*learneds*" of the quarto is not the old spelling of "*learned'st*;" pare Spenser's *Teares of the Muses*,

"Each idle wit at will presumes to make,
And doth *the learneds* taske upon him take."

P. 630. (38) "*fil'd up his line*," &c.

"i.e. polished it. So in Ben Jonson's Verses on Shakespeare;

'In his well-torned and true-*filed* lines'." STEEVENS.

Here Mr. Collier prints "fill'd *up his line*," &c., urging against Steevens's reading that, "in the first place, the world is spelt *fild* (as 'fill'd' was usually spelt), and not *fil'd* (as in Sonnet lxxxv.), in the quarto, 1609; and in the next, the preposition 'up' shows that what the poet meant was 'fill'd up' or *occupied*, and not *polished*." But the variety of spelling in the quarto goes for nothing: and Mr. Collier's remark about "up" carries no weight; for even if we choose to consider that preposition as redundant here (which is not necessary,—*filed up* or *polished up* being legitimate English), its redundancy is unobjectionable according to the phraseology of Shakespeare and his contemporaries: see vol. v. p. 596, note (57).

P. 636. (39) "*One blushing*," &c.

The quarto has "Our *blushing*," &c.

P. 638. (40) "*her pipe*," &c.

The quarto has "his *pipe*" (the Ms. perhaps having had "hir"); and the modern editors retain it, in spite of what follows,—"*her* mournful hymns"—"like *her*."

P. 640. (41) "*skill enough*," &c.

The quarto has "still *enough*," &c.

P. 641. (42) "*What's new to speak, what new to register*," &c.

So Malone.—The quarto has "—— *what* now *to register*," &c.—I once thought the alteration unnecessary: but I now see the extreme improbability that our author, who delights in the repetition of words, should have written "*What's new*" and "*what* now" in the same line.

P. 642. (43) "*have what*," &c.

Here Tyrwhitt's emendation, "save *what*," &c., is usually adopted: but Mr. Knight thus defends the old reading; "'Now all is done' clearly applies to the *blanches*, the *worse essays*; but the poet then adds, '*have* thou what shall have no end,'—my constant affection, my undivided friendship."

P. 642. (44) "*with Fortune*," &c.

The quarto has "wish *fortune*," &c.

P. 643. (45) "*None else to me, nor I to none alive,*
That my steel'd sense' or changes right or wrong."

"The meaning seems to be—'You are the only person who has powe change my stubborn resolution, *either* to what is right or to what is wro STEEVENS.—Here the "*sense*" of the quarto is evidently a plural, as in next line but one. (So too in *Macbeth*, act v. sc. 1, "Ay, but their *sense*' shut.")

P. 643. (46) "*they're dead.*"

The quarto has "y'are *dead.*"

P. 643. (47) "*doth latch,*" &c.

The quarto has "*doth* lack," &c.

P. 643. (48) "*My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.*"

"I once suspected that Shakespeare wrote,

'My most true mind thus *makes* mine *eye* untrue.'

Or,

'*Thy* most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.'

but the text is undoubtedly right. The word *untrue* is used as a substan 'The sincerity of my affection is the cause of my untruth;' i.e. of my seeing objects truly, such as they appear to the rest of mankind. So *Measure for Measure*;

'Say what you can, my false outweighs your *true*.'"

MALONE

"Possibly for 'mine' we ought to read *my eyne.*" COLLIER.

"Read," says Mr. W. N. Lettsom (in one of his obliging letters to me),

"'*My most true mind thus mak'th mine* eye *untrue*'."

P. 646. (49)
"*How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,*" &c.

i.e., says Malone, "How have mine eyes been convulsed during the frantic of my feverous love!".—Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read—"*been* flitted," &

P. 646. (50) "*by ill,*" &c.

The quarto has "*by* ills," &c.: but compare what precedes.

P. 650. (51) "*minutes kill.*"

The quarto has "mynuit *kill.*"

P. 650. ([52]) "*Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black;*
Her eyes so suited, as they mourners seem," &c.

The quarto has "*Her eyes so suted,* and *they mourners seeme,*" &c.; which the modern editors retain, pointing the lines thus,—

"*Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,*
Her eyes so suited; and *they mourners seem,*" &c.

P. 651. ([53]) "*thy fingers,*" &c.

The quarto has "their *fingers,*" &c.,—as it has again in the last line of this sonnet.

P. 651. ([54]) "*and prov'd, a very woe,*" &c.

The quarto has "*and proud* and *very wo.*"

P. 653. ([55]) "*Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,*
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
Have put on black," &c.

The quarto has—"torment *me,*" &c.; and, till the passage was corrected by one of Mr. Collier's correspondents, it used to stand thus in the modern editions,

"*Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,*
Knowing thy heart, torment me with disdain;
Have put on ck," &c.

P. 659. ([56]) "*from my side,*" &c.

"The quarto has 'from my *sight.*' The true reading is found in *The Passionate Pilgrim.*" MALONE.

P. 660. ([57]) "*Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,*
Fool'd by these rebel powers that thee array," &c.

The quarto gives the second line thus, "My sinfull earth *these rebell powres that thee array,*" &c.,—the transcriber or printer having by mistake repeated the three last words of the preceding line.—"*Fool'd by*" is the conjectural reading of Malone (who also, without due allowance for the old phraseology, altered "*these*" to "those").

P. 660. ([58]) "*At random,*" &c.

The quarto has "*At* randon," &c.: see vol. iv. p. 95, note ([79]).

P. 661. (60) "*If it be not, then love doth well denote*
Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,
How can it?"

"Read," says Mr. W. N. Lettsom, "altering the punctuation,

'*If it be not, then* that *doth well denote*
Love's eye [I=ay] *is not so true as all men's no.*
How can it?'"

P. 663. (60) "*more perjur'd I*," &c.

The quarto has "*more periurde* eye," &c.

P. 663. (61) "*my mistress' eyes.*"

The quarto has "*my mistres* eye."

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
A plaintful story from a sistering vale,
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
And down I laid to list the sad-tun'd tale;
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
The carcass of a beauty spent and done:
Time had not scythèd all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters,
Laundering the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,
And often reading what contents it bears;
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes [illegible]
As they did [illegible]
Sometime diverts [illegible]
To th' orbèd [illegible]
Their view right on [illegible]
To every place at once [illegible]
The mind and sight [illegible]

Her hair, nor loose nor [illegible]
Proclaim'd in her a careless [illegible]
For some, untuck'd, [illegible]
Hanging her pale and pinèd [illegible]
Some in her threaden fillet [illegible]
And, true to bondage, would [illegible]
Though slackly braided in [illegible]

A thousand favours from a [illegible]
Of amber, crystal, and of [illegible]
Which one by one she in a [illegible]
Upon whose weeping margent [illegible]
Like usury, applying wet [illegible]
Or monarch's hands that [illegible]
Where want cries some, (?) [illegible]

Of folded schedules had she [illegible]
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, [illegible]
Crack'd many a ring of posied [illegible]
Bidding them find their sepulchres [illegible]
Found yet more letters sadly [illegible]
With sleided silk feat and [illegible]
Enswath'd, and seal'd to [illegible]

These often bath'd she in [illegible]
And often kiss'd, and often [illegible]
Cried, "O false blood, thou [illegible]
What unapprovèd witness [illegible]
Ink would have seem'd more [illegible]
This said, in top of rage the [illegible]
Big discontent so breaking [illegible]

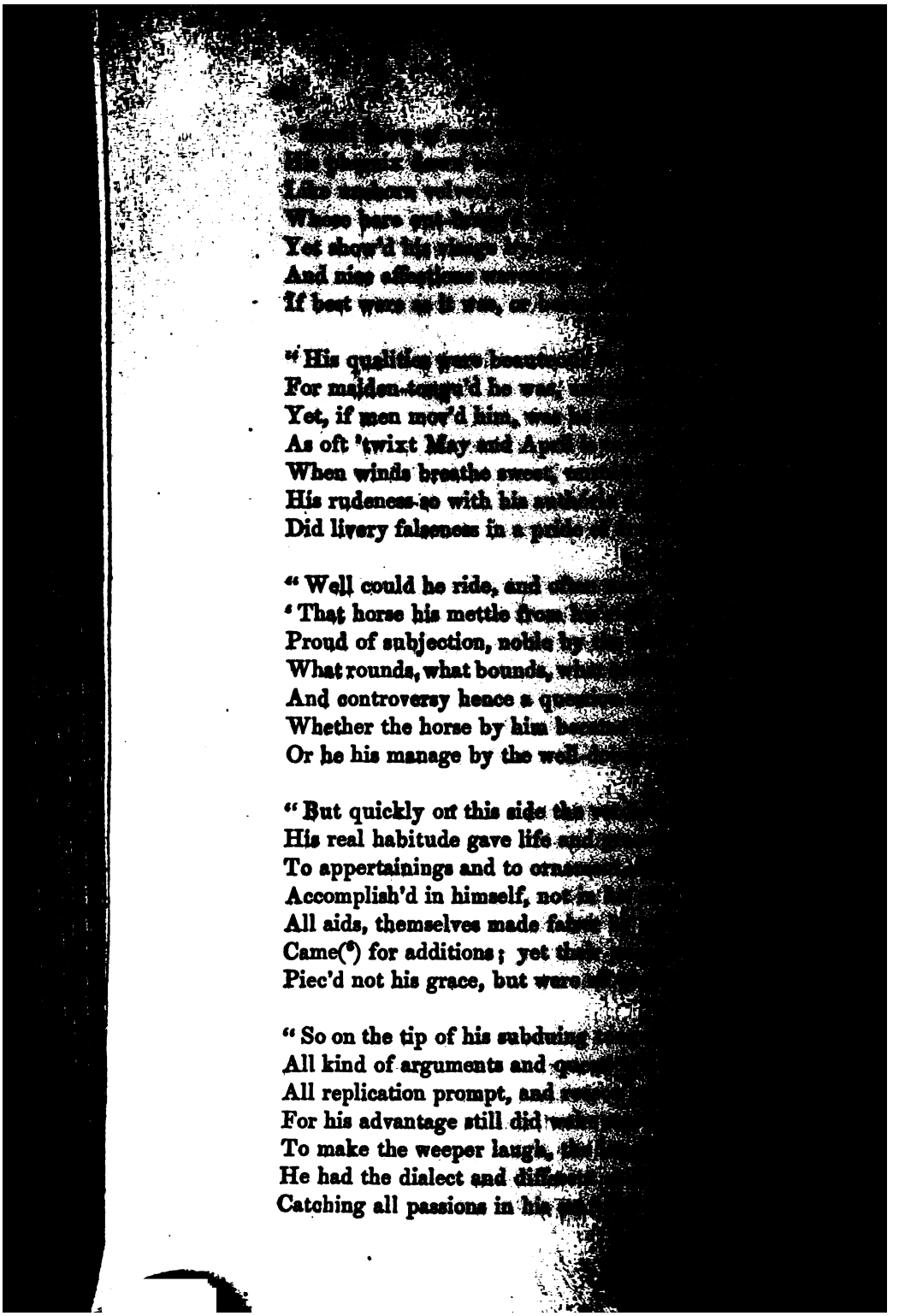
A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh,—
Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours, observèd as they flew,—
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew;
And, privileg'd by age, desires to know
In brief the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grainèd bat,
And comely-distant sits he by her side;
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
If that from him there may be aught applied
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
'Tis promis'd in the charity of age.

"Father," she says, "though in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgment I am old;
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

"But, woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful suit (it was to gain my grace)
Of(4) one by nature's outwards so commended,
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face:
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place;
And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodg'd, and newly deified.

"His browny locks did hang in crookèd curls;
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find:
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind;
For on his visage was in little drawn
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sawn.(5)



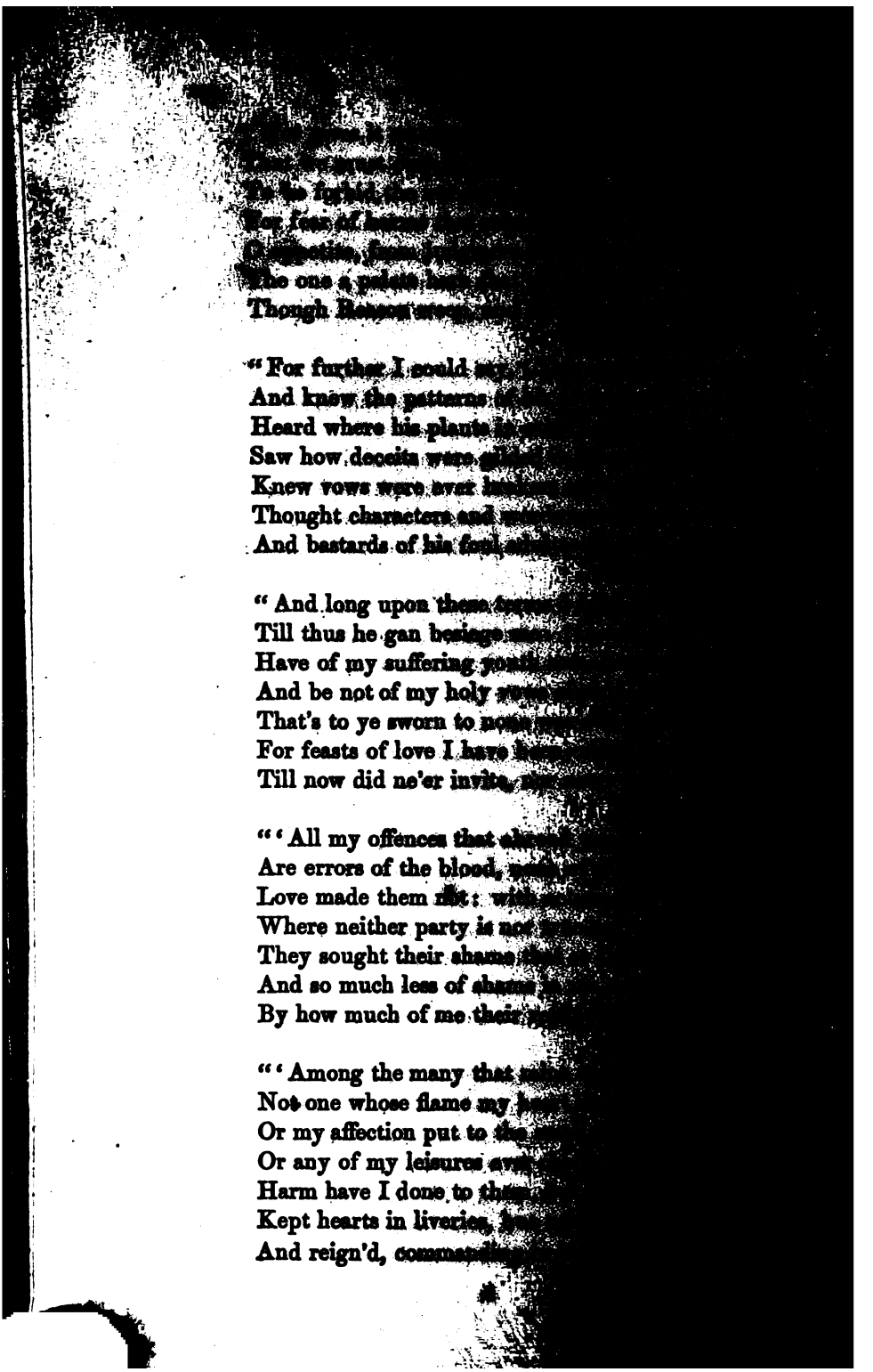
"That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In personal duty, following where he haunted:
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted;
And dialogu'd for him what he would say,
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

"Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
Like fools that in th' imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd;
And labouring in more pleasures to bestow them
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them:

"So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly suppos'd them mistress of his heart.
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee-simple (not in part),
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmèd power,
Reserv'd the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

"Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being desir'd yielded;
Finding myself in honour so forbid,
With safest distance I mine honour shielded:
Experience for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

"But, ah, who ever shunn'd by precedent
The destin'd ill she must herself assay?
Or forc'd examples, 'gainst her own content,
To put the by-pass'd perils in her way?
Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay;
For when we rage, advice is often seen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.



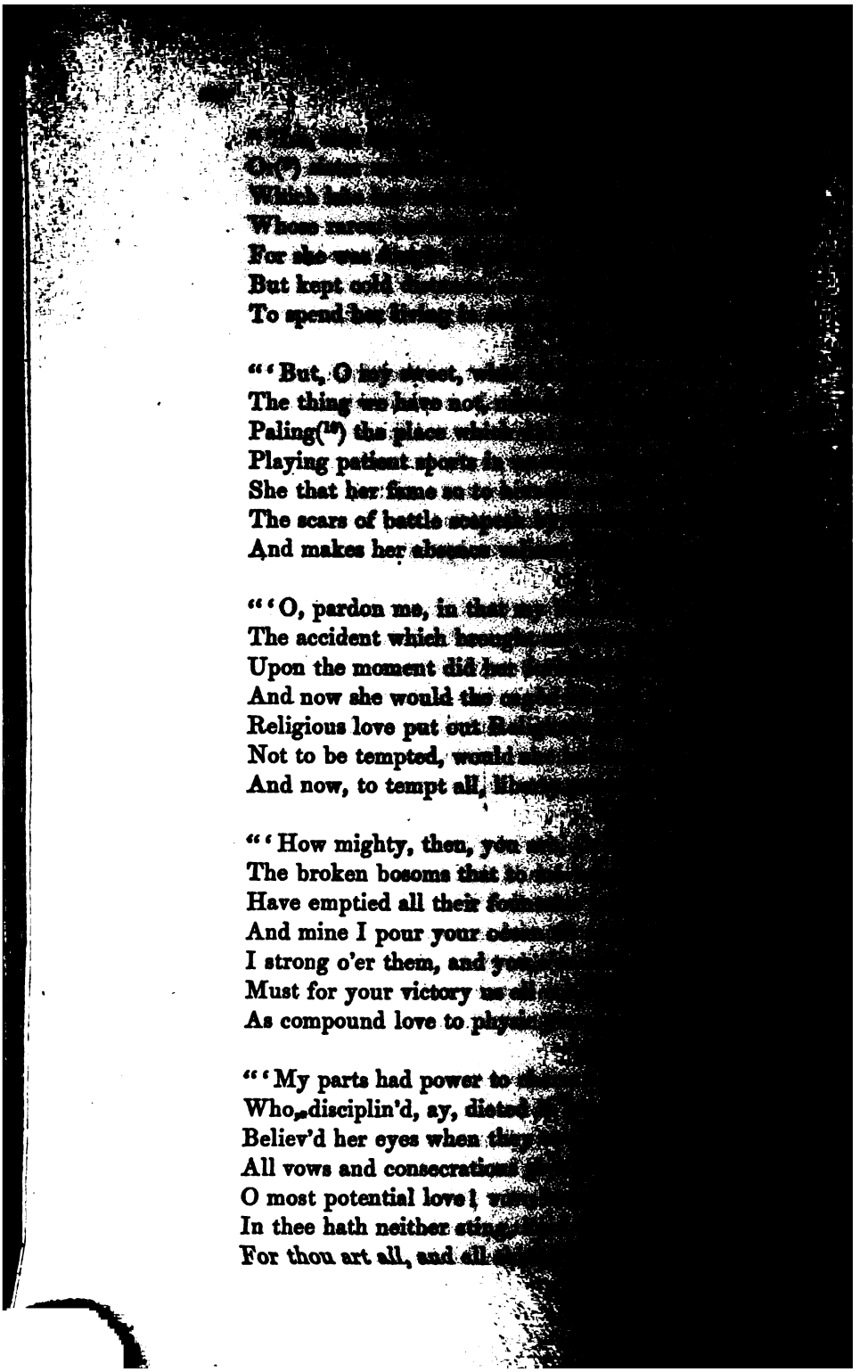
"'Look here, what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
Of palèd pearls and rubies red as blood;
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

"'And, lo, behold these talents of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,
I have receiv'd from many a several fair,—
Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,—
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

"'The diamond,—why, 'twas beautiful and hard,
Whereto his invis'd properties did tend;
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;
The heaven-hu'd sapphire and the opal blend
With objects manifold: each several stone,
With wit well blazon'd, smil'd or made some moan.

"'Lo, all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensiv'd[8] and subdu'd desires the tender,
Nature hath charg'd me that I hoard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render,
That is, to you, my origin and ender;
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

"'O, then, advance of yours that phraseless hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise;
Take all these similes to your own command,
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise;
What me your minister, for you obeys,
Works under you; and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels in combinèd sums.



"'When thou impressest, what are precepts worth
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame!
Love's arms are peace,(13) 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst shame;
And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

"'Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine;
And supplicant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath
That shall prefer and undertake my troth.'

"This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were levell'd on my face;
Each cheek a river running from a fount
With brinish current downward flow'd apace:
O, how the channel to the stream gave grace!
Who glaz'd with crystal gate(14) the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue encloses.

"O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breast so cold that is not warmèd here?
O(15) cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath.

"For, lo, his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolv'd my reason into tears;
There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,
Shook off my sober guards and civil fears;
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,
His *poison'd me*, and mine did him restore.

"In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or swooning(16) paleness; and he takes and leaves,
In either's aptness, as it best deceives,
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows:

"That not a heart which in his level came
Could scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame;
And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would maim:
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim;
When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,
He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold chastity.

"Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
The naked and concealèd fiend he cover'd;
That th' unexperient gave the tempter place,
Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd.
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd?
Ay me! I fell; and yet do question make
What I should do again for such a sake.

"O, that infected moisture of his eye,
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,
O, that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly,
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,
O, all that borrow'd motion seeming ow'd,
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconcilèd maid!"

P. 676. (1) "*beaded jet*," &c.

The quarto has "bedded *Iet*," &c.

P. 676. (2) "*cries some*," &c.

i.e., cries for some, &c. (which I notice, because the words have been misunderstood).

P. 676. (3) "*gan to tear*," &c.

So Malone.—The quarto has "gaue *to teare*," &c.,—which I suspect was an error occasioned by "and *gave* the flood" in the preceding stanza.—Mr. Knight, however, adheres to the quarto, explaining "gave" to mean "contemplated, made a movement towards, inclined to."

P. 677. (4) "*Of one*," &c.

The quarto has "O *one*," &c.; which could hardly have been intended for "O' *one*," &c, and assuredly was not meant for "O! *one*," &c. (which Mr. Collier prints).

P. 677. (5) "*For on his visage was in little drawn*
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sawn."

Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read (by an alteration in which I cannot concur),

"*For on his visage was in little* sawn
What large, methinks, *in Paradise was* drawn."

P. 678. (6) "*Came for*," &c.

The quarto has "Can *for*," &c.

P. 680. (7) "*nor never woo.*"

The quarto has "*nor never* vow."—(Mr. Collier, note *ad l.*, after suggesting that perhaps the poet wrote "*woo*," adds,—what greatly surprises me,—that "'vow' seems preferable for the sense.")

P. 681. (8) "*Of pensiv'd and subdu'd desires the tender*," &c.

Here Mr. W. N. Lettsom considers "*pensiv'd*" to be a mistake for "pensive."—Dr. Richardson, on the contrary, cites, in his *Dict.*, the present passage for an example of the word "*Pensived.*"

P. 682. (10)

So Malone; and ingeniously [illegible]
&c.,—an error occasioned by [illegible]
Lettsom proposes "Serving [illegible]
that "*form*" is the genuine reading [illegible]

P. 682. (11)

The quarto has

(The second of these errors is occasioned by [illegible]

P. 682. (12)

Who, disciplin'd, [illegible]
Believ'd her eyes when [illegible]

The quarto has "*a sacred* Sunne," &c.—the [illegible]
caught the initial letter of the preceding [illegible]
error, not only by the context, but by the [illegible]

"Lo, this device was sent [illegible]
Or [A ?] *sister sanctified, [illegible]*

it has been defended by Malone on the [illegible]
VIII., "Those *suns of glory*, those two [illegible]
who observes that in *Coriolanus* the [illegible]
Rome,"—passages not at all parallel to the [illegible]
line, "*Believ'd her eyes when they to assail* [illegible]
be questioned: compare, p. 677,

"Each eye that saw him did [illegible]

P. 683. (13)

"*Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rage [illegible]*
And sweetens," &c.

Manifestly corrupted: but the right [illegible]
Malone proposes "*Love's arms are proof* [illegible]

"Love aims at *peace* . . .
Yet *sweetens,*" &c.

Mr. W. N. Lettsom, "Love charms our [illegible]
is "Love *arms* our *peace*," &c. (In [illegible]

"Whom we, to gain *our peace*, [illegible]

P. 683. ([14])

"*Who glaz'd with crystal gate the glowing roses*
That flame through water which their hue encloses."

So the lines are pointed in the quarto, except that it has a comma after "*roses:*" and I now regret that, not having collated the quarto when I first published *Shakespeare's Poems*, I allowed this passage to stand with the punctuation of Malone,—

"Who, glaz'd with crystal, gate the glowing roses
That flame," &c.—

(There is something like the above in Byron's *Childe Harold*, c. iv. 28,—

"gently flows
The deep-dy'd Brenta, where their hues instil
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd within it glows," &c.)

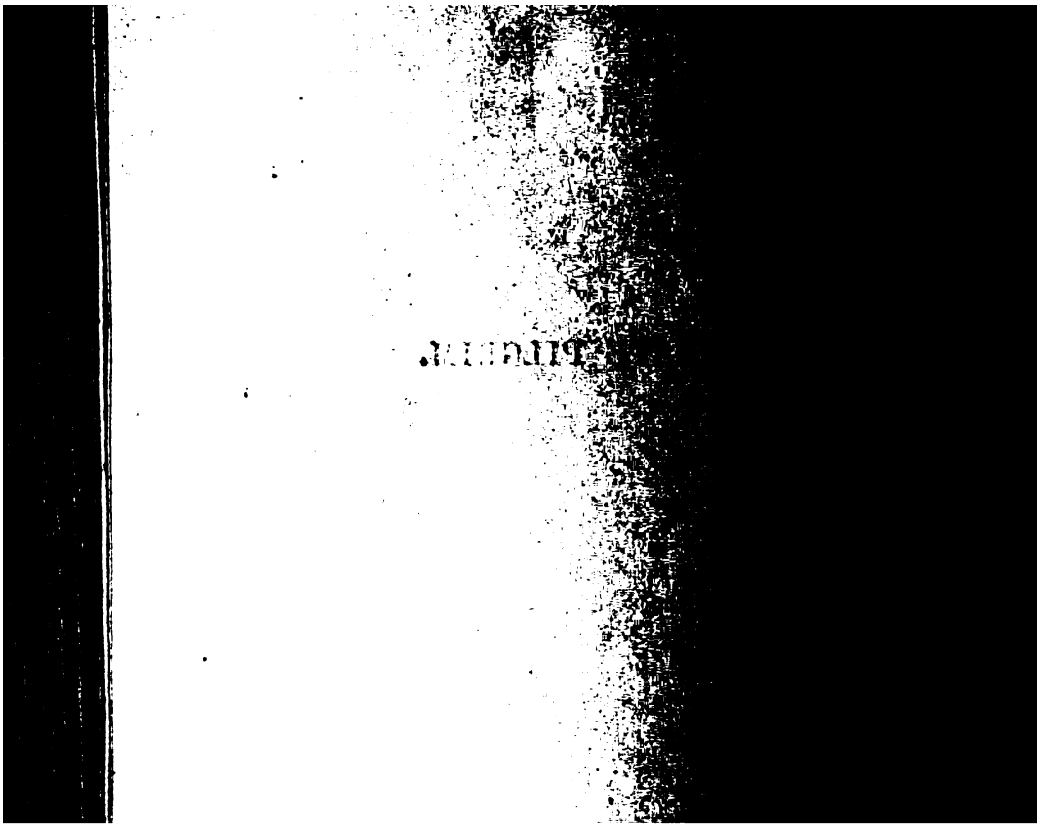
P. 683. ([15]) "*O cleft effect*," &c.

The quarto has "Or *cleft*," &c.

P. 684. ([16]) "*Or swooning paleness*," &c.

Here the quarto has "*Or* sounding *paleness*," &c.; and in the last line of this stanza "sound *at tragick showes*." See vol. v. p. 88, note ([67]).

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.



THE

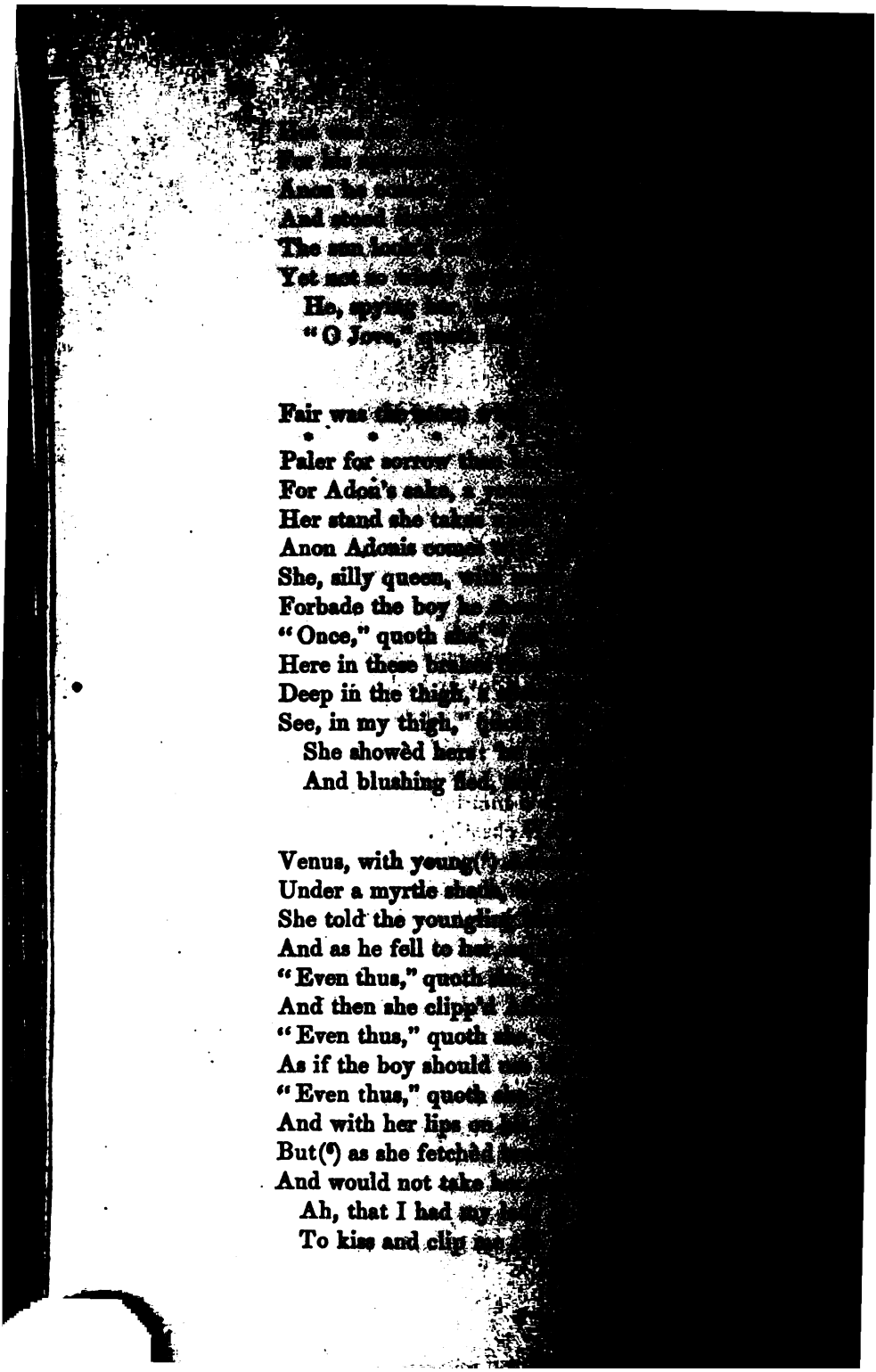
PASSIONATE PILGRIM.[1]

I.

SWEET Cytherea, sitting by a brook
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,—
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him stories to delight his ear;
She show'd him favours to allure his eye;
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there,—
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:
  Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward:
  He rose and ran away,—ah, fool too froward!

II.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing tarriance for Adonis made
Under an osier growing by a brook,
A brook where Adon us'd to cool his spleen:



V.

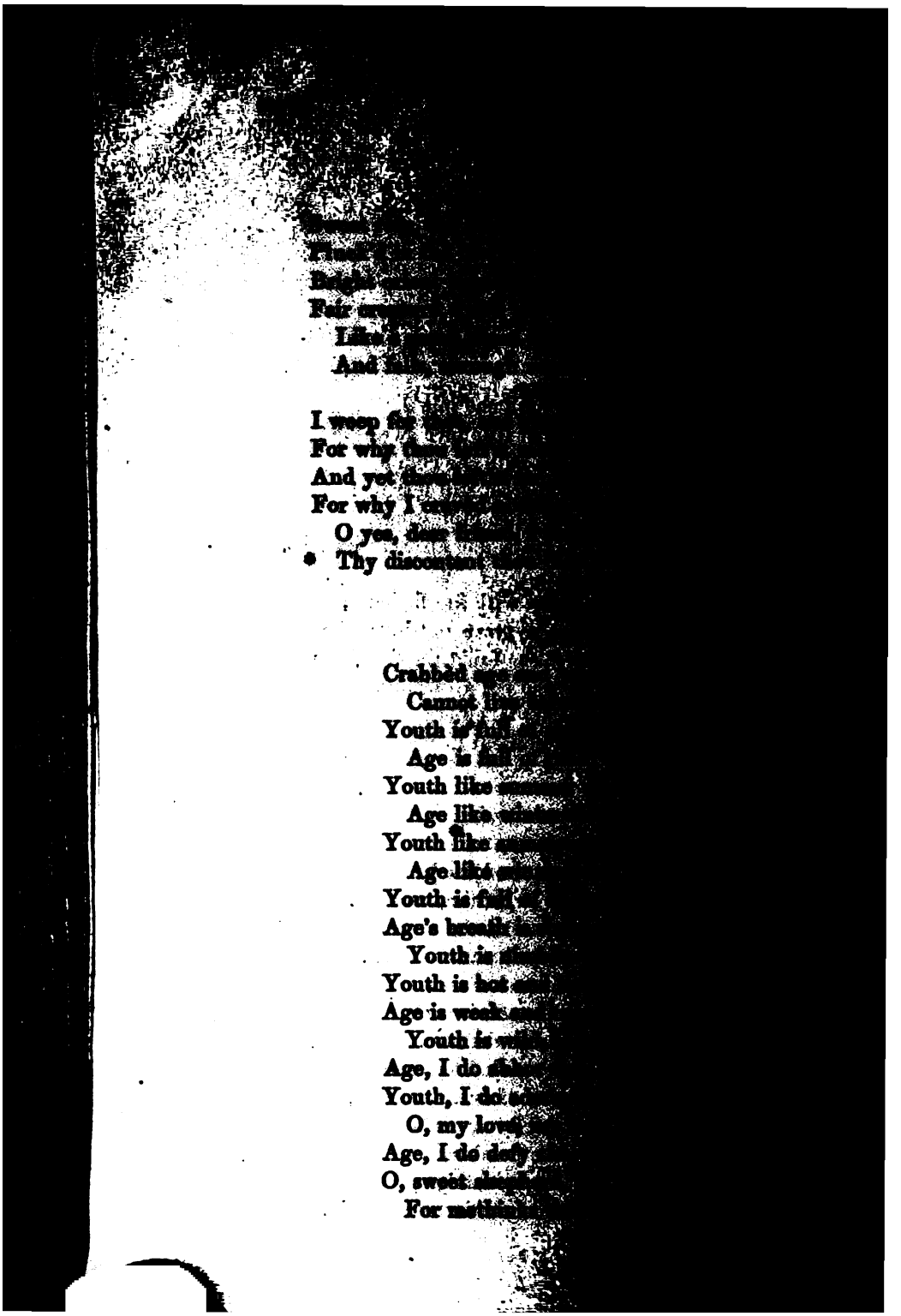
Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle;
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle;
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:
A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing!
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth;
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-burneth;
She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the framing;
She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VI.

If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
Whenas himself to singing he betakes.
One god is god of both, as poets feign;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.



IX.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;
A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies when first it gins to bud;
A brittle glass that 's broken presently:
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are seld or never found,
As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,—
So beauty blemish'd once for ever 's lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

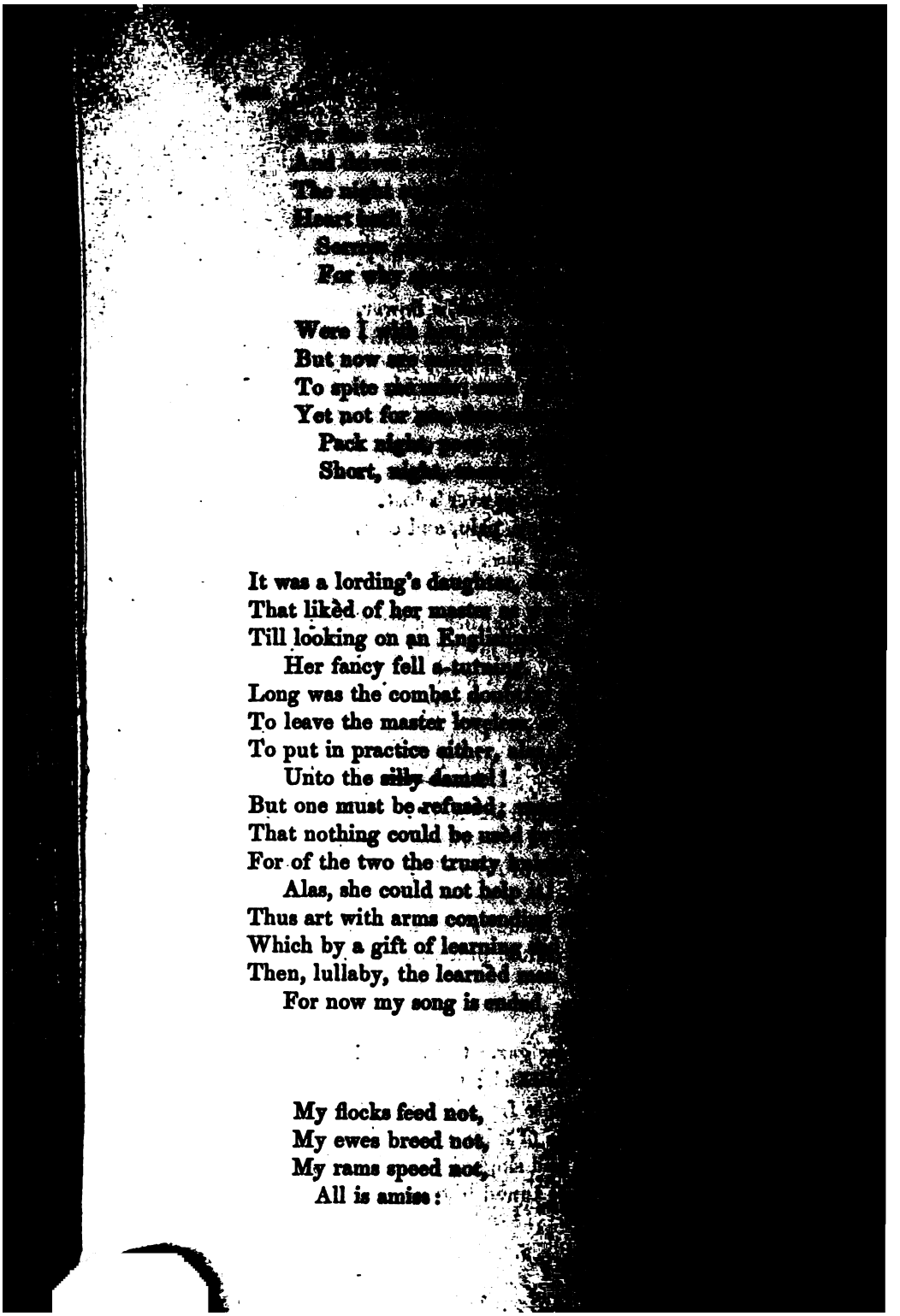
X.

Good night, good rest. Ah, neither be my share:
She bade good night that kept my rest away;
And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descant on the doubts of my decay.
"Farewell," quoth she, "and come again to-morrow:"
Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether:
'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exíle,
'T may be, again to make me wander thither:
"Wander," a word for shadows like myself,
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

XI.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning rise
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
And wish her lays were tunèd like the lark;



Love's denying,(9)
Faith's defying,
Heart's renying,
  Causer of this.
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is lost, God wot:
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay is plac'd without remove.
One silly cross
Wrought all my loss;
  O frowning Fortune, cursèd, fickle dame!
For now I see
Inconstancy
  More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
All fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me,
  Living in thrall:
Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,—
O cruel speeding,
  Fraughted with gall.
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal;
My wether's bell rings doleful knell;
My curtal dog, that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
My(10) sighs so deep
Procure to weep,
  In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.
How sighs resound
Through heartless ground,
  Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight!

Clear wells spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not
  Forth their dye;

Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping
Fearfully:
All our pleasure known to us
All our merry meetings on the
All our evening sport from us
All our love is lost, for Love i
Farewell, sweet lass,(11)
Thy like ne'er was
For a sweet content, the cau
Poor Corydon
Must live alone;
Other help for him I see tha

XIV.

Whenas thine eye hath chose t
And stall'd the deer that thou
Let reason rule things worthy
As well as partial fancy like:(
Take counsel of some wiser
Neither too young nor yet u

And when thou com'st thy tal
Smooth not thy tongue with fi
Lest she some subtle practice s
A cripple soon can find a halt;
But plainly say thou lov'st h
And set thy person forth to

What though her frowning bro
Her cloudy looks will clear ere
And then too late she will repe
That thus dissembled her delig
And twice desire, ere it be d
That which with scorn she p

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say,—
"Had women been so strong as men,
In faith, you had not had it then."

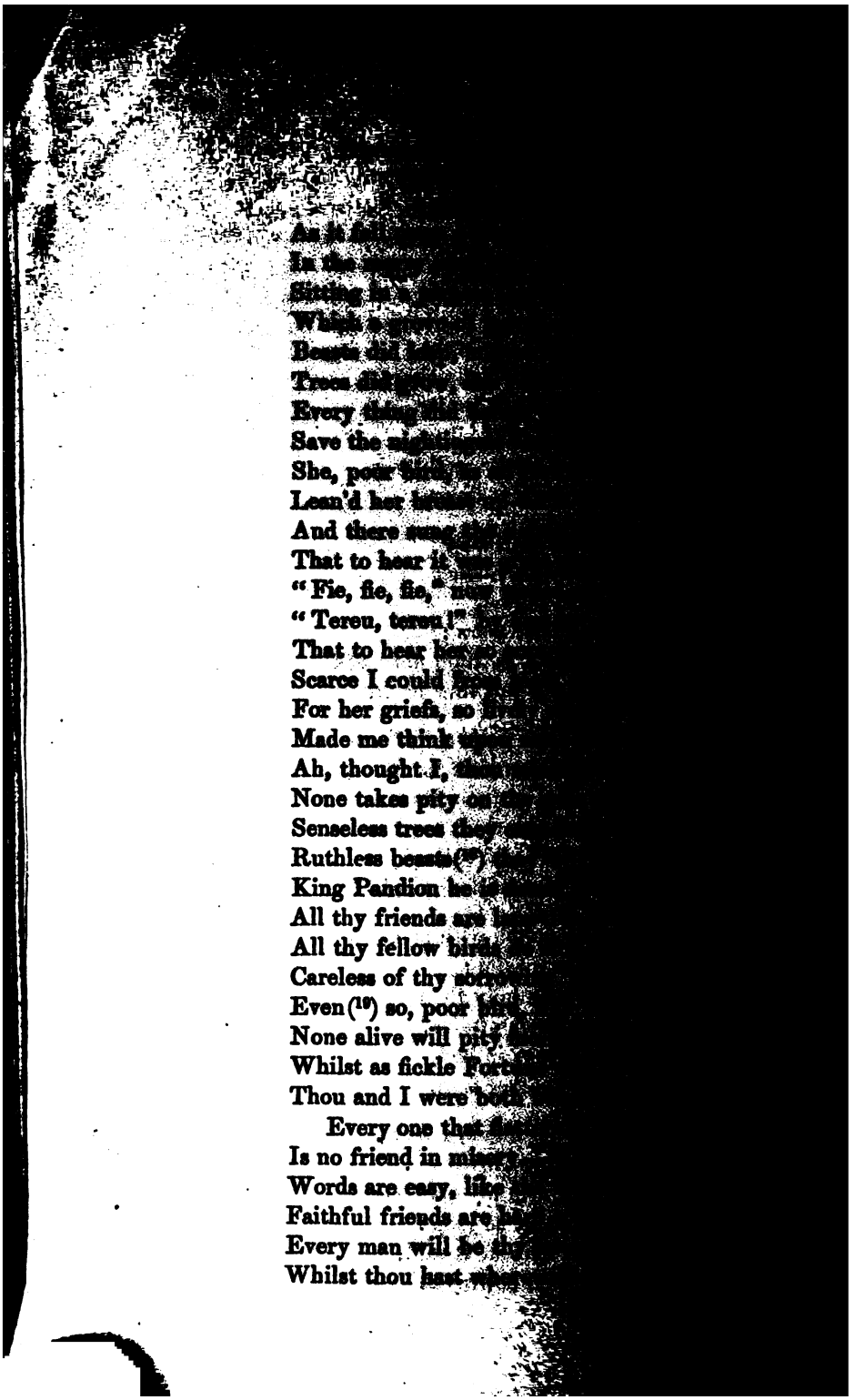
And to her will frame all thy ways;
Spare not to spend,—and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear:
The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assurèd trust,
And in thy suit be humble, true;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Seek never thou to choose anew:
When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, though she put thee back.

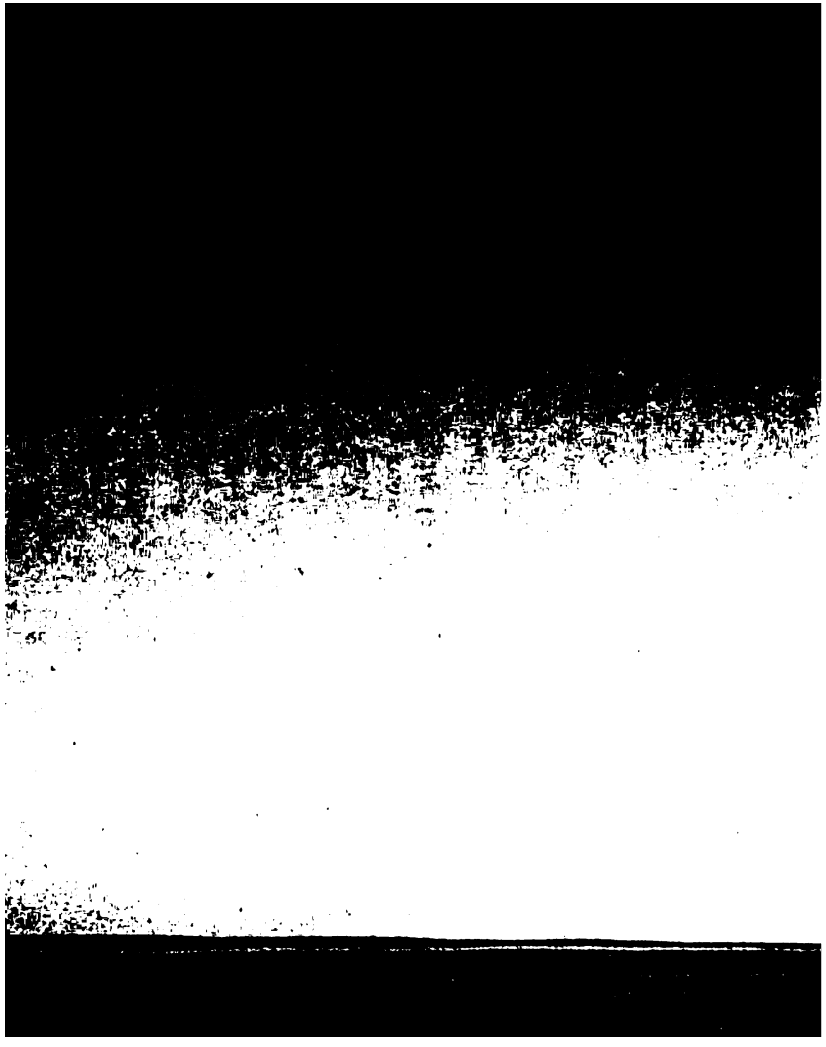
The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.
Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for naught?

Think women love to match with men,[15]
And not to live so like a saint:
Here is no heaven; they holy then
Begin when age doth them attaint.
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But, soft! enough,—too much, I fear;
For if[16] my mistress hear my song,
She will not stick to warm my ear,[17]
To teach my tongue to be so long:
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.



But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,
And with such-like flattering,
" Pity but he were a king ;"
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice ;
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandment :
But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown ;
They that fawn'd on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need :
If thou sorrow, he will weep ;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep ;
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee does bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.



P. 691. (1)

In *The Passionate Pilgrim* I have omitted the pieces already given (and with a better text),—three of them in our author's *Love's Labour's lost*, and two others among his *Sonnets*.

P. 692. (2) "* * * * * * * * *"

A line is wanting here.

P. 692. (3) "IV."

This sonnet occurs, and with very considerable variations, in Griffin's *Fidessa*, &c., 1596, standing as the third sonnet of that collection. Whether it was composed by Shakespeare or by Griffin has not been determined. Mr. Collier mentions having had before him an old Ms. copy of it, with "the initials W. S. at the end:" but that Ms. would seem to have been transcribed from *The Passionate Pilgrim*, since it agrees with it in its erroneous readings of the first and fourth lines.

P. 692. (4) "*Venus, with young Adonis*," &c.

So Griffin's *Fidessa*.—*The Pass. Pilgrim* omits the epithet by mistake.

P. 692. (5) "*so fell she to him.*"

So Griffin's *Fidessa*.—*The Pass. Pilgrim* has "she fell *to him*" (wrongly,—forming an imperfect rhyme to "*began to woo him*").

P. 692. (6) "*And with her lips* . . . . .
But as she . . . . . .
And would not," &c.

In the second of these lines *The Pass. Pilgrim* has "And *as she*," &c.,—an error evidently occasioned by the "*And*" above and below. (The text of this part of the sonnet in Griffin's *Fidessa* is quite different.)

P. 696. (7) "*a moon*," &c.

So Steevens.—*The Pass. Pilgrim* has "an hour," &c.

P. 696. (8) "XIII."

This poem is printed anonymously, with the music, in Weelkes's *Madrigals*, 1597; and, with the signature *Ignoto*, in *England's Helicon*, 1600.—Not without reason does Boswell ask, "Is it possible that Shakespeare could have written this strange farrago; or what is, if possible, still worse—'It was a lording's daughter'?"

P. 697. (9) "*Love's denying,*
. . . .
Heart's renying," &c.

"*The Pass. Pilgrim* and Weelkes's *Madrigals* have 'Love is dying' and '*Heart's* denying.' The reading of the text is found in *England's Helicon*, except that it has '*Love* is' and '*Faith* is'." MALONE.

[illegible]

P. [illegible] ([illegible])

So Weelkes's [illegible] was," &c.—"[illegible] "though [illegible]," &c.?

P. [illegible] ([illegible])

So a Ms. of this poem [illegible] "*As well as fancy party* [illegible]

P. 698. ([illegible])

So a Ms. used by Malone, and [illegible] *Pass. Pilgrim* has "*And* [illegible]

P. 699. ([illegible]) "*Think* [illegible]

So the Ms. used by Malone,—[illegible] *Pilgrim*, which has,

> "*Think* [illegible]
> To [illegible]
> There is no [illegible]
> *When* time [illegible]

P. 699. ([illegible]) "[illegible]

So the Ms. used by Malone.—*The* [illegible] does not suit the context.

P. 699. ([illegible]) "*She will not* [illegible]

So Mr. Collier's Ms.—*The Pass.* [illegible] on th' *ear*," &c.—The Ms. used by [illegible] *ear*," &c.

P. 700. ([illegible]) "[illegible]

So the copy of this poem (or [illegible] *con*, 1600.—*The Pass. Pilgrim* has [illegible]

P. 700. ([illegible]) "*Even* [illegible]
None [illegible]

With this couplet, which is wanting [illegible] *England's Helicon*.

THE PHŒNIX AND TURTLE.

(From the additional poems to Chester's *Love's Martyr, or Rosalin's Complaint*, 1601.)

Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

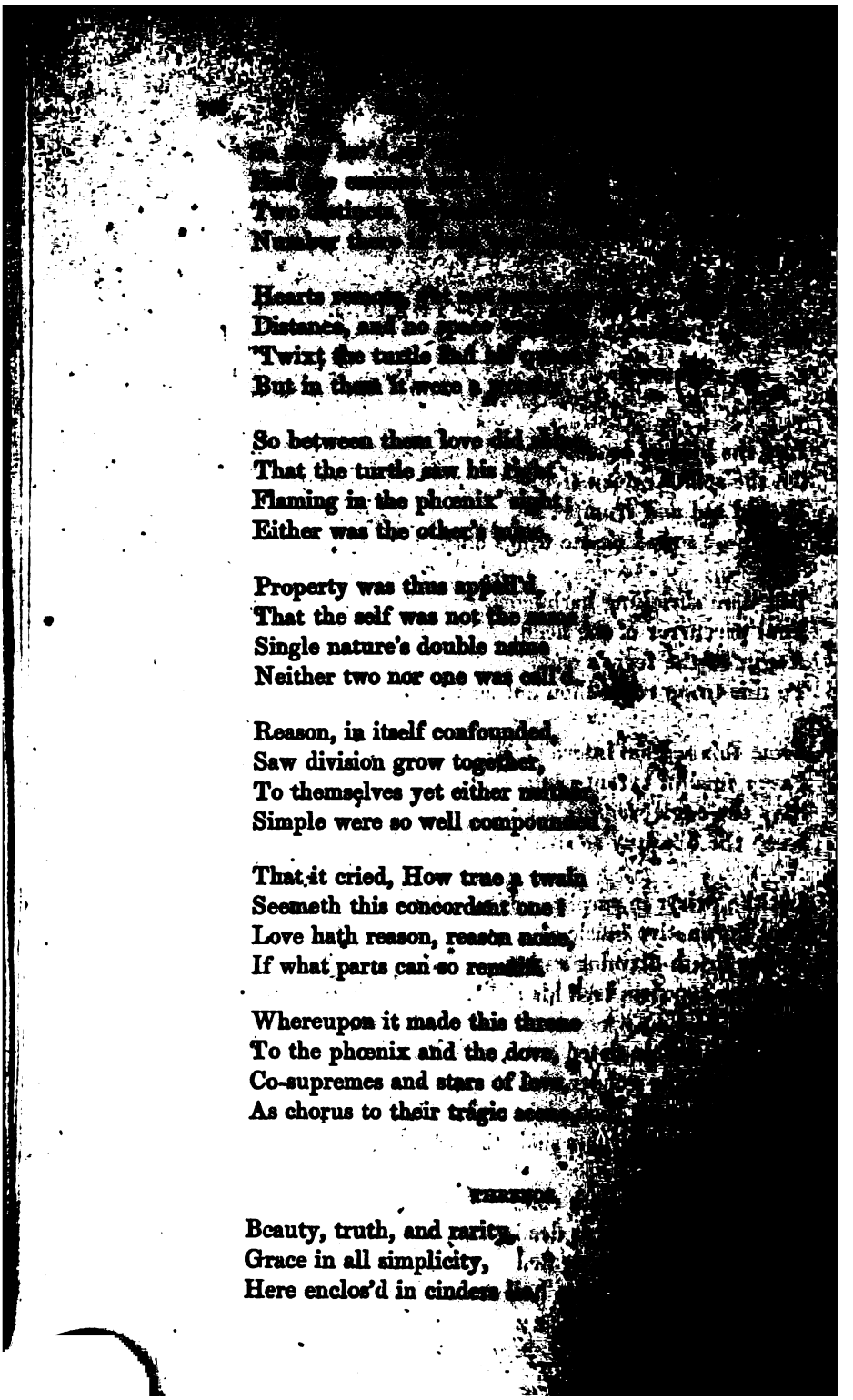
But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul precurrer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near!

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king:
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender mak'st
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:—
Love and constancy is dead;
Phœnix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

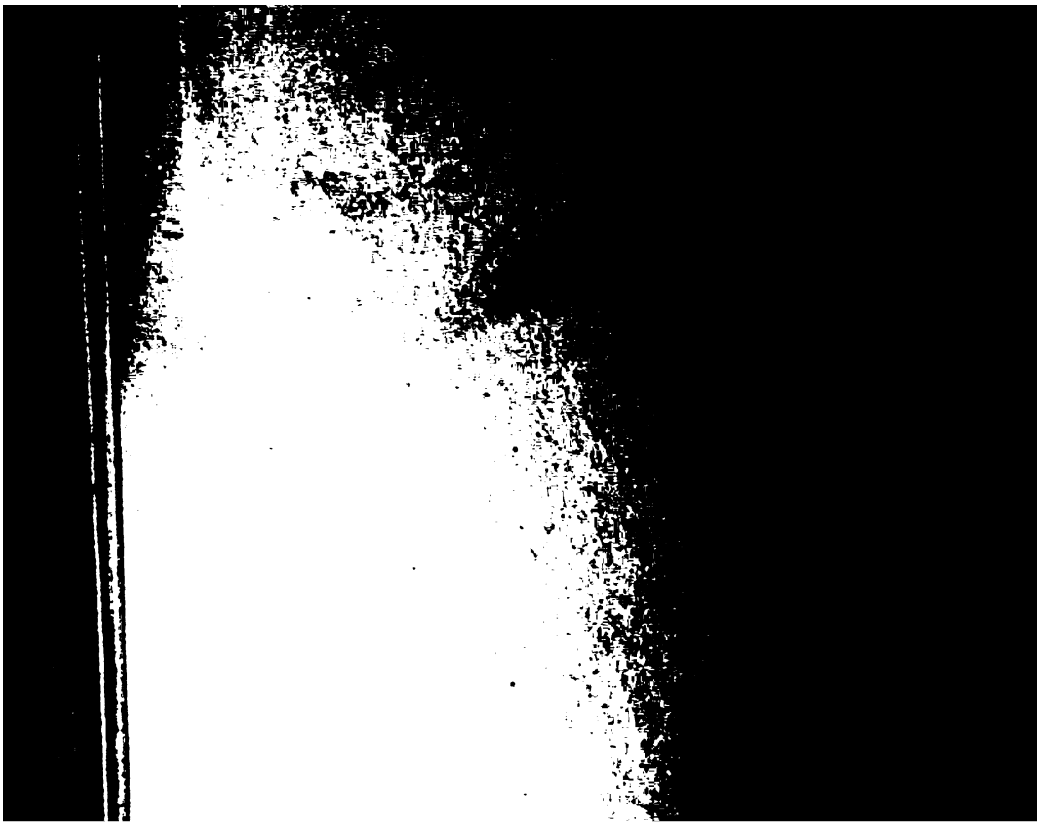
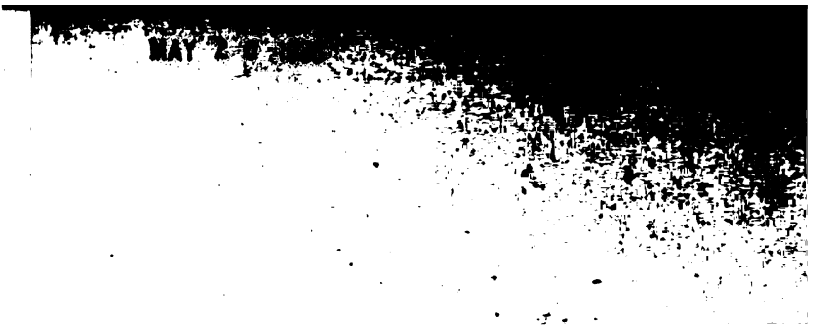


Death is now the phœnix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:—
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

THE END.

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